THE POETICAL WORKS OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

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EDITED BY

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VOLUME EIGHTH

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM PATERSON

MDCCCLXXXVI.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The eighth volume of this edition completes the Works of the poet. As there is no prefatory note to volume seven, the extension of the edition to nine, instead of eight volumes may now be explained.

It was originally intended that the Poetical Works should be completed in seven volumes, and that the eighth should be entirely devoted to the Life of Wordsworth, and a Critical Essay; but it has been found impossible, even by omitting editorial notes and other illustrative matter—as well as the prose fragments and the indexes—to condense what remained of the poems into a single volume that did not greatly exceed the others in size. In these circumstances it seemed best to close the seventh volume with the poems belonging to the year 1834; and to add the prose fragments, two indexes, and a new chronological table of the poems to the eighth.

The chronological list previously given was necessarily incomplete, important sources of information having been discovered since it was published. That which is now published may not be absolutely accurate. There is no such thing as finality in such a matter—as fresh documentary evidence may fix some dates that are uncertain, and correct others that seem reliable—but it is believed that no important error will be found in the present list.

Wordsworth's *Description of the Scenery of the Lakes in the North of England,* and his *Two Letters to the Morning Post* on "The Kendal and Windermere Railway," are included in this volume,—on the same principle that the *Prefaces* and *Appendices* to his Poems were published in previous ones,—viz., from the close relation in which they stand to the Poetical Works, and the light which they cast upon them. These prose fragments will be further referred to in the *Life* of the poet.

Materials for this Life have accumulated, which, if published as they stand, would more than fill another volume of equal size to those already issued; and the importance of presenting the Life by itself, apart from the Works, will justify the slight extension of this edition beyond the limit originally proposed.

Through the kindness of Mr William Wordsworth, Elphinstone College, Bombay, and Mr Gordon Wordsworth, —grandsons of the poet,—I shall be able to include in the next volume the unpublished canto of *The Recluse,* entitled "Home at Grasmere." A portrait of the poet will be given in the same volume.

Several Poems now published have not appeared in any previous edition of the Works.

I am indebted to the Bishop of St Andrews for most kindly revising the proof-sheets of the first hundred pages of volume seven, containing the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets,* and for making some valuable suggestions.

The etching in volume seven is of Alfoxden, in Somersetshire, where Wordsworth lived with his sister from August 1797 to September 1798.

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

November 1885.

CONTENTS.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

1834.

LINES.

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE PENCIL OF F. STONE.

Comp. 1834. —— Pub. 1835.

[This Portrait has hung for many years in our principal sitting-room, and represents J. Q.* as she was when a girl. The picture, though it is somewhat thinly painted, has much merit in tone and general effect: it is chiefly valuable, however, from the sentiment that pervades it. The anecdote of the saying of the monk in sight of Titian's picture was told in this house by Mr Wilkie, and was, I believe, first communicated to the public in this poem, the former portion of which I was composing at the time. Southey heard the story from Miss Hutchinson, and transferred it to the "Doctor"; but it is not easy to explain how my friend Mr Rogers, in a note subsequently added to his "Italy," was led to speak of the same remarkable words having many years before been spoken in his hearing by a monk or priest in front of a picture of the Last Supper, placed over a Refectory-table in a convent at Padua.]

BEGUILED into forgetfulness of care
Due to the day's unfinished task; of pen
Or book regardless, and of that fair scene
In Nature's prodigality displayed
Before my window, oftentimes and long
I gaze upon a Portrait whose mild gleam
Of beauty never ceases to enrich
The common light; whose stillness charms the air,
Or seems to charm it, into like repose;
Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear,
Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits

* See Note A in the Appendix to this volume.—ED.

With emblematic purity attired
In a white vest, white as her marble neck
Is, and the pillar of the throat would be
But for the shadow by the drooping chin
Cast into that recess—the tender shade,
The shade and light, both there and everywhere,
And through the very atmosphere she breathes,
Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with skill
That might from nature have been learnt in the hour
When the lone shepherd sees the morning spread
Upon the mountains. Look at her, whoe'er
Thou be that, kindling with a poet's soul,
Hast loved the painter's true Promethean craft
Intensely—from Imagination take
The treasure,—what mine eyes behold see thou,
Even though the Atlantic ocean roll between.

A silver line, that runs from brow to crown
And in the middle parts the braided hair,
Just serves to show how delicate a soil
The golden harvest grows in; and those eyes,
Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky
Whose azure depths their colour emulates,
Must needs be conversant with upward looks,
Prayer's voiceless service; but now, seeking nought
And shunning nought, their own peculiar life
Of motion they renounce, and with the head
Partake its inclination towards earth
In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness
Caught at the point where it stops short of sadness.

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make me
Thy confidant! say, whence derived that air
Of calm abstraction? Can the ruling thought

Be with some lover far away, or one
Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith?
Inapt conjecture! Childhood here, a moon
Crescent in simple loveliness serene,
Has but approached the gates of womanhood,
Not entered them; her heart is yet unpierced
By the blind Archer-god; her fancy free:
The fount of feeling, if unsought elsewhere,
Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies
Across the slender wrist of the left arm
Upon her lap reposing, holds—but mark
How slackly, for the absent mind permits
No firmer grasp—a little wild-flower, joined
As in a posy, with a few pale ears
Of yellowing corn, the same that overtopped
And in their common birthplace sheltered it
'Till they were plucked together; a blue flower
Called by the thrifty husbandman a weed;
But Ceres, in her garland, might have worn
That ornament, unblamed. The floweret, held
In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she knows,
(Her Father told her so) in youth's gay dawn
Her Mother's favourite; and the orphan Girl,
In her own dawn—a dawn less gay and bright,
Loves it, while there in solitary peace
She sits, for that departed Mother's sake.
—Not from a source less sacred is derived
(Surely I do not err) that pensive air
Of calm abstraction through the face diffused
And the whole person.

Words have something told
More than the pencil can, and verily

More than is needed, but the precious Art
Forgives their interference—Art divine
That both creates and fixes, in despite
Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath wrought.

Strange contrasts have we in this world of ours!
That posture, and the look of filial love
Thinking of past and gone, with what is left
Dearly united, might be swept away
From this fair Portrait's fleshly Archetype,
Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak
Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored
To their lost place, or meet in harmony
So exquisite; but *here* do they abide,
Enshrined for ages. Is not then the Art
Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,
In visible quest of immortality,
Stretched forth with trembling hope?—In every realm.
From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,
Thousands, in each variety of tongue
That Europe knows, would echo this appeal;
One above all, a Monk who waits on God
In the magnific Convent built of yore
To sanctify the Escurial palace. He—
Guiding, from cell to cell and room to room,
A British Painter (eminent for truth
In character,* and depth of feeling, shown
By labours that have touched the hearts of kings,
And are endeared to simple cottagers)—
Came, in that service, to a glorious work,[1]
Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as when first

[1] 1837.
Left not unvisited a glorious work,. 1835.

* Wilkie. See the Fenwick note.—Ed.

The appropriate Picture, fresh from Titian's hand,
Graced the Refectory: and there, while both
Stood with eyes fixed upon that masterpiece,
The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear
Breathed out these words:—"Here daily do we sit,
Thanks given to God for daily bread, and here
Pondering the mischiefs of these restless times,
And thinking of my Brethren, dead, dispersed,
Or changed and changing, I not seldom gaze
Upon this solemn Company unmoved
By shock of circumstance, or lapse of years,
Until I cannot but believe that they—
They are in truth the Substance, we the Shadows."

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs
Melting away within him like a dream
Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to speak:
And I, grown old, but in a happier land,
Domestic Portrait! have to verse consigned
In thy calm presence those heart-moving words:
Words that can soothe, more than they agitate,
Whose spirit, like the angel that went down
Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue
Informs the fountain in the human breast
Which[1] by the visitation was disturbed.
——But why this stealing tear? Companion mute,
On thee I look, not sorrowing; fare thee well,
My Song's Inspirer, once again farewell!*

[1] 1837.
That . . . . 1835.

* The pile of buildings, composing the palace and convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common usage, lost its proper name in that of the *Escurial*, a village at the foot of the hill upon which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second, stands. It need scarcely be added, that Wilkie is the painter alluded to.—W. W., 1835.

THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED.

Comp. 1834. —— Pub. 1835.

AMONG a grave fraternity of Monks,
For One, but surely not for One alone,
Triumphs, in that great work, the Painter's skill,
Humbling the body, to exalt the soul;
Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong
And dissolution and decay, the warm
And breathing life of flesh, as if already
Clothed with impassive majesty, and graced
With no mean earnest of a heritage
Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou, too,
With thy memorial flower, meek Portraiture!
From whose serene companionship I passed
Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still; thou also—
Though but a simple object, into light
Called forth by those affections that endear
The private hearth; though keeping thy sole seat
In singleness, and little tried by time,
Creation, as it were, of yesterday—
With a congenial function art endued
For each and all of us, together joined
In course of nature under a low roof
By charities and duties that proceed
Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.
To a like salutary sense of awe
Or sacred wonder, growing with the power
Of meditation that attempts to weigh,
In faithful scales, things and their opposites,
Can thy enduring quiet gently raise
A household small and sensitive,—whose love,

Dependent as in part its blessings are
Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved
On earth, will be revived, we trust, in heaven.*

TO A CHILD.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.[1]

Comp. 1834. —— Pub. 1835.

[This quatrain was extempore on observing this image, as I had often done, on the lawn of Rydal Mount. It was first written down in the Album of my God-daughter, Rotha Quillinan.]

SMALL service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one;[2]
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.†

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE,[3] NOV. 5, 1834.

Comp. 1834. —— Pub. 1835.

[This is a faithful picture of that amiable Lady, as she then was. The youthfulness of figure and demeanour and habits, which she

1 The original title was 'Written in an Album.'

2 Of Friends, however humble, scorn not one 1835.

3 1836. Countess of —— 1835.

* In the class entitled "Musing," in Mr Southey's Minor Poems, is one upon his own miniature Picture, taken in childhood, and another upon a landscape painted by Gaspar Poussin. It is possible that every word of the above verses, though similar in subject, might have been written had the author been unacquainted with those beautiful effusions of poetic sentiment. But, for his own satisfaction, he must be allowed thus publicly to acknowledge the pleasure those two Poems of his Friend have given him, and the grateful influence they have upon his mind as often as he reads them, or thinks of them.—W. W., 1835.

† Compare the lines, written in 1845, beginning—
"So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive."
—ED.

retained in almost unprecedented degree, departed a very few years after, and she died without violent disease by gradual decay before she reached the period of old age.]

LADY! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard,
Among the Favoured, favoured not the least)
Left, 'mid the Records of this Book inscribed,
Deliberate traces, registers of thought
And feeling, suited to the place and time
That gave them birth:—months passed, and still this hand,
That had not been too timid to imprint
Words which the virtues of thy Lord inspired,
Was yet not bold enough to write of Thee.
And why that scrupulous reserve? In sooth
The blameless cause lay in the Theme itself.
Flowers are there many that delight to strive
With the sharp wind, and seem to court the shower,
Yet are by nature careless of the sun
Whether he shine on them or not; and some,
Where'er he moves along the unclouded sky,
Turn a broad front full on his flattering beams:
Others do rather from their notice shrink,
Loving the dewy shade,—a humble band,
Modest and sweet, a progeny of earth,
Congenial with thy mind and character,
High-born Augusta!
Witness Towers, and Groves!
And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st the honoured name*
Of Lowther to this ancient Line, bear witness[1]
From thy most secret haunts; and ye Parterres,

[1] 1837.

Towers, and stately Groves,
Bear witness for me; thou, too, Mountain-stream!
1835.

*** The Lowther stream passes the Castle, and joins the Eamont below Brougham Hall, near Penrith.—ED.**

Which She is pleased and proud to call her own,
Witness how oft upon my noble Friend
Mute offerings, tribute from an inward sense
Of admiration and respectful love,
Have waited—till the affections could no more
Endure that silence, and broke out in song,
Snatches of music taken up and dropt
Like those self-solacing, those under, notes
Trilled by the redbreast, when autumnal leaves
Are thin upon the bough. Mine, only mine,
The pleasure was, and no one heard the praise,
Checked, in the moment of its issue, checked
And reprehended, by a fancied blush
From the pure qualities that called it forth.

Thus Virtue lives debarred from Virtue's meed;
Thus, Lady, is retirèdness a veil
That, while it only spreads a softening charm
O'er features looked at by discerning eyes,
Hides half their beauty from the common gaze;
And thus, even on the exposed and breezy hill
Of lofty station, female goodness walks,
When side by side with lunar gentleness,
As in a cloister. Yet the grateful Poor
(Such the immunities of low estate,
Plain Nature's enviable privilege,
Her sacred recompence for many wants)
Open their hearts before Thee, pouring out
All that they think and feel, with tears of joy,
And benedictions not unheard in heaven:
And friend in the ear of friend, where speech is free
To follow truth, is eloquent as they.

Then let the Book receive in these prompt lines
A just memorial; and thine eyes consent

To read that they who mark thy course behold
A life declining with the golden light
Of summer, in the season of sere leaves;
See cheerfulness undamped by stealing Time;
See studied kindness flow with easy stream.
Illustrated with inborn courtesy;
And an habitual disregard of self
Balanced by vigilance for others' weal.

And shall the Verse not tell of lighter gifts
With these ennobling attributes conjoined
And blended, in peculiar harmony,
By Youth's surviving spirit? What agile grace!
A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,
Beheld with wonder; whether floor or path
Thou tread; or sweep—borne on the managed steed—[1]
Fleet as the shadows, over down or field,
Driven by strong winds at play among the clouds.

Yet one word more—one farewell word—a wish
Which came, but it has passed into a prayer—
That, as thy sun in brightness is declining,
So—at an hour yet distant for *their* sakes
Whose tender love, here faltering on the way
Of a diviner love, will be forgiven—
So may it set in peace, to rise again
For everlasting glory won by faith.

[1] 1837.
Thou tread, or on the managed steed art borne, 1835.

1835.

Two Evening Voluntaries, two Elegies (on the deaths of Charles Lamb and James Hogg), the lines on the Bird of Paradise, and a few sonnets, make up the poems belonging to the year 1835.

Comp. 1835. —— Pub. 1835.

[In the month of January,—when Dora and I were walking from Town-end, Grasmere, across the Vale, snow being on the ground, she espied, in the thick though leafless hedge, a bird's nest half filled with snow. Out of this comfortless appearance arose this Sonnet, which was, in fact, written without the least reference to any individual object, but merely to prove to myself that I could, if I thought fit, write in a strain that Poets have been fond of. On the 14th of February in the same year, my daughter, in a sportive mood, sent it as a Valentine, under a fictitious name, to her cousin C. W.]

WHY art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant—
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but whàt thy happiness could spare.
Speak—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

TO THE MOON.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE,—ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

Comp. 1835. —— Pub. 1836.

WANDERER! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near
To human life's unsettled atmosphere;
Who lov'st with Night and Silence to partake,
So might it seem, the cares of them that wake;
And, through the cottage-lattice softly peeping,
Dost shield from harm the humblest of the sleeping;
What pleasure once encompassed those sweet names
Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,
An idolising dreamer as of yore!—
I slight them all; and, on this sea-beat shore
Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend
That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S FRIEND;
So call thee for heaven's grace through thee made known
By confidence supplied and mercy shown,
When not a twinkling star or beacon's light
Abates the perils of a stormy night;
And for less obvious benefits, that find
Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind;
Both for the adventurer starting in life's prime;
And veteran ranging round from clime to clime,
Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,
And wounds and weakness oft his labour's sole remains.

The aspiring Mountains and the winding Streams,
Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy beams;
A look of thine the wilderness pervades,
And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;
Thou, chequering peaceably the minster's gloom,
Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's tomb;

Canst reach the Prisoner—to his grated cell
Welcome, though silent and intangible!—
And lives there one, of all that come and go
On the great waters toiling to and fro,
One, who has watched thee at some quiet hour
Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,
Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds that move
Catching the lustre they in part reprove—
Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway
To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day
And make the serious happier than the gay?

Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly bright
Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,
To fiercer mood the phrenzy-stricken brain,
Let me a compensating faith maintain;
That there's a sensitive, a tender, part
Which thou canst touch in every human heart,
For healing and composure.—But, as least
And mightiest billows ever have confessed
Thy domination; as the whole vast Sea
Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty;
So shines that countenance with especial grace
On them who urge the keel her *plains* to trace
Furrowing its way right onward. The most rude,
Cut off from home and country, may have stood—
Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his eye,
Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh—
Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,
With some internal lights to memory dear,
Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast
Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest,—
Gentle awakenings, visitations meek;

A kindly influence whereof few will speak,
Though it can wet with tears the hardiest cheek.

And when thy beauty in the shadowy cave
Is hidden, buried in its monthly grave;
Then, while the Sailor, 'mid an open sea
Swept by a favouring wind that leaves thought free,
Paces the deck—no star perhaps in sight,
And nothing save the moving ship's own light
To cheer the long dark hours of vacant night—
Oft with his musings does thy image blend,
In his mind's eye thy crescent horns ascend,
And thou art still, O Moon, that SAILOR'S FRIEND!

TO THE MOON.

(RYDAL.)

Comp. 1835. —— Pub. 1836.

QUEEN of the stars!—so gentle, so benign,
That ancient Fable did to thee assign,
When darkness creeping o'er thy silver brow
Warned thee these upper regions to forego,
Alternate empire in the shades below—
A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread sea
Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee
With grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail
From the close confines of a shadowy vale.
Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,
Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen
Through cloudy umbrage,* well might that fair face,
And all those attributes of modest grace,
In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,
Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!

* Compare *The Triad*, Vol. VII. p. 186.—ED.

O still belov'd (for thine, meek Power, are charms
That fascinate the very Babe in arms
While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,
Spreading his little palms in his glad Mother's sight)
O still belov'd, once worshipped! Time, that frowns
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,
Spares thy mild splendour; still those far-shot beams
Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams
With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise
Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays;
And through dark trials still dost thou explore
Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,
When teeming Matrons—yielding to rude faith
In mysteries of birth and life and death
And painful struggle and deliverance—prayed
Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.
What though the rites be swept away, the fanes
Extinct that echoed to the votive strains;
Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease
Love to promote and purity and peace;
And Fancy, unreproved, even yet may trace
Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face.

Then, silent Monitress! let us—not blind
To worlds unthought of till the searching mind
Of Science laid them open to mankind—
Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare
God's glory; and acknowledging thy share
In that blest charge; let us—without offence
To aught of highest, holiest, influence—
Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to dispense.
May sage and simple, catching with one eye
The moral intimations of the sky,

Learn from thy course, where'er their own be taken,
'To look on tempests, and be never shaken;'
To keep with faithful step the appointed way
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,
And from example of thy monthly range
Gently to brook decline and fatal change;
Meek, patient, stedfast, and with loftier scope,
Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope!

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF CHARLES LAMB.*

[Light will be thrown upon the tragic circumstance alluded to in this poem when, after the death of Charles Lamb's Sister, his biographer, Mr Sergeant Talfourd, shall be at liberty to relate particulars which could not, at the time his Memoir was written, be given to the public. Mary Lamb was ten years older than her brother, and has survived him as long a time. Were I to give way to my own feelings, I should dwell not only on her genius and intellectual powers, but upon the delicacy and refinement of manner which she maintained inviolable under most trying circumstances. She was loved and honoured by all her brother's friends; and others, some of them strange characters, whom his philanthropic peculiarities induced him to countenance. The death of C. Lamb himself was doubtless hastened by his sorrow for that of Coleridge, to whom he had been attached from the time of their being school-fellows at Christ's Hospital. Lamb was a good Latin scholar, and probably would have gone to college upon one of the school foundations but for the impediment in his speech. Had such been his lot, he would most likely have been preserved from the indulgences of social humours and fancies which were often injurious to himself, and causes of severe regret to

* In the edition of 1836, these lines had no title. They were printed privately, however,—before their first appearance, in that edition,—as a small pamphlet of seven pages without title or heading. A copy will be found in the fifth volume of the collection of pamphlets, forming part of the library bequeathed by the late Mr John Forster to the South Kensington Museum. There are several readings peculiar to this privately-printed edition.—ED.

his friends, without really benefiting the object of his misapplied kindness.]

Comp. 1835. —— Pub. 1835.

To a good Man of most dear memory[1]
This Stone is sacred.* Here he lies apart
From the great city where he first drew breath,
Was reared and taught; and humbly earned his bread,
To the strict labours of the merchant's desk
By duty chained. Not seldom did those tasks
Tease, and the thought of time so spent depress,
His spirit, but the recompence was high;
Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful sire;
Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air;
And when the precious hours of leisure came,
Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse sweet
With books, or while he ranged the crowded streets
With a keen eye, and overflowing heart:
So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,
And poured out truth in works by thoughtful love
Inspired—works potent over smiles and tears.
And as round mountain-tops the lightning plays,
Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all
The vivid flashes of his spoken words.
From the most gentle creature nursed in fields †

[1] 1835.

To the dear memory of a frail good Man
This Stone is sacred. Privately printed edition.

* Lamb was buried in Edmonton Churchyard, in a spot selected by him self.—Ed.

† This way of indicating the *name* of my lamented friend has been found fault with, perhaps rightly so; but I may say in justification of the double sense of the word, that similar allusions are not uncommon in epitaphs. One of the best in our language in verse, I ever read, was upon a person who bore the name of Palmer; and the course of the thought, through-

Had been derived the name he bore—a name,
Wherever Christian altars have been raised,
Hallowed to meekness and to innocence;
And if in him meekness at times gave way,
Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,
Many and strange, that hung about his life;
Still, at the centre of his being, lodged
A soul by resignation sanctified:
And if too often, self-reproached, he felt
That innocence belongs not to our kind,
A power that never ceased to abide in him,
Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins[1]
That she can cover, left not his exposed
To an unforgiving judgment from just Heaven.
O, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived!

* * * * *

From a reflecting mind and sorrowing heart
Those simple lines flowed with an earnest wish,
Though but a doubting hope, that they might serve
Fitly to guard the precious dust of him
Whose virtues called them forth. That aim is missed;
For much that truth most urgently required
Had from a faltering pen been asked in vain:

[1] 1835.

And if too often, self-reproach'd, he felt
That innocence belongs not to our kind
He had a constant friend in Charity;
HER *who*, *among* the multitude of sins, &c.

Privately printed edition.

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out, turned upon the Life of the Departed, considered as a pilgrimage. Nor can I think that the objection in the present case will have much force with any one who remembers Charles Lamb's beautiful sonnet addressed to his own name, and ending—

"No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name!"

—W. W., 1836.

Yet, haply, on the printed page received,
The imperfect record, there, may stand unblamed
As long as verse of mine shall breathe the air
Of memory, or see the light of love.[1]

Thou wert a scorner of the fields, my Friend,
But more in show than truth;* and from the fields,
And from the mountains, to thy rural grave
Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er
Its green untrodden turf, and blowing flowers;
And taking up a voice shall speak (tho' still
Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity
Which words less free presumed not even to touch)
Of that fraternal love, whose heaven-lit lamp
From infancy, through manhood, to the last
Of threescore years, and to thy latest hour,
Burnt on with ever-strengthening light, enshrined[2]
Within thy bosom.

[1] 1835.

From a reflecting mind and sorrowing heart
This tribute flow'd, with hope that it might guard
The dust of him whose virtues call'd it forth;
But 'tis a little space of earth that man,
Stretch'd out in death, is doom'd to occupy;
Still smaller space doth modest custom yield,
On sculptured tomb or tablet, to the claims
Of the deceased, or rights of the bereft.
'Tis well; and tho', the record overstepped
Those narrow bounds, yet on the printed page
Received, there may it stand, I trust, unblamed
As long as verse of mine shall steal from tears
Their bitterness, or live to shed a gleam
Of solace over one dejected thought.

In privately printed edition.

[2] 1835.

Burned, and with ever-strengthening light, enshrined

Privately printed edition

* Lamb's indifference to the country "was a sort of 'mock apparel,' in which it was his humour at times to invest himself."—H. N. Coleridge, Supplement to the *Biographia Literaria*, p. 333.—Ed.

'Wonderful' hath been
The love established between man and man,
'Passing the love of women;' and between
Man and his help-mate in fast wedlock joined
Through God, is raised a spirit and soul of love
Without whose blissful influence Paradise
Had been no Paradise; and earth were now
A waste where creatures bearing human form,
Direst of savage beasts, would roam in fear,
Joyless and comfortless. Our days glide on;
And let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve
That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,
And her bright dower of clustering charities,
That, round his trunk and branches, might have clung
Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,
Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee
Was given (say rather thou of later birth
Wert given to her) a Sister—'tis a word
Timidly uttered, for she *lives*, the meek,
The self-restraining, and the ever-kind;
In whom thy reason and intelligent heart
Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,
All softening, humanising, hallowing powers,
Whether withheld, or for her sake unsought—
More than sufficient recompence!

Her love
(What weakness prompts the voice to tell it here?)
Was as the love of mothers; and when years,
Lifting the boy to man's estate, had called
The long-protected to assume the part
Of a protector, the first filial tie
Was undissolved; and, in or out of sight,
Remained imperishably interwoven
With life itself. Thus, 'mid a shifting world,

Did they together testify of time [1]
And season's difference—a double tree
With two collateral stems sprung from one root;
Such were they—such thro' life they *might* have been
In union, in partition only such;
Otherwise wrought the will of the Most High;
Yet, thro' all visitations and all trials,
Still they were faithful; like to vessels launched
From the same beach one ocean to explore [2]
With mutual help, and sailing—to their league
True, as inexorable winds, or bars
Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow.*

But turn we rather, let my spirit turn
With thine, O silent and invisible Friend!
To those dear intervals, nor rare nor brief,
When reunited, and by choice withdrawn
From miscellaneous converse, ye were taught
That the remembrance of foregone distress,
And the worse fear of future ill (which oft
Doth hang around it, as a sickly child
Upon its mother) may be both alike
Disarmed of power to unsettle present good
So prized, and things inward and outward held
In such an even balance, that the heart
Acknowledges God's grace, his mercy feels,
And in its depth of gratitude is still.

[1] 1835.
Together stood they (witnessing of time
Privately printed edition.

[2] 1835.
Still they were faithful, like two goodly ships
Launch'd from the beach, &c.
Privately printed edition.

* Compare the testimony borne to Mary Lamb by Mr Proctor, and by [H]enry Crabb Robinson.—ED.

O gift divine of quiet sequestration!
The hermit, exercised in prayer and praise,
And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,
Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves
To life-long singleness; but happier far
Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts of others,
A thousand times more beautiful appeared,
Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie
Is broken; yet why grieve? for Time but holds[1]
His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead
To the blest world where parting is unknown.

[1] 1835.
. . . . The sacred tie
Is broken, to become more sacred still
Privately printed edition.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG.

Comp. 1835. —— Pub. 1836.

[These verses were written extempore, immediately after reading a notice of the Ettrick Shepherd's death, in the Newcastle paper, to the Editor of which I sent a copy for publication. The persons lamented in these verses were all either of my friends or acquaintance. In Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, an account is given of my first meeting with him in 1803. How the Ettrick Shepherd and I became known to each other has already been mentioned in these notes. He was undoubtedly a man of original genius, but of coarse manners and low and offensive opinions. Of Coleridge and Lamb I need not speak here. Crabbe I have met in London at Mr Rogers's, but more frequently and favourably at Mr Hoare's upon Hampstead Heath. Every spring he used to pay that family a visit of some length, and was upon terms of intimate friendship with Mrs Hoare, and still more with her daughter-in-law, who has a large collection of his letters addressed to herself. After the Poet's decease, application was made to her to give up these letters to his biographer, that they, or at least part of them, might be given to the public. She hesitated to comply, and asked my opinion on the subject. "By no means," was my answer, grounded not upon any objection there might be to publishing

a selection from these letters, but from an aversion I have always felt to meet idle curiosity by calling back the recently departed to become the object of trivial and familiar gossip. Crabbe obviously for the most part preferred the company of women to that of men, for this among other reasons, that he did not like to be put upon the stretch in general conversation: accordingly in miscellaneous society his *talk* was so much below what might have been expected from a man so deservedly celebrated, that to me it seemed trifling. It must upon other occasions have been of a different character, as I found in our rambles together on Hampstead Heath, and not so much from a readiness to communicate his knowledge of life and manners as of natural history in all its branches. His mind was inquisitive, and he seems to have taken refuge from the remembrance of the distresses he had gone through, in these studies and the employments to which they led. Moreover, such contemplations might tend profitably to counterbalance the painful truths which he had collected from his intercourse with mankind. Had I been more intimate with him, I should have ventured to touch upon his office as a minister of the Gospel, and how far his heart and soul were in it so as to make him a zealous and diligent labourer: in poetry, though he wrote much as we all know, he assuredly was not so. I happened once to speak of pains as necessary to produce merit of a certain kind which I highly valued: his observation was—"It is not worth while." You are quite right, thought I, if the labour encroaches upon the time due to teach truth as a steward of the mysteries of God: if there be cause to fear *that*, write less: but, if poetry is to be produced at all, make what you do produce as good as you can. Mr Rogers once told me that he expressed his regret to Crabbe that he wrote in his later works so much less correctly than in his earlier. "Yes," replied he, "but then I had a reputation to make; now I can afford to relax." Whether it was from a modest estimate of his own qualifications, or from causes less creditable, his motives for writing verse and his hopes and aims were not so high as is to be desired. After being silent for more than twenty years, he again applied himself to poetry, upon the spur of applause he received from the periodical publications of the day, as he himself tells us in one of his prefaces. Is it not to be lamented that a man who was so conversant with permanent truth, and whose writings are so valuable an acquisition to our country's literature, should have *required* an impulse from such a quarter? Mrs Hemans was unfortunate as a poetess in being obliged by circumstances to write for money, and that so frequently and so much, that she was compelled to look out for subjects wherever she could find them, and to write as expeditiously as possible. As a woman, she was to a considerable degree a spoilt child of the world. She had been early in life distinguished for talent, and poems of hers were published while she was a girl. She had also been handsome in her youth, but her education had been most

unfortunate. She was totally ignorant of housewifery, and could as easily have managed the spear of Minerva as her needle. It was from observing these deficiencies, that, one day while she was under my roof, I *purposely* directed her attention to household economy, and told her I had purchased *Scales* which I intended to present to a young lady as a wedding present; pointed out their utility (for her especial benefit) and said that no ménage ought to be without them. Mrs Hemans, not in the least suspecting my drift, reported this saying, in a letter to a friend at the time, as a proof of my simplicity. Being disposed to make large allowances for the faults of her education and the circumstances in which she was placed, I felt most kindly disposed towards her, and took her part upon all occasions, and I was not a little affected by learning that after she withdrew to Ireland, a long and severe sickness raised her spirit as it depressed her body. This I heard from her most intimate friends, and there is striking evidence of it in a poem written and published not long before her death. These notices of Mrs Hemans would be very unsatisfactory to her intimate friends, as indeed they are to myself, not so much for what is said, but what for brevity's sake is left unsaid. Let it suffice to add, there was much sympathy between us, and, if opportunity had been allowed me to see more of her, I should have loved and valued her accordingly; as it is, I remember her with true affection for her amiable qualities, and, above all, for her delicate and irreproachable conduct during her long separation from an unfeeling husband, whom she had been led to marry from the romantic notions of inexperienced youth. Upon this husband I never heard her cast the least reproach, nor did I ever hear her even name him, though she did not wholly forbear to touch upon her domestic position; but never so that any fault could be found with her manner of adverting to it.]

WHEN first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.*

When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border-minstrel led.

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* Compare *Yarrow visited* (September 1814), (Vol. VI. p. 41).—Ed.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,*
Mid mouldering ruins low he lies; †
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes: ‡

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign, its stedfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source; §

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead, ||
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.¶

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
"Who next will drop and disappear?"

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-looking,
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

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* Compare *Yarrow revisited* (1831), (Vol. VII. p. 268.)—Ed.

† Scott died at Abbotsford, on the 21st September 1832, and was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.—Ed.

‡ Hogg died at Altrive, on the 21st November 1835.—Ed.

§ Coleridge died at Highgate, on the 25th July 1834.—Ed.

|| Compare the *Stanzas written in my pocket copy of Thomson's Castle of Indolence* (Vol. II., p. 305.)—

"Profound his forehead was, though not severe" —Ed.

¶ Lamb died in London, on the 27th December 1834.—Ed.

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before;* but why,
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
For Her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid!
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet dead.

UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAWING OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM.

Comp. 1835. —— Pub. 1836.

[I cannot forbear to record that the last seven lines of this Poem were composed in bed during the night of the day on which my sister Sara Hutchinson died about 6 p.m., and it was the thought of her innocent and beautiful life that, through faith, prompted the words—

"On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,
No tempest from his breath."

The reader will find two poems on pictures of this bird among my Poems. I will here observe that in a far greater number of instances than have been mentioned in these notes one poem has, as in this case, grown out of another, either because I felt the subject had been inadequately treated, or that the thoughts and images suggested in course of composition have been such as I found interfered with the unity indispensable to every work of art, however humble in character.]

WHO rashly strove thy Image to portray?
Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air;
How could he think of the live creature—gay
With a divinity of colours, drest

* George Crabbe died at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, on the 3d of February 1832.—ED.

In all her brightness, from the dancing crest
Far as the last gleam of the filmy train
Extended and extending to sustain
The motions that it graces—and forbear
To drop his pencil! Flowers of every clime
Depicted on these pages smile at time;
And gorgeous insects copied with nice care
Are here, and likenesses of many a shell
Tossed ashore by restless waves,
Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves
Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell:
But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,
'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows,
To circumscribe this Shape in fixed repose;
Could imitate for indolent survey,
Perhaps for touch profane,
Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a stain;
And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest, share
The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray?

Resplendent Wanderer! followed with glad eyes
Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!
To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,
Eastern Islanders have given
A holy name—the Bird of Heaven!
And even a title higher still,
The Bird of God!* whose blessed will
She seems performing as she flies
Over the earth and through the skies
In never-wearied search of Paradise—
Region that crowns her beauty with the name
She bears for *us*—for us how blest,

* Compare Robert Browning's poem on Guercino's picture of *The Guardian-Angel* at Fano—
"Thou bird of God." —Ed.

How happy at all seasons, could like aim
Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight
On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,
No tempest from his breath, their promised rest
Seeking with indefatigable quest
Above a world that deems itself most wise
When most enslaved by gross realities!

Comp. 1835. —— Pub. 1835.

DESPONDING Father! mark this altered bough,*
So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,
Or moist with dews; what more unsightly now,
Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if formed,
Invisible? yet Spring her genial brow
Knits not o'er that discolouring and decay
As false to expectation. Nor fret thou
At like unlovely process in the May
Of human life: a Stripling's graces blow,
Fade and are shed, that from their timely fall
(Misdeem it not a cankerous change) may grow
Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall call:
In all men, sinful is it to be slow
To hope—in Parents, sinful above all.

Comp. 1835. —— Pub. 1835.

[Suggested on the road between Preston and Lancaster where it first gives a view of the Lake country, and composed on the same day, on the roof of the coach.]

FOUR fiery steeds, impatient of the rein
Whirled us o'er sunless ground beneath a sky

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* Compare the Excursion (Vol. V. p. 130), and the Sonnet beginning—
"Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind,"
(Vol. VI. p. 71.)—ED.

As void of sunshine, when, from that wide plain,
Clear tops of far-off mountains we descry,
Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,
All light and lustre. Did no heart reply?
Yes, there was One;—for One, asunder fly
The thousand links of that ethereal chain;
And green vales open out, with grove and field,
And the fair front of many a happy Home;
Such tempting spots as into vision come
While Soldiers, weary of the arms they wield
And sick at heart[1] of strifeful Christendom,
Gaze on the moon by parting clouds revealed.

TO ——.

Comp. 1835. —— Pub. 1835.

[The fate of this poor Dove, as described, was told to me at Brinsop Court, by the young lady to whom I have given the name of Lesbia.]

[Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take
That subtile Power, the never-halting Time,
Lest a mere moment's putting off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.]

"WAIT, prithee, wait!" this answer Lesbia * threw
Forth to her Dove, and took no further heed;
Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew
Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed;
But from that bondage when her thoughts were freed
She rose, and toward the close-shut casement drew,

[1] 1837.
While Soldiers, of the weapons that they wield
Weary, and sick . . . . 1835.

* Miss Loveday Walker, daughter of the Rector of Brinsop.—See the Fenwick note to the next sonnet.—ED.

Whence the poor unregarded Favourite, true
To old affections, had been heard to plead
With flapping wing for entrance. What a shriek
Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a strain
Of harmony!—a shriek of terror, pain,
And self-reproach! for, from aloft, a Kite
Pounced,—and the Dove, which from its ruthless beak
She could not rescue, perished in her sight!

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

Comp. 1835. —— Pub. 1835.

[My attention to these antiquities was directed by Mr Walker, son to the itinerant Eidouranian Philosopher. The beautiful pavement was discovered within a few yards of the front door of his parsonage, and appeared from the site (in full view of several hills upon which there had formerly been Roman encampments) as if it might have been the villa of the commander of the forces, at least such was Mr Walker's conjecture.]

While poring Antiquarians search the ground
Upturned with curious pains, the Bard, a Seer,
Takes fire:—The men that have been reappear;
Romans for travel girt, for business gowned;
And some recline on couches, myrtle-crowned,
In festal glee: why not? For fresh and clear,
As if its hues were of the passing year,
Dawns this time-buried pavement. From that mound
Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maximins,
Shrunk into coins with all their warlike toil:
Or a fierce impress issues with its foil
Of tenderness—the Wolf, whose suckling Twins
The unlettered ploughboy pities when he wins
The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.

ST CATHERINE OF LEDBURY.

Comp. 1835. —— Pub. 1835.

[Written on a journey from Brinsop Court, Herefordshire.]

WHEN human touch (as monkish books attest)
Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury bells
Broke forth in concert flung adown the dells,
And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy crest;*
Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady blest
To rapture! Mabel listened at the side
Of her loved mistress: soon the music died,
And Catherine said, **Here I set up my rest.**
Warned in a dream, the Wanderer long had sought
A home that by such miracle of sound
Must be revealed:—she heard it now, or felt
The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought;
And there, a saintly Anchoress, she dwelt
Till she exchanged for heaven that happy ground.

Pub. 1835.

[This lady was named Carleton; she, along with a sister, was brought up in the neighbourhood of Ambleside. The epitaph, a part of it at least, is in the church at Bromsgrove, where she resided after her marriage.]

BY a blest Husband guided, Mary came
From nearest kindred, Vernon [1] her new name;
She came, though meek of soul, in seemly pride
Of happiness and hope, a youthful Bride.
O dread reverse! if aught *be* so, which proves
That God will chasten whom he dearly loves.

[1] 1837.
From nearest kindred, * * * * * * . . 1835.

* The Ledbury bells are easily audible on the Malvern hills.—ED.

Faith bore her up through pains in mercy given,
And troubles that were each a step to Heaven:
Two Babes were laid in earth before she died;
A third now slumbers at the Mother's side
Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford
A trembling solace to her widowed Lord.

Reader! if to thy bosom cling the pain
Of recent sorrow combated in vain;
Or if thy cherished grief have failed to thwart
Time still intent on his insidious part,
Lulling the mourner's best good thoughts asleep,
Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot, keep;
Bear with him—judge *Him* gently who makes known
His bitter loss by this memorial Stone;
And pray that in his faithful breast the grace
Of resignation find a hallowed place.

Comp. 1835. —— Pub. 1845.

SAID Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,
Falsehood and Treachery, in close council met,
Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,
"The frost of England's pride will soon be thawed;
"Hooded the open brow that overawed
"Our schemes; the faith and honour, never yet
"By us with hope encountered, be upset;—
"For once I burst my bands, and cry, applaud!"
Then whispered she, "The Bill is carrying out!"
They heard, and, starting up, the Brood of Night
Clapped hands, and shook with glee their matted locks;
All Powers and Places that abhor the light
Joined in the transport, echoed back their shout,
Hurrah for ——, hugging his Ballot-box! *

* See the note to the sonnet entitled *Protest against the Ballot*, written in 1838. George Grote was the person satirized. "Since that time," adds Mr

Comp. 1835. —— Pub. 1835.

"PEOPLE! your chains are severing link by link;
Soon shall the Rich be levelled down—the Poor
Meet them half-way." Vain boast! for These, the more
They thus would rise, must low and lower sink
Till, by repentance stung, they fear to think;
While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few
Bent in quick turns each other to undo,
And mix the poison, they themselves must drink.
Mistrust thyself, vain Country! cease to cry,
"Knowledge will save me from the threatened woe."
For, if than other rash ones more thou know,
Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,
Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

1836.

So far as can be ascertained, only one sonnet was written in 1836.

NOVEMBER 1836.

Comp. 1836. —— Pub. 1837.

EVEN so for me a Vision sanctified
The sway of Death; long ere mine eyes had seen
Thy countenance—the still rapture of thy mien—
When thou, dear Sister! * wert become Death's Bride:
No trace of pain or languor could abide
That change:—age on thy brow was smoothed—thy cold

Reed, in a note to his American edition, "Mr Grote's political notoriety, as an advocate of the ballot, has been merged in the high reputation he has acquired as probably the most eminent modern historian of ancient Greece."—ED.

* See Note B in the Appendix to this volume.—ED.

Wan cheek at once was privileged to unfold
A loveliness to living youth denied.
Oh! if within me hope should e'er decline,
The lamp of faith, lost Friend! too faintly burn
Then may that heaven-revealing smile of thine,
The bright assurance, visibly return:
And let my spirit in that power divine
Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased to mourn.

1837.

The poems belonging to the year 1837 include the Memorials of a Tour in Italy with Henry Crabb Robinson in that year, and one or two additional sonnets.

Pub. 1837.

SIX months to six years added he remained
Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained:
O blessed Lord! whose mercy then removed
A Child whom every eye that looked on loved;
Support us, teach us calmly to resign
What we possessed, and now is wholly thine!*

---

* This refers to the poet's son Thomas, who died Dec. 1, 1812. He was buried in Grasmere churchyard, beside his sister Catherine; and Wordsworth placed these lines upon his tombstone. They may have been written much earlier than 1836, probably in 1813, but it is impossible to ascertain the date, and they were not published till 1837.—ED.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY.

1837.

Comp. 1837. —— Pub. 1842.

[During my whole life I had felt a strong desire to visit Rome and the other celebrated cities and regions of Italy, but did not think myself justified in incurring the necessary expense till I received from Mr Moxon, the publisher of a large edition of my poems, a sum sufficient to enable me to gratify my wish without encroaching upon what I considered due to my family. My excellent friend H. C. Robinson readily consented to accompany me, and in March 1837, we set off from London, to which we returned in August, earlier than my companion wished or I should myself have desired had I been, like him, a bachelor. These Memorials of that tour touch upon but a very few of the places and objects that interested me, and, in what they do advert to, are for the most part much slighter than I could wish. More particularly do I regret that there is no notice in them of the South of France, nor of the Roman antiquities abounding in that district, especially of the Pont de Degard, which, together with its situation, impressed me full as much as any remains of Roman architecture to be found in Italy. Then there was Vaucluse, with its Fountain, its Petrarch, its rocks of all seasons, its small plots of lawn in their first vernal freshness, and the blossoms of the peach and other trees embellishing the scene on every side. The beauty of the stream also called forcibly for the expression of sympathy from one who, from his childhood, had studied the brooks and torrents of his native mountains. Between two and three hours did I run about climbing the steep and rugged crags from whose base the water of Vaucluse breaks forth. "Has Laura's Lover," often said I to myself, "ever sat down upon this stone? or has his foot ever pressed that turf?" Some, especially of the female sex, would have felt sure of it: my answer was (impute it to my years) "I fear, not." Is it, not in fact obvious that many of his love verses must have flowed, I do not say from a wish to display his own talent, but from a habit of exercising his intellect in that way rather than from an impulse of his heart? It is otherwise with his Lyrical poems, and particularly with the one upon the degradation of his country: there he pours out his reproaches, lamentations, and aspirations like an ardent and sincere patriot. But enough: it is time to turn to my own effusions such as they are.]

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.*

COMPANION! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered,
In[1] whose experience trusting, day by day
Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared
The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,
These records take: and happy should I be
Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
Far more than any heart but mine can know.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT. *Feb.* 14*th*, 1842.

The Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate remembrances was shortened by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of Cholera at Naples. To make some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular, "Descriptive Sketches," "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820," and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

[1] 1845.
To . . . . 1842.

I.

MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE.

APRIL, 1837.

["Not the less
Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words
That spake of bards and minstrels."

His, Sir Walter Scott's, eye, *did* in fact kindle at them, for the lines, "Places forsaken now" and the two that follow, were adopted from a poem of mine which nearly forty years ago was *in part* read to him, and he never forgot them.

* For Mr Robinson's 'Itinerary' of this Tour, see note B in the Appendix to this volume.—ED.

"Old Helvellyn's brow
Where once together in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing.'

Sir Humphrey Davy was with us at the time. We had ascended from Paterdale, and I could not but admire the vigour with which Scott scrambled along that horn of the mountain called "Striding Edge." Our progress was necessarily slow, and was beguiled by Scott's telling many stories and amusing anecdotes, as was his custom. Sir H. Davy would have probably been better pleased if other topics had occasionally been interspersed, and some discussion entered upon: at all events he did not remain with us long at the top of the mountain, but left us to find our way down its steep side together into the Vale of Grasmere, where, at my cottage, Mrs Scott was to meet us at dinner.

"With faint smile

. . . .

He said, 'When I am there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow.'"

See among these notes the one on "Yarrow revisited."

"A few short steps (painful they were) apart
From Tasso's Convent-haven, and retired grave."

This, though introduced here, I did not know till it was told me at Rome by Miss Mackenzie of Seaforth, a lady whose friendly attentions during my residence at Rome I have gratefully acknowledged with expressions of sincere regret that she is no more. Miss M. told me that she accompanied Sir Walter to the Janicular Mount, and, after showing him the grave of Tasso in the church upon the top, and a mural monument, there erected to his memory, they left the church and stood together on the brow of the hill overlooking the City of Rome: his daughter Anne was with them, and she, naturally desirous, for the sake of Miss Mackenzie especially, to have some expression of pleasure from her father, half reproached him for showing nothing of that kind either by his looks or voice: "How can I," replied he, "having only one leg to stand upon, and that in extreme pain!" so that the prophecy was more than fulfilled.

"Over waves rough and deep."

We took boat near the lighthouse at the point of the right horn of the bay which makes a sort of natural port for Genoa; but the wind was high, and the waves long and rough, so that I did not feel quite recom-

pensed by the view of the city, splendid as it was, for the danger apparently incurred. The boatman (I had only one) encouraged me saying we were quite safe, but I was not a little glad when we gained the shore, though Shelley and Byron—one of them at least, who seemed to have courted agitation from any quarter—would have probably rejoiced in such a situation: more than once I believe were they both in extreme danger even on the lake of Geneva. Every man, however, has his fears of some kind or other; and no doubt they had theirs: of all men whom I have ever known, Coleridge had the most of passive courage in bodily peril, but no one was so easily cowed when moral firmness was required in miscellaneous conversation or in the daily intercourse of social life.

"How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade,
Each ministering to each, didst thou appear,
Savona."

There is not a single bay along this beautiful coast that might not raise in a traveller a wish to take up his abode there, each as it succeeds seems more inviting than the other; but the desolated convent on the cliff in the bay to Savona struck my fancy most; and had I, for the sake of my own health or that of a dear friend, or any other cause, been desirous of a residence abroad, I should have let my thoughts loose upon a scheme of turning some part of this building into a habitation provided as far as might be with English comforts. There is close by it a row or avenue, I forget which, of tall cypresses. I could not forbear saying to myself—"What a sweet family walk, or one for lonely musings, would be found under the shade!" but there, probably, the trees remained little noticed and seldom enjoyed.

"This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood."

The broom is a great ornament through the months of March and April to the vales and hills of the Apennines, in the wild parts of which it blows in the utmost profusion, and of course successively at different elevations as the season advances. It surpasses ours in beauty and fragrance,* but, speaking from my own limited observations only, I cannot affirm the same of several of their wild spring flowers, the primroses in particular, which I saw not unfrequently but thinly scattered and languishing compared to ours.

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* Wordsworth himself, his nephew tells us, had no sense of smell (*Memoirs*, II p. 322).—ED.

The note at the end of this poem, upon the Oxford movement, was entrusted to my friend, Mr Frederick Faber.* I told him what I wished to be said, and begged that, as he was intimately acquainted with several of the Leaders of it, he would express my thought in the way least likely to be taken amiss by them. Much of the work they are undertaking was grievously wanted, and God grant their endeavours may continue to prosper as they have done.]

YE Apennines! with all your fertile vales
Deeply embosomed, and your winding shores
Of either sea, an Islander by birth,
A Mountaineer by habit, would resound
Your praise, in meet accordance with your claims
Bestowed by Nature, or from man's great deeds
Inherited:—presumptuous thought!—it fled
Like vapour, like a towering cloud, dissolved.
Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to sadness;—
Yon snow-white torrent-fall, plumb down it drops
Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,
Lulling the leisure of that high perched town,
AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site
Its neighbour and its namesake—town, and flood
Forth flashing out of its own gloomy chasm
Bright sunbeams—the fresh verdure of this lawn
Strewn with grey rocks, and on the horizon's verge,
O'er intervenient waste, through glimmering haze,
Unquestionably kenned, that cone-shaped hill
With fractured summit,† no indifferent sight
To travellers, from such comforts as are thine,
Bleak Radicofani!‡ escaped with joy—
These are before me; and the varied scene
May well suffice, till noon-tide's sultry heat

* Afterwards Father Faber, priest of the Oratory of St Philip Neri. —ED.
† Monte Amiata.—ED.
‡ On the old high road from Siena to Rome.—ED.

Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind
Passive yet pleased. What! with this Broom in flower
Close at my side! She bids me fly to greet
Her sisters, soon like her to be attired
With golden blossoms opening at the feet
Of my own Fairfield.* The glad greeting given,
Given with a voice and by a look returned
Of old companionship, Time counts not minutes
Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar fields,
The local Genius hurries me aloft,
Transported over that cloud-wooing hill,
Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds,†
With dream-like smoothness, to Helvellyn's top,‡
There to alight upon crisp moss, and range
Obtaining ampler boon, at every step,
Of visual sovereignty—hills multitudinous,
(Not Apennine can boast of fairer) hills
Pride of two nations, wood and lake and plains,
And prospect right below of deep coves shaped §
By skeleton arms, that, from the mountain's trunk
Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual moan
Struggling for liberty, while undismayed
The shepherd struggles with them. Onward thence
And downward by the skirt of Greenside fell,‖

* The mountain between Rydal Head and Helvellyn.—Ed.

† Seat Sandal is the mountain between Tongue Ghyll and Grisedale Tarn on the south and east, and the Dunmail Raise road on the west.—Ed.

‡ Compare *The Eclipse of the Sun* in "Memorials of a Tour in the Continent in 1820." (Vol. VI. p. 256.)—Ed.

§ Keppelcove, Nethermost cove, and the cove in which Red Tarn lies bounded by the "skeleton arms" of Striding Edge and Swirrel Edge. Compare—

"It was a cove, a huge recess
That keeps till June December's snow."
—*Fidelity.* Vol. III. p. 37.—Ed.

‖ Descending to Ullswater from Helvellyn, Greenside Fell and Mines are passed.—Ed.

And by Glenridding-screes,* and low Glencoign,†
Places forsaken now, though[1] loving still
The muses, as they loved them in the days
Of the old minstrels and the border bards.—
But here am I fast bound; and let it pass,
The simple rapture;—who that travels far
To feed his mind with watchful eyes could share
Or wish to share it?—One there surely was,
"The Wizard of the North," with anxious hope
Brought to this genial climate, when disease
Preyed upon body and mind—yet not the less
Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words
That spake of bards and minstrels; and his spirit
Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's brow
Where once together, in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing,‡ as if earth were free
From sorrow, like the sky above our heads.

Years followed years, and when, upon the eve
Of his last going from Tweed-side, thought turned,
Or by another's sympathy was led,
To this bright land, Hope was for him no friend,
Knowledge no help; Imagination shaped
No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep seats,
Survives for me, and cannot but survive
The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words
To sadness not their own, when, with faint smile
Forced by intent to take from speech its edge,

[1] 1845.
. . . . . but . . . 1842.

* The Glenridding Screes are bold rocks on the left as you descend Helvellyn to Patterdale.—Ed.

† Glencoign is an offshoot of the Patterdale valley between Glenridding and Goldbarrow.—Ed.

‡ See the Fenwick note.—Ed.

He said, "When I am there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow." * Prophecy
More than fulfilled, as gay Campania's shores
Soon witnessed, and the city of seven hills,
Her sparkling fountains, and her mouldering tombs;
And more than all, that Eminence † which showed
Her splendours, seen, not felt, the while he stood
A few short steps (painful they were) apart
From Tasso's Convent-haven, and retired grave.‡

Peace to their Spirits! why should Poesy
Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover
In gloom on wings with confidence outspread
To move in sunshine?—Utter thanks, my Soul!
Tempered with awe, and sweetened by compassion
For them who in the shades of sorrow dwell
That I—so near the term to human life
Appointed by man's common heritage, §
Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that
Deserve a thought) but little known to fame—
And free to rove where Nature's loveliest looks,
Art's noblest relics, history's rich bequests,
Failed to reanimate and but feebly cheered
The whole world's Darling—free to rove at will
O'er high and low, and if requiring rest,
Rest from enjoyment only.

* These words were quotod to me from "Yarrow Unvisited," by Sir Walter Scott, when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his departure for Italy: and the affecting condition in which he was when he looked upon Rome from the Janicular Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honour of conducting him thither.—W. W. 1842.—See also the Fenwick note to this poem.—ED.

† The Janicular Mount.—ED.

‡ See the Fenwick note prefixed to this poem.—ED.

§ He was then sixty-seven years of age.—ED.

Thanks poured forth
For what thus far hath blessed my wanderings, thanks
Fervent but humble as the lips can breathe
Where gladness seems a duty—let me guard
Those seeds of expectation which the fruit
Already gathered in this favoured Land
Enfolds within its core. The faith be mine,
That He who guides and governs all, approves
When gratitude, though disciplined to look
Beyond these transient spheres, doth wear a crown
Of earthly hope put on with trembling hand;
Nor is least pleased, we trust, when golden beams,
Reflected through the mists of age, from hours
Of innocent delight, remote or recent,
Shoot but a little way—'tis all they can—
Into the doubtful future. Who would keep
Power must resolve to cleave to it through life,
Else it deserts him, surely as he lives.
Saints would not grieve nor guardian angels frown
If one—while tossed, as was my lot to be,
In a frail bark urged by two slender oars
Over waves rough and deep,* that, when they broke
Dashed their white foam against the palace walls
Of Genoa the superb—should there be led
To meditate upon his own appointed tasks,
However humble in themselves, with thoughts
Raised and sustained by memory of Him
Who oftentimes within those narrow bounds
Rocked on the surge, there tried his spirit's strength
And grasp of purpose, long ere sailed his ship
To lay a new world open.
Nor less prized
Be those impressions which incline the heart

* See the Fenwick note.—Ed.

To mild, to lowly, and to seeming weak,
Bend that way her desires. The dew, the storm—
The dew whose moisture fell in gentle drops
On the small hyssop destined to become,
By Hebrew ordinance devoutly kept,
A purifying instrument—the storm
That shook on Lebanon the cedar's top,
And as it shook, enabling the blind roots
Further to force their way, endowed its trunk
With magnitude and strength fit to uphold
The glorious temple—did alike proceed
From the same gracious will, were both an offspring
Of bounty infinite.

Between Powers that aim
Higher to lift their lofty heads, impelled
By no profane ambition, Powers that thrive
By conflict, and their opposites, that trust
In lowliness—a mid-way tract there lies
Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind
Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-aged, and Old,
From century on to century, must have known
The emotion—nay, more fitly were it said—
The blest tranquillity that sunk so deep
Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed
In Pisa's Campo Santo,* the smooth floor
Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral slabs,†
And through each window's open fret-work looked

* The Campo Santo, or Burial Ground, founded by Archbishop Ubaldo (1188-1200).—Ed.

† "There are forty-three flat arcades, resting on forty-four pilasters. . . . In the interior there is a spacious hall, the open round-arched windows of which, with their beautiful tracery, sixty-two in number, look out upon a green quadrangle. . . . The walls are covered with frescoes by the Tuscan School of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, below which is a collection of Roman, Etruscan, and mediæval sculptures. . . . The tombstones of persons interred here form the pavement." (Bædeker's *Northern Italy*, p. 324.)—Ed.

O'er the blank Area of sacred earth
Fetched from Mount Calvary,* or haply delved
In precincts nearer to the Saviour's tomb,
By hands of men, humble as brave, who fought
For its deliverance—a capacious field
That to descendants of the dead it holds
And to all living mute memento breathes,
More touching far than aught which on the walls
Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak,
Of the changed City's long-departed power,
Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as they are,
Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.
And, high above that length of cloistral roof,
Peering in air and backed by azure sky,
To kindred contemplations ministers
The Baptistery's dome,† and that which swells
From the Cathedral pile; ‡ and with the twain
Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed
(As hurry on in eagerness the feet,
Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-tower.§
Nor[1] less remuneration waits on him
Who having left the Cemetery stands
In the Tower's shadow, of decline and fall
Admonished not without some sense of fear,

[1] 1845.
Not . . . . 1842.

* Ubaldo conveyed hither fifty-three ship-loads of earth from Mount Calvary, in the Holy Land, in order that the dead might repose in holy ground.—Ed.

† The Baptistery in Pisa was begun in 1153 by Diotisalvi, and completed in 1278. It is a circular structure, covered by a conical dome, 190 feet high.—Ed.

‡ The Cathedral of Pisa is a basilica, built in 1063, in the Tuscan style, and has an elliptical dome.—Ed.

§ The Campanile, or Clock-Tower, rises in eight storeys to the height of 179 feet, and (from its oblique position) is known as the Leaning-Tower.—Ed.

Fear that soon vanishes before the sight
Of splendor unextinguished, pomp unscathed,
And beauty unimpaired. Grand in itself,
And for itself, the assemblage, grand and fair
To view, and for the mind's consenting eye
A type of age in man, upon its front
Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence
Of past exploits, nor fondly after more
Struggling against the stream of destiny,
But with its peaceful majesty content.
—Oh what a spectacle at every turn
The Place unfolds, from pavement skinned with moss,
Or grass-grown spaces, where the heaviest foot
Provokes no echoes, but must softly tread;
Where Solitude with Silence paired stops short
Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe
Decay submits not.
But where'er my steps
Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with care
Those images of genial beauty, oft
Too lovely to be pensive in themselves
But by reflections made so, which do best
And fitliest serve to crown with fragrant wreaths
Life's cup when almost filled with years, like mine.
—How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade,
Each ministering to each, didst thou appear
Savona,* Queen of territory fair
As aught that marvellous coast thro' all its length
Yields to the Stranger's eye. Remembrance holds
As a selected treasure thy one cliff,
That, while it wore for melancholy crest

* See the Fenwick note to this poem. Savona is a town on the Gulf of Genoa, capital of the Montenotte Department under Napoleon.—Ed.

A shattered Convent, yet rose proud to have
Clinging to its steep sides a thousand herbs
And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave proof how kind
The breath of air can be where earth had else
Seemed churlish. And behold, both far and near,
Garden and field all decked with orange bloom,
And peach and citron, in Spring's mildest breeze
Expanding; and, along the smooth shore curved
Into a natural port, a tideless sea,
To that mild breeze with motion and with voice
Softly responsive; and, attuned to all
Those vernal charms of sight and sound, appeared
Smooth space of turf which from the guardian fort
Sloped seaward, turf whose tender April green,
In coolest climes too fugitive, might even here
Plead with the sovereign Sun for longer stay
Than his unmitigated beams allow,
Nor plead in vain, if beauty could preserve,
From mortal change, aught that is born on earth
Or doth on time depend.
While on the brink
Of that high Convent-crested cliff I stood,
Modest Savona! over all did brood
A pure poetic Spirit—as the breeze,
Mild—as the verdure, fresh—the sunshine, bright—
Thy gentle Chiabrera! *—not a stone,
Mural or level with the trodden floor,
In Church or Chapel, if my curious quest
Missed not the truth, retains a single name
Of young or old, warrior, or saint, or sage,

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* The theatre in Savona is dedicated to Chiabrera, who was a native of the place.—Ed.

To whose dear memories his sepulchral verse *
Paid simple tribute, such as might have flowed
From the clear spring of a plain English heart,
Say rather, one in native fellowship
With all who want not skill to couple grief
With praise, as genuine admiration prompts.
The grief, the praise, are severed from their dust,
Yet in his page the records of that worth
Survive, uninjured:—glory then to words,
Honour to word-preserving Arts, and hail
Ye kindred local influences that still,
If Hope's familiar whispers merit faith,
Await my steps when they the breezy height
Shall range of philosophic Tusculum: †
Or Sabine vales ‡ explored inspire a wish
To meet the shade of Horace by the side
Of his Bandusian fount; §—or I invoke
His presence to point out the spot where once
He sate, and eulogized with earnest pen
Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate desires;
And all the immunities of rural life
Extolled, behind Vacuna's crumbling fane. ||
Or let me loiter soothed with what is given

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* If any English reader should be desirous of knowing how far I am justified in thus describing the epitaphs of Chiabrera, he will find translated specimens of them in this Volume, under the head of "Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces."—W. W., 1842.

† Tusculum was the birthplace of the elder Cato, and the residence of Cicero.—Ed.

‡ "Satis beatus unicis Sabinis."—*Odes*, ii. 18.—Ed.

§ See Hor., *Odes*, iii. 13.—Ed.

|| See Hor., *Epis.*, i. 10, 49—

"Haec tibi dictabam post fanum putre Vacunae."

Vacuna was a Sabine divinity. She had a sanctuary near Horace's Villa. (Compare Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, iii. 42, 47.) A traveller in Italy writes: "Following a path along the brink of the torrent Digentia, we passed a towering rock, on which once stood Vacuna's shrine." See also Ovid, *Fasti*, vi. 307.—Ed.

Nor asking more, on that delicious Bay,*
Parthenope's Domain—Virgilian haunt,
Illustrated with never-dying verse,†
And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded tomb ‡
Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands
Endeared.
And who—if not a man as cold
In heart as dull in brain—while pacing ground
Chosen by Rome's legendary Bards, high minds
Out of her early struggles well inspired
To localize heroic acts—could look
Upon the spots with undelighted eye,
Though even to their last syllable the Lays
And very names of those who gave them birth
Have perished?—Verily, to her utmost depth,
Imagination feels what Reason fears not
To recognize, the lasting virtue lodged
In those bold fictions that, by deeds assigned
To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,
And others like in fame, created Powers
With attributes from History derived,

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* The Bay of Naples. Neapolis (the new city) received its ancient name of Parthenope from one of the Sirens, whose body was said to have been washed ashore in that bay. Sil. 12, 33.—Ed.

† See *Georgics*, iv. 564.—Ed.

‡ Virgil died at Brundusium, but his remains were carried to his favourite residence, Naples, and were buried by the side of the road leading to Puteoli—the Via Puteolana. His tomb is still pointed out near Posilipo, —close to the sea, and about half way from Naples to Puteoli, the *Scuola di Virgilio.*

"The monument, now called the tomb of Virgil, is not on the road which passes through the tunnel of Posilipo; but if the Via Puteolana ascended the hill of Posilipo, as it may have done, the situation of the monument would agree very well with the description of Donatus."—(George Long, in Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography.*)

The inscription said to have been placed on the tomb was as follows:—

"Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope. Cecini pascua, rura, duces." —Ed.

By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,
Through marvellous felicity of skill,
With something more propitious to high aims
Than either, pent within her separate sphere,
Can oft with justice claim.
And not disdaining
Union with those primeval energies
To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from your height.
Christian Traditions! at my Spirit's call
Descend, and, on the brow of ancient Rome
As she survives in ruin, manifest
Your glories mingled with the brightest hues
Of her memorial halo, fading, fading,
But never to be extinct while Earth endures.
O come, if undishonoured by the prayer,
From all her Sanctuaries!—Open for my feet
Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a glimpse
Of the Devout, as, 'mid your glooms convened
For safety, they of yore enclasped the Cross *
On knees that ceased from trembling, or intoned
Their orisons with voices half-suppressed,
But sometimes heard, or fancied to be heard,
Even at this hour.
And thou Mamertine prison,†
Into that vault receive me from whose depth

* The catacombs were subterranean chambers and passages, usually cut out of the solid rock, and used as places of burial, or of refuge. The early Christians made use of the catacombs in the Appian way for worship, as well as for sepulchre.—ED.

† The Carcer Mamertinus,—one of the most ancient Roman structures,—overhung the Forum, as Livy tells us, "immanens foro," underneath the Capitoline hill. It still exists, and is entered from the sacristy of the church of S. Guiseppe de Falagnami, to the left of the arch of Severus. It was originally a well (the *Tullianum* of Livy), and afterwards a prison, in which Jugurtha was starved to death, and Catilline's accomplices perished. There are two chambers in the prison, one beneath the other; the lowermost containing, in its rock floor, a spring, which rises nearly to the surface. For the legend connected with it see the next note.—ED.

Issues, revealed in no presumptuous vision,
Albeit lifting human to divine,
A Saint, the Church's Rock, the mystic Keys
Grasped in his hand; and lo! with upright sword *
Prefiguring his own impendent doom,
The Apostle of the Gentiles; both prepared
To suffer pains with heathen scorn and hate
Inflicted;—blessèd Men, for so to Heaven
They follow their dear Lord!
Time flows—nor winds,
Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,
But many a benefit borne upon his breast
For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,
No one knows how; nor seldom is put forth
An angry arm that snatches good away,
Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream
Has to our generation brought and brings
Innumerable gains; yet we, who now
Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely
To a chilled age, most pitiably shut out
From that which *is* and actuates, by forms,
Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact
Minutely linked with diligence uninspired,
Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,
By godlike insight. To this fate is doomed
Science, wide-spread and spreading still as be
Her conquests, in the world of sense made known.
So with the internal mind it fares; and so
With morals, trusting, in contempt or fear
Of vital principle's controlling law,
To her purblind guide Expediency; and so

* According to the legend, St Peter, who was imprisoned in the *Carcer Mamertinus* under Nero, caused this spring to flow miraculously in order to baptize his jailors. Hence the building is called *S. Pietro in Carcere.*—Ed.

Suffers religious faith. Elate with view
Of what is won, we overlook or scorn
The best that should keep pace with it, and must,
Else more and more the general mind will droop,
Even as if bent on perishing. There lives
No faculty within us which the Soul
Can spare,* and humblest earthly Weal demands,
For dignity not placed beyond her reach,
Zealous co-operation of all means
Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,
And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.
By gross Utilities enslaved we need
More of ennobling impulse from the past,
If to the future aught of good must come
Sounder and therefore holier than the ends
Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
We covet as supreme. O grant the crown
That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff
From Knowledge!—If the Muse, whom I have served
This day, be mistress of a single pearl
Fit to be placed in that pure diadem;
Then, not in vain, under these chesnut boughs
Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul
To transports from the secondary founts
Flowing of time and place, and paid to both
Due homage: nor shall fruitlessly have striven,
By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in verse
Accordant meditations, which in times
Vexed and disordered, as our own, may shed
Influence, at least among a scattered few,
To soberness of mind and peace of heart

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* Compare "Despondency Corrected," *Excursion*, Book IV. (Vol. V. p. 188)—

"Within the soul a faculty abides," &c. —Ed.

Friendly; as here to my repose hath been
This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood;* the light
And murmur issuing from yon pendent flood,
And all the varied landscape. Let us now
Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent Rome.†

II.

THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO ‡ AT ROME.

[Sir George Beaumont told me that, when he first visited Italy, pine-trees of this species abounded, but that on his return thither, which was more than thirty years after, they had disappeared from many places where he had been accustomed to admire them, and had become rare all over the country, especially in and about Rome. Several Roman villas have within these few years passed into the hands of foreigners, who, I observed with pleasure, have taken care to plant this tree, which in course of years will become a great ornament to the city and to the general landscape. May I venture to add here, that having ascended the Monte Mario, I could not resist the embracing the trunk of this interesting monument of my departed

* See the Fenwick note.—Ed.

† It would be ungenerous not to advert to the religious movement that, since the composition of these verses in 1837, has made itself felt, more or less strongly, throughout the English Church;—a movement that takes, for its first principle, a devout deference to the voice of Christian antiquity. It is not my office to pass judgment on questions of theological detail; but my own repugnance to the spirit and system of Romanism has been so repeatedly and, I trust, feelingly expressed, that I shall not be suspected of a leaning that way, if I do not join in the grave charge, thrown out, perhaps in the heat of controversy, against the learned and pious men to whose labours I allude. I speak apart from controversy; but, with strong faith in the moral temper which would elevate the present by doing reverence to the past, I would draw cheerful auguries for the English Church from this movement, as likely to restore among us a tone of piety more earnest and real than that produced by the mere formalities of the understanding, refusing, in a degree which I cannot but lament, that its own temper and judgment shall be controlled by those of antiquity.—W. W., 1842.

‡ The Monte Mario is to the north-west of Rome, beyond the Janiculus and the Vatican. The view from the summit embraces Rome, the Campagna, and the sea. It is capped by the villa Millini, in which the 'magnificent solitary pine-tree' of this sonnet still stands, amidst its cypress plantations.—Ed.

friend's feelings for the beauties of nature, and the power of that art which he loved so much, and in the practice of which he was so distinguished.]

I SAW far off the dark top of a Pine
Look like a cloud—a slender stem the tie
That bound it to its native earth—poised high
'Mid evening hues, along the horizon line,
Striving in peace each other to outshine.
But when I learned the Tree was living there,
Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's care,*
Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine!
The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so bright
And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of home,
Death-parted friends, and days too swift in flight,
Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome
(Then first apparent from the Pincian Height) †
Crowned with St Peter's everlasting Dome. ‡

III.

AT ROME.

[SIGHT is at first sight a sad enemy to imagination and to those pleasures belonging to old times with which some exertions of that power will always mingle: nothing perhaps brings this truth home to the feelings more than the city of Rome; not so much in respect to

* "It was Mr Theed, the sculptor, who informed us of the pine-tree being the gift of Sir George Beaumont."—H. C. Robinson. (See Memoirs of W. W., Vol. II. p. 330).—ED.

† From the *Mons Pincius*, "collis hortorum," where were the gardens of Lucullus, there is a remarkable view of modern Rome.—ED.

‡ Within a couple of hours of my arrival at Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio the Pine-tree as described in the sonnet; and, while expressing admiration at the beauty of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my fellow-traveller, who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for it by the late Sir G. Beaumont, upon condition that the proprietor should not act upon his known intention of cutting it down.—W. W.

the impression made at the moment when it is first seen and looked at as a whole, for then the imagination may be invigorated and the mind's eye quickened; but when particular spots or objects are sought out, disappointment is I believe invariably felt. Ability to recover from this disappointment will exist in proportion to knowledge, and the power of the mind to reconstruct out of fragments and parts, and to make details in the present subservient to more adequate comprehension of the past.]

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?
Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,
Tarpeian named of yore,* and keeping still
That name, a local Phantom proud to mock
The Traveller's expectation?—Could our Will
Destroy the ideal Power within, 'twere done
Thro' what men see and touch,—slaves wandering on,
Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-taught skill.
Full oft, our wish obtained, deeply we sigh;
Yet not unrecompensed are they who learn,
From that depression raised, to mount on high
With stronger wing, more clearly to discern
Eternal things; and, if need be, defy
Change, with a brow not insolent, though stern.

IV.

AT ROME—REGRETS.—IN ALLUSION TO NIEBUHR AND OTHER MODERN HISTORIANS.

THOSE old credulities, to nature dear,
Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
Of History, stript naked as a rock
'Mid a dry desert? What is it we hear?

* The Tarpeian rock, from which those condemned to death were hurled, is not now precipitous, as it used to be: the ground having been much raised by successive heaps of ruin.—ED.

The glory of Infant Rome must disappear,*
Her morning splendours vanish, and their place
Know them no more. If Truth, who veiled her face
With those bright beams yet hid it not, must steer
Henceforth a humbler course perplexed and slow;
One solace yet remains for us who came
Into this world in days when story lacked
Severe research, that in our hearts we know
How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,
Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

V.

CONTINUED.

COMPLACENT Fictions were they, yet the same
Involved a history of no doubtful sense,
History that proves by inward evidence
From what a precious source of truth it came.
Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have dared
Such deeds to paint, such characters to frame,
But for coeval sympathy prepared
To greet with instant faith their loftiest claim.
None but a noble people could have loved
Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded style:
Not in like sort the Runic Scald was moved;
He, nursed 'mid savage passions that defile
Humanity, sang feats that well might call
For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's riotous Hall.

* Niebuhr, in his Lectures on Roman History (1826-29), was one of the first to point out the legendary character of much of the earlier history, and its "historical impossibility." He explained the way in which much of it had originated in family and national vanity, &c.—ED.

VI.

PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN.

FORBEAR to deem the Chronicler unwise,
Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,
Who, gathering up all that Time's envious tooth
Has spared of sound and grave realities,
Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,
Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth,
That might have drawn down Clio from the skies*
To vindicate the majesty of truth.
Such was her office while she walked with men,
A Muse, who,[1] not unmindful of her Sire
All-ruling Jove, whate'er the[2] theme might be
Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,
And taught her faithful servants how the lyre
Should[3] animate, but not mislead, the pen.†

[1] 1845.
Her rights to claim, and vindicate the truth.
Her faithful Servants while she walked with men
Were they who, ... 1842.

[2] 1845.
. . . . their . . 1842.

[3] 1845.
And, at the Muse's will, invoked the lyre
To . . . . 1842.

* Clio, daughter of Zeus and Mnemosyne, the first-born of the Muses, presided over history. It was her office to record the actions of illustrious heroes.—ED.

† Quem virum—lyra—
—sumes celebrare Clio? —W.W., 1842.

VII.

AT ROME.

[I HAVE a private interest in this Sonnet, for I doubt whether it would ever have been written but for the lively picture given me by Anna Ricketts of what she had witnessed of the indignation and sorrow expressed by some Italian noblemen of their acquaintance upon the surrender, which circumstances had obliged them to make, of the best portion of their family mansions to strangers.]

THEY—who have seen the noble Roman's scorn
Break forth at thought of laying down his head,
When the blank day is over, garreted
In his ancestral palace, where, from morn
To night, the desecrated floors are worn
By feet of purse-proud strangers; they—who have read
In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's shed,
How patiently the weight of wrong is borne;
They—who have heard some learned Patriot treat[1]
Of freedom, with mind grasping the whole theme
From ancient Rome, downwards through that bright dream
Of Commonwealths, each city a starlike seat
Of rival glory; they—fallen Italy—
Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of Thee!

VIII.

NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST PETER'S.

LONG has the dew been dried on tree and lawn;
O'er man and beast a not unwelcome boon
Is shed, the languor of approaching noon;
To shady rest withdrawing or withdrawn
Mute are all creatures, as this couchant fawn,

[1] 1845.
They—who have heard thy lettered sages treat 1842.

Save insect-swarms that hum in air afloat,
Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,
Startling and shrill as that which roused the dawn.
—Heard in that hour, or when, as now, the nerve
Shrinks from the note[1] as from a mis-timed thing,
Oft for a holy warning may it serve,
Charged with remembrance of *his* sudden sting,
His bitter tears, whose name the Papal Chair
And yon resplendent Church are proud to bear.

IX.

AT ALBANO.*

[THIS Sonnet is founded on simple fact, and was written to enlarge, if possible, the views of those who can see nothing but evil in the intercessions countenanced by the Church of Rome. That they are in many respects lamentably pernicious must be acknowledged; but, on the other hand, they who reflect, while they see and observe, cannot but be struck with instances which will prove that it is a great error to condemn in all cases such mediation as purely idolatrous. This remark bears with especial force upon addresses to the Virgin.]

DAYS passed—and Monte Calvo would not clear
His head from mist; and, as the wind sobbed through
Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,†
My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear
Found casual vent. She said, "Be of good cheer;
Our yesterday's procession did not sue

[1] 1845.
. . . . voice . . . 1842.

* Albano, 10 miles south-east of Rome, is a small town and episcopal residence, a favourite autumnal resort of Roman citizens. It is on the site of the ruins of the villa of Pompey. Monte Carlo (the Monte Calvo of this Sonnet) is the ancient *Mons Latialis*, 3127 feet high. At its summit a convent of Passionist Monks occupies the site of the ancient temple of Jupiter.—ED.

† The ilex-grove of the Villa Doria is one of the most marked features of Albano.—ED.

In vain; the sky will change to sunny blue,
Thanks to our Lady's grace." I smiled to hear,
But not in scorn:—the Matron's Faith may lack
The heavenly sanction needed to ensure
Fulfilment; but, we trust, her upward track[1]
Stops not at this low point, nor wants the lure
Of flowers the Virgin without fear may own,
For by her Son's blest hand the seed was sown.

X.

NEAR Anio's stream,* I spied a gentle Dove
Perched on an olive branch, and heard her cooing
'Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs were wooing,
While all things present told of joy and love.
But restless Fancy left that olive grove
To hail the exploratory Bird renewing
Hope for the few, who, at the world's undoing,
On the great flood were spared to live and move.
O bounteous Heaven! signs true as dove and bough
Brought to the ark are coming evermore,
Given though we seek them not, but, while we plough[2]
This sea of life without a visible shore,
Do neither promise ask nor grace implore
In what alone is ours, the living Now.[3]

[1] 1845.
Its own fulfilment; but her upward track 1842.

[2] 1845.
Even though men seek them not, but, while they plough 1842.

[3] 1845.
. . . . . the vouchsafed Now. 1842.

* The Anio joins the Tiber north of Rome, flowing from the north-east past Tivoli.—ED.

XI.

FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING TOWARDS ROME.

FORGIVE, illustrious Country! these deep sighs,
Heaved less for thy bright plains and hills bestrown
With monuments decayed or overthrown,
For all that tottering stands or prostrate lies,
Than for like scenes in moral vision shown,
Ruin perceived for keener sympathies;
Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her gaudy crown;
Virtues laid low, and mouldering energies.
Yet why prolong this mournful strain?—Fallen Power,
Thy fortunes, twice exalted,* might provoke
Verse to glad notes prophetic of the hour
When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy double yoke,
And enter, with prompt aid from the Most High,
On the third stage of thy great destiny.†

XII.

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE.

WHEN here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,‡
An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock,

* The ancient Classic period, and that of the Renaissance.—ED.

† This period seems to have been already entered. Compare Mrs Browning's "Poems before Congress," *passim*.—ED.

‡ The Carthaginian general Hannibal defeated the Roman Consul C. Flaminius, near the *lacus Trasimenus*, B.C. 217, with a loss of 15,000 men. (See Livy, xxii. 4., &c.)—ED.

Checked not its rage;* unfelt the ground did rock,
Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim.—
Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that day's shame,
Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,
Save in this Rill that took from blood the name†
Which yet it bears, sweet Stream! as crystal pure.
So may all trace and sign of deeds aloof
From the true guidance of humanity,
Thro' Time and Nature's influence, purify
Their spirit; or, unless they for reproof
Or warning serve, thus let them all, on ground
That gave them being, vanish to a sound.

XIII.

NEAR THE SAME LAKE.

For action born, existing to be tried,
Powers manifold we have that intervene
To stir the heart that would too closely screen
Her peace from images to pain allied.
What wonder if at midnight, by the side
Of Sanguinetto or broad Thrasymene,‡
The clang of arms is heard, and phantoms glide,
Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight seen;

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* Compare *Hannibal, A Historical Drama*, by Professor John Nichol, Act ii., sc. 6, p. 107—

"Here shall shepherds tell
To passing travellers, when we are dust,
How, by the shores of reedy Thrasymene,
We fought and conquered, while the earthquake shook
The walls of Rome." —Ed.

† Sanguinetto.—W. W., 1842.

‡ Lake Thrasymene is the largest of the Etrurian lakes, being ten miles in length and three in breadth.—Ed.

And singly thine, O vanquished Chief! * whose corse,
Unburied, lay hid under heaps of slain:
But who is He?—the Conqueror. Would he force
His way to Rome? Ah, no,—round hill and plain
Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong command,
This spot—his shadowy death-cup in his hand.†

XIV.

THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA.‡

MAY 25TH 1837.

[AMONG a thousand delightful feelings connected in my mind with the voice of the cuckoo, there is a personal one which is rather melancholy. I was first convinced that age had rather dulled my hearing, by not being able to catch the sound at the same distance as the younger companions of my walks; and of this failure I had a proof

* C. Flaminius.—ED.

† After the battle of Lake Thrasymene, Hannibal did not push on to Rome, but turned through the Apennines to Apulia, just as subsequently after the battle of Cannæ he remained inactive.—ED.

‡ Laverna is a corruption of *Alverna* (now called Alverniac). It is about five or six hours' walk from Camaldoli, on a height of the Apennines, not far from the sources of the Anio. To reach it, "the southern height of the Monte Valterona is ascended as far as the chapel of St Romaiald; then a descent is made to Moggiona, beyond which the path turns to the left, traversing a long and fatiguing succession of gorges and slopes; the path at the base of the mountain is therefore preferable. The market town of Soci in the valley of the Archiano is first reached, then the profound valley of the Corsaline; beyond it rises a blunted cone, on which the path ascends in windings to a stony plain with marshy meadows. Above this rises the abrupt sandstone mass of the *Vernia*, to the height of 850 feet. On its S.-W. slope, one-third of the way up, and 3906 feet above the sea-level, is seen a wall with small windows, the oldest part of the monastery, built in 1218 by St Francis of Assisi. The church dates from 1284. . . . One of the grandest points is the *Penna della Vernia* (4796 feet), the ridge of the Vernia, also known as *l'Apennino*, the 'rugged rock between the sources of the Tiber and Anio,' as it is called by Dante (Paradiso ii. 106). . . . Near the monastery are the *Luoghi Santi*, a number of grottos and rock-hewn chambers in which St Francis once lived."—(See Baedeker's *Northern Italy*, p. 425.)

"The Monte Alverno, or Monte della Vernia is situated on the border of Tuscany, near the sources of the Tiber and Anio, not far from the Castle

upon the occasion that suggested these verses. I did not hear the sound till Mr Robinson had twice or thrice directed my attention to it.]

LIST—'twas the Cuckoo.—O with what delight
Heard I that voice! and catch it now, though faint,*
Far off and faint, and melting into air,
Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!
Those louder cries give notice that the Bird,
Although invisible as Echo's self,†
Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks, happy Creature,
For this unthought-of greeting!
While allured
From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,
We have pursued, through various lands, a long
And pleasant course; flower after flower has blown,
Embellishing the ground that gave them birth
With aspects novel to my sight; but still
Most fair, most welcome, when they drank the dew
In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved,
For old remembrance sake. And oft—where Spring
Display'd her richest blossoms among files
Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing fruit
Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade
Of Ilex, or, if better suited to the hour,
The lightsome Olive's twinkling canopy—‡
Oft have I heard the Nightingale and Thrush
Blending as in a common English grove
Their love-songs; but, where'er my feet might roam,

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of Chuisi, where Orlando lived."—(Mrs Oliphant's *Francis of Assisi*, chap. xvi., p. 248.)

See also Herzog's *Real-Encyklopädie für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche*, Vol. IV., p. 655.—ED.

* Compare *To the Cuckoo* (Vol. III. p. 2).—ED.

† Compare—

"No bird but an invisible thing."

—(Vol. III. p. 2.)—ED.

‡ From the difference in the colour of each side of the leaf, a grove of olives when *wind-tossed* is pre-eminently a "twinkling canopy."—ED.

Whate'er assemblages of new and old,
Strange and familiar, might beguile the way,
A gratulation from that vagrant Voice
Was wanting—and most happily till now.

For see, Laverna! mark the far-famed Pile,
High on the brink of that precipitous rock,*
Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth
It is, a Christian Fortress, garrisoned
In faith and hope, and dutiful obedience,
By a few Monks, a stern society,
Dead to the world and scorning earth-born joys,
Nay—though the hopes that drew, the fears that drove,
St Francis, far from Man's resort, to abide
Among these sterile heights of Apennine,†
Bound him, nor, since he raised yon House, have ceased
To bind his spiritual Progeny, with rules
Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live;‡
His milder Genius (thanks to the good God

* See note ‡, p. 63.—Ed.

† St Francis of Assisi, founder of the order of Friars Minors, after establishing numerous monasteries in Italy, Spain, and France, resigned his office and retired to this, one of the highest of the Apennine heights. See note ‡, p. 63. He was canonized in 1230. Henry Crabbe Robinson tells us, "It was at Laverna that he (W. W.) led me to expect that he had found a subject on which he could write, and that was the love which birds bore to St Francis. He repeated to me a short time afterwards a few lines, which I do not recollect amongst those he has written on St Francis in this poem. On the journey, one night only I heard him in bed composing verses, and on the following day I offered to be his amanuensis; but I was not patient enough, I fear, and he did not employ me a second time. He made enquiries for St Francis's biography, as if he would dub him his Leib-heiliger (body-saint), as Goethe (saying that every one must have one) declared St Philip Neri to be his." See *Memoirs* of Wordsworth, Vol. II., p. 331.—Ed.

‡ The characteristic feature of the Franciscan order was its vow of Poverty, and Francis desired that it should be taken in the most rigorous sense, viz., that no individual member of the fraternity, nor the fraternity itself, should be allowed to possess any property whatsoever, even in things necessary to human use.—Ed.

That made us) over those severe restraints
Of mind, that dread heart-freezing discipline,
Doth sometimes here predominate, and works
By unsought means for gracious purposes;
For earth through heaven, for heaven, by changeful earth
Illustrated, and mutually endeared.

Rapt though He were above the power of sense,
Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart
Of that once sinful Being overflowed
On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements,
And every shape of creature they sustain,
Divine affections; and with beast and bird
(Stilled from afar—such marvel story tells—
By casual outbreak of his passionate words,
And from their own pursuits in field or grove
Drawn to his side by look or act of love
Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)
He wont to hold companionship so free,
So pure, so fraught with knowledge and delight,
As to be likened in his Follower's minds
To that which our first Parents, ere the fall
From their high state darkened the Earth with fear,
Held with all kinds in Eden's blissful bowers.

Then question not that, 'mid the austere Band,
Who breathe the air he breathed, tread where he trod,
Some true Partakers of his loving spirit
Do still survive,* and, with those gentle hearts
Consorted, Others, in the power, the faith,
Of a baptised imagination, prompt

* The members of the Franciscan order were the Stoics of Christendom. The order has been powerful, and of great service to the Roman Church—alike in literature, and in practical action and enterprise.—Ed.

To catch from Nature's humblest monitors
Whate'er they bring of impulses sublime.

Thus sensitive must be the Monk, though pale
With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by years,
Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see
Upon a pine-tree's storm-uprooted trunk,
Seated alone, with forehead skyward raised,
Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore
Appended to his bosom, and lips closed
By the joint pressure of his musing mood
And habit of his vow. That ancient Man—
Nor haply less the Brother whom I marked,
As we approached the Convent gate, aloft
Looking far forth from his aerial cell,
A young Ascetic—Poet, Hero, Sage,
He might have been, Lover belike he was—
If they received into a conscious ear
The notes whose first faint greeting startled me,
Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy
My heart—may have been moved like me to think,
Ah! not like me who walk in the world's ways,
On the great Prophet, styled *the Voice of One*
Crying amid the wilderness, and given,
Now that their snows must melt, their herbs and flowers
Revive, their obstinate winter pass away,
That awful name to Thee, thee, simple Cuckoo,
Wandering in solitude, and evermore
Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave
This thy last haunt beneath Italian skies
To carry thy glad tidings over heights
Still loftier, and to climes more near the Pole.

Voice of the Desert, fare-thee-well; sweet Bird!
If that substantial title please thee more,
Farewell!—but go thy way, no need hast thou
Of a good wish sent after thee; from bower
To bower as green, from sky to sky as clear,
Thee gentle breezes waft—or airs that meet
Thy course and sport around thee softly fan—
Till Night, descending upon hill and vale,
Grants to thy mission a brief term of silence,
And folds thy pinions up in blest repose.

XV.

AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.*

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came bereft,
And seeking consolation from above;
Nor grieve the less that skill to him was left
To paint this picture of his lady-love:

---

* This famous sanctuary was the original establishment of Saint Romualdo (or Rumwald, as our ancestors saxonised the name) in the 11th century, the ground (campo) being given by a Count Maldo. The Camaldolensi, however, have spread wide as a branch of Benedictines, and may therefore be classed among the *gentlemen* of the monastic orders. The society comprehends two orders, monks and hermits; symbolised by their arms, two doves drinking out of the same cup. The monastery in which the monks here reside is beautifully situated, but a large unattractive edifice, not unlike a factory. The hermitage is placed in a loftier and wilder region of the forest. It comprehends between 20 and 30 distinct residences, each including for its single hermit an inclosed piece of ground and three very small apartments. There are days of indulgence when the hermit may quit his cell, and when old age arrives, he descends from the mountain and takes his abode among the monks.

My companion had, in the year 1831, fallen in with the monk, the subject of these two sonnets, who showed him his abode among the hermits. It is from him that I received the following particulars. He was then about 40 years of age, but his appearance was that of an older man. He had been a painter by profession, but on taking orders changed his name from Santi to Raffaello, perhaps with an unconscious reference as

Can she, a blessed saint, the work approve?
And O, good Brethren of the cow, a thing
So fair, to which with peril he must cling,
Destroy in pity, or with care remove.
That bloom—those eyes—can they assist to bind
Thoughts that would stray from Heaven? The dream must cease
To be; by Faith, not sight, his soul must live;
Else will the enamoured Monk too surely find
How wide a space can part from inward peace
The most profound repose his cell can give.

XVI.

CONTINUED.

THE world forsaken, all its busy cares
And stirring interests shunned with desperate flight,
All trust abandoned in the healing might
Of virtuous action; all that courage dares,
Labour accomplishes, or patience bears—
Those helps rejected, they, whose minds perceive

---

well to the great Sanzio d'Urbino as to the archangel. He assured my friend that he had been 13 years in the hermitage and had never known melancholy or ennui. In the little recess for study and prayer, there was a small collection of books. "I read only," said he, "books of asceticism and mystical theology." On being asked the names of the most famous mystics, he enumerated *Scaramelli*, *San Giovanni della Croce*, *St Dionysius the Areopagite* (supposing the work which bears his name to be really his), and with peculiar emphasis *Ricardo di San Vittori*. The works of *Saint Theresa* are also in high repute among ascetics. These names may interest some of my readers.

We heard that Raffaello was then living in the convent; my friend sought in vain to renew his acquaintance with him. It was probably a day of seclusion. The reader will perceive that these sonnets were supposed to be written when he was a young man.—W. W., 1842.

The monastery of Camaldoli is on the highest point of the hills near Naples (1476 feet), and commands one of the finest views in Italy.—ED.

How subtly works man's weakness, sighs may heave
For such a One beset with cloistral snares.
Father of Mercy! rectify his view,
If with his vows this object ill agree;
Shed over it thy grace, and thus subdue[1]
Imperious passion in a heart set free:—
That earthly love may to herself be true,
Give him a soul that cleaveth unto thee.

XVII.

AT THE EREMITE OR UPPER CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.

WHAT aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size*
Enormous, dragged, while side by side they sate
By panting steers up to this convent gate?
How, with empurpled cheeks and pampered eyes,
Dare they confront the lean austerities
Of Brethren, who, here fixed, on Jesu wait
In sackcloth, and God's anger deprecate
Through all that humbles flesh and mortifies?
Strange contrast!—verily the world of dreams,
Where mingle, as for mockery combined,

[1] 1845.
. . . . and so subdue 1842.

* In justice to the Benedictines of Camaldoli, by whom strangers are so hospitably entertained, I feel obliged to notice, that I saw among them no other figures at all resembling, in size and complexion, the two Monks described in this Sonnet. What was their office, or the motive which brought them to this place of mortification, which they could not have approached without being carried in this or some other way, a feeling of delicacy prevented me from inquiring. An account has before been given of the hermitage they were about to enter. It was visited by us towards the end of the month of May; yet snow was lying thick under the pine-trees, within a few yards of the gate.—W. W., 1842.

Things in their very essences at strife,
Shows not a sight incongruous as the extremes
That everywhere, before the thoughtful mind,
Meet on the solid ground of waking life.*

XVIII.

AT VALLOMBROSA.†

[I must confess, though of course I did not acknowledge it in the few lines I wrote in the Stranger's book kept at the convent, that I was somewhat disappointed at Vallombrosa. I had expected, as the name implies, a deep and narrow valley overshadowed by enclosing hills; but the spot where the convent stands is in fact not a valley at all, but a cove or crescent open to an extensive prospect. In the book before mentioned, I read the notice in the English language that if anyone would ascend the steep ground above the convent, and wander over it, he would be abundantly rewarded by magnificent views. I had not time to act upon this recommendation, and only went with my young guide to a point, nearly on a level with the site of the convent, that overlooks the Vale of Arno for some leagues. To praise great and good men has ever been deemed one of the worthiest employments of poetry, but the objects of admiration vary so much with time and circumstances, and the noblest of mankind have been found, when intimately known, to be of characters so imperfect, that no eulogist can

* See Note, pp. 68-9.—Ed.

† The name of Milton is pleasingly connected with Vallombrosa in many ways. The pride with which the monk, without any previous question from me, pointed out his residence, I shall not readily forget. It may be proper here to defend the Poet from a charge which has been brought against him, in respect to the passage in "Paradise Lost" where this place is mentioned. It is said, that he has erred in speaking of the trees there being deciduous, whereas they are, in fact, pines. The faultfinders are themselves mistaken; the *natural* woods of the region of Vallombrosa *are* deciduous, and spread to a great extent; those near the convent are, indeed, mostly pines; but they are avenues of trees *planted* within a few steps of each other, and thus composing large tracts of wood; plots of which are periodically cut down. The appearance of those narrow avenues upon steep slopes open to the sky, on account of the height which the trees attain by being *forced* to grow upwards, is often very impressive. My guide, a boy of about fourteen years old, pointed this out to me in several places.—W. W., 1842.

find a subject which he will venture upon with the animation necessary to create sympathy, unless he confines himself to a particular art or he takes something of a one-sided view of the person he is disposed to celebrate. This is a melancholy truth, and affords a strong reason for the poetic mind being chiefly exercised in works of fiction: the poet can then follow wherever the spirit of admiration leads him, unchecked by such suggestions as will be too apt to cross his way if all that he is prompted to utter is to be tested by fact. Something in this spirit I have written in the note attached to the Sonnet on the King of Sweden; and many will think that in this poem and elsewhere I have spoken of the author of "Paradise Lost" in a strain of panegyric scarcely justifiable by the tenor of some of his opinions, whether theological or political, and by the temper he carried into public affairs, in which, unfortunately for his genius, he was so much concerned.]

> Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> In Vallombrosa, where Etrurian shades
> High over-arch'd embower.—PARADISE LOST.*

"VALLOMBROSA—I longed in thy shadiest wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor!" †
Fond wish that was granted at last, and the Flood,
That lulled me asleep, bids me listen once more.
Its murmur how soft! as it falls down the steep,
Near that Cell—yon sequestered Retreat high in air—‡
Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to keep
For converse with God, sought through study and prayer.

The Monks still repeat the tradition with pride,
And its truth who shall doubt? for his Spirit is here; §

* Compare *Paradise Lost*, Book I., l. 302. Vallombrosa—the shady valley—is 18 miles distant from Florence.—ED.

† See for the two *first lines*, "Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass."—W. W. (See Vol. VI., p. 265.)—ED.

‡ The monastery of Vallombrosa was founded about 1050, by S. Giovanni Gnalberto. It was suppressed in 1869, and is now converted into the R. Instituto Forestale, or forest school. The 'cell,' the 'sequestered retreat' referred to by Wordsworth, is doubtless *Il Paradisino*, or *Le Celle*, a small hermitage 266 feet above the monastery, which is itself 2,980 feet above the sea.—ED.

§ Compare Milton's letter to Benedetto Bonmattei of Florence, written during his stay in the city, Sept. 10, 1638.—ED.

In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her grandeur abide,
In the pines pointing heavenward her beauty austere;
In the flower-besprent meadows his genius we trace
Turned to humbler delights, in which youth might confide,
That would yield him fit help while prefiguring that Place
Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never had died.
When with life lengthened out came a desolate time,
And darkness and danger had compassed him round,
With a thought he would[1] flee to these haunts of his prime.
And here once again a kind shelter be found.
And let me believe that when nightly the Muse
Did[2] waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,*
Here also, on some favoured height, he[3] would choose
To wander, and drink inspiration at will.

Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in the page
Of that holiest of Bards, and the name for my mind
Had a musical charm, which the winter of age
And the changes it brings had no power to unbind.
And now, ye Miltonian shades! under you
I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy to part,
While your leaves I behold and the brooks they will strew,
And the realised vision is clasped to my heart.

[1] 1845.
. . . . . might . . . . . 1842.

[2] 1845.
Would . . . . 1842.

[3] 1845.
. . . . . . , they . . 1842.

* Compare *Paradise Lost*, III. 9—
" . . . . but chief
Thee Sion, and the flourie Brooks beneath
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit." —Ed.

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we may
In Forms that must perish, frail objects of sense;
Unblamed—if the Soul be intent on the day
When the Being of Beings shall summon her hence.
For he and he only with wisdom is blest
Who, gathering true pleasures wherever they grow,
Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,
To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity flow.

XIX.

AT FLORENCE.

[Upon what evidence the belief rests that this stone was a favourite seat of Dante, I do not know; but a man would little consult his own interest as a traveller, if he should busy himself with doubts as to the fact. The readiness with which traditions of this character are received, and the fidelity with which they are preserved from generation to generation, are an evidence of feelings honourable to our nature. I remember how, during one of my rambles in the course of a college vacation, I was pleased on being shown a seat near a kind of rocky cell at the source of the river, on which it was said that Congreve wrote his "Old Bachelor." One can scarcely hit on any performance less in harmony with the scene; but it was a local tribute paid to intellect by those who had not troubled themselves to estimate the moral worth of that author's comedies; and why should they? He was a man distinguished in his day; and the sequestered neighbourhood in which he often resided was perhaps as proud of him as Florence of her Dante: it is the same feeling, though proceeding from persons one cannot bring together in this way without offering some apology to the Shade of the great Visionary.]

UNDER the shadow of a stately Pile,
The dome of Florence, pensive and alone,
Nor giving heed to aught that passed the while,
I stood, and gazed upon a marble stone,
The laurell'd Dante's favourite seat.* A throne,

* The *Sasso di Dante* is built into the wall of the house, No. 29 Casa dei Canonici, close to the Duomo.—ED.

In just esteem, it rivals; though no style
Be there of decoration to beguile
The mind, depressed by thought of greatness flown.
As a true man, who long hath served the lyre,
I gazed with earnestness, and dared no more.
But in his breast the mighty Poet bore
A Patriot's heart, warm with undying fire.
Bold with the thought, in reverence I sate down,
And, for a moment, filled that empty Throne.

XX.

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST, BY RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY AT FLORENCE.*

[It was very hot weather during the week we stayed at Florence; and, never having been there before, I went through much hard service, and am not therefore *ashamed* to confess I fell asleep before this picture and sitting with my back towards the Venus de Medicis. Buonaparte—in answer to one who had spoken of his being in a sound sleep up to the moment when one of his great battles was to be fought, as a proof of the calmness of his mind and command over anxious thoughts—said frankly, that he slept because from bodily exhaustion he could not help it. In like manner it is noticed that criminals on the night previous to their execution seldom awake before they are called, a proof that the body is the master of us far more than we need be willing to allow. Should this note by any possible chance be seen by any of my countrymen who might have been in the gallery at the time (and several persons were there) and witnessed such an indecorum, I hope he will give up the opinion which he might naturally have formed to my prejudice.]

THE Baptist might have been ordain'd to cry
Forth from the towers of that huge Pile, wherein

*** This Sonnet refers to the picture of the young St John the Baptist, now in the Tribuna, Florence, designed about the same time as the Madonna di San Sisto, for Cardinal Colonna, who is said to have presented it to his doctor, Jacopo da Carpi. It has been much admired, and often copied; but it is inferior, both in drawing and in colouring, to the great works of Raphael. How much of it was actually from his hand is uncertain; and the Baptist is painted rather like a Bacchus than a Saint.—ED.**

His Father served Jehovah; but how win
Due audience, how for aught but scorn defy
The obstinate pride and wanton revelry
Of the Jerusalem below, her sin
And folly, if they with united din
Drown not at once mandate and prophecy?
Therefore the Voice spake from the Desert, thence
To Her, as to her opposite in peace,
Silence, and holiness, and innocence,
To Her and to all Lands its warning sent,
Crying with earnestness that might not cease,
"Make straight a highway for the Lord—repent!"

XXI.

AT FLORENCE—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO.

[However at first these two sonnets from Michael Angelo may seem in their spirit somewhat inconsistent with each other, I have not scrupled to place them side by side as characteristic of their great author, and others with whom he lived. I feel, nevertheless, a wish to know at what periods of his life they were respectively composed.* The latter, as it

* The second of the two sonnets translated by Wordsworth is No. lxxiii. in Signor Cesare Guasti's edition of Michael Angelo (1863)

At the Foot of the Cross.

Scaro d'un' importuna.

It was evidently written in old age. The following is Mr John Addington Symond's translation of the same sonnet.

Freed from a burden sore and grievous band,
  Dear Lord, and from this wearying world untied,
  Like a frail bark I turn me to Thy side,
  As from a fierce storm to a tranquil land.
Thy thorns, Thy nails, and either bleeding hand,
  With Thy mild gentle piteous face, provide
  Promise of help and mercies multiplied,
  And hope that yet my soul secure may stand.
Let not Thy holy eyes be just to see
  My evil part, Thy chastened ears to hear,
  And stretch the arm of judgment to my crime:
Let Thy blood only love and succour me,

expresses, was written in his advanced years, when it was natural that the Platonism that pervades the one should give way to the christian feeling that inspired the other: between both there is more than poetic affinity.]

Rapt above earth by power of one fair face,
Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights,
I mingle with the blest on those pure heights
Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place.
With Him who made the Work that Work accords
So well, that by its help and through his grace
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and words,
Clasping her beauty in my soul's embrace.
Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot turn,
I feel how in their presence doth abide
Light which to God is both the way and guide;
And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,
My noble fire emits the joyful ray
That through the realms of glory shines for aye.

XXII.

AT FLORENCE—FROM M. ANGELO.

Eternal Lord! eased of a cumbrous load,
And loosened from the world, I turn to Thee;
Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and flee
To thy protection for a safe abode.
The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon the tree,
The meek, benign, and lacerated face,
To a sincere repentance promise grace,

Yielding more perfect pardon, better cheer,
As older still I grow with lengthening time.

The Sonnets of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti and Tommaso Campanella, by John Addington Symonds, p. 110.

Compare Wordsworth's translation of other three sonnets by Michael Angelo (Vol. IV., p. 37-39).—Ed.

To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.
With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,
My fault, nor hear it with thy sacred ear;
Neither put forth that way thy arm severe;
Wash with thy blood my sins; thereto incline
More readily the more my years require
Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire.

XXIII.

AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN THE APENNINES.

[The political revolutions of our time have multiplied, on the Continent, objects that unavoidably call forth reflection such as are expressed in these verses, but the Ruins in those countries are too recent to exhibit, in anything like an equal degree, the beauty with which time and nature have invested the remains of our Convents and Abbeys. These verses, it will be observed, take up the beauty long before it is matured, as one cannot but wish it may be among some of the desolations of Italy, France, and Germany.]

YE Trees! whose slender roots entwine
  Altars that piety neglects;
Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine
  Which no devotion now respects;
If not a straggler from the herd
Here ruminate, nor shrouded bird,
Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take pride
In aught that ye would grace or hide—
How sadly is your love misplaced,
Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste!

Ye, too,[1] wild Flowers! that no one heeds,
And ye—full often spurned as weeds—

[1] 1845.
And ye, ... 1842.

In beauty clothed, or breathing sweetness
From fractured arch and mouldering wall—
Do but more touchingly recal
Man's headstrong violence and Time's fleetness,
Making[1] the precincts ye adorn
Appear to sight still more forlorn.

XXIV.

IN LOMBARDY.

SEE, where his difficult way that Old Man wins
Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves!—most hard
Appears *his* lot, to the small Worm's compared,
For whom his toil with early day begins.
Acknowledging no task-master, at will
(As if her labour and her ease were twins)
She seems to work, at pleasure to lie still;—
And softly sleeps within the thread she spins.
So fare they—the Man serving as her Slave.
Ere long their fates do each to each conform:
Both pass into new being,—but the Worm,
Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless grave;
His volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend
To bliss unbounded, glory without end.

[1] 1845.
And make . . . . 1812.

XXV.

AFTER LEAVING ITALY.

[I had proof in several instances that the Carbonari, if I may still call them so, and their favourers, are opening their eyes to the necessity of patience, and are intent upon spreading knowledge actively but quietly as they can. May they have resolution to continue in this

course! for it is the only one by which they can truly benefit their country. We left Italy by the way which is called the "Nuova Strada de Allmagna," to the east of the high passes of the Alps, which take you at once from Italy into Switzerland. This road leads across several smaller heights, and winds down different vales in succession, so that it was only by the accidental sound of a few German words that I was aware we had quitted Italy, and hence the unwelcome shock alluded to in the two or three last lines of the latter sonnet.]

Fair Land! Thee all men greet with joy; how few,
Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue, fame,
Part from thee without pity dyed in shame:
I could not—while from Venice we withdrew,
Led on till an Alpine strait confined our view *
Within its depths, and to the shore we came
Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and name,
Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder colouring threw.
Italia! on the surface of thy spirit,
(Too aptly emblemed by that torpid lake)
Shall a few partial breezes only creep?—
Be its depths quickened; what thou dost inherit
Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil; awake,
Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like sleep!

XXVI.

CONTINUED.

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue
Spake bitter words; words that did ill agree
With those rich stores of Nature's imagery,
And divine Art, that fast to memory clung—
Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever young
In the sun's eye, and in his sister's sight

* They left Venice by the nuova strada de Allmagna, resting at Logerone, Sillian, Spittal (in Carinthia), and thence on to Salzburg.—Ed.

How beautiful! how worthy to be sung
In strains of rapture, or subdued delight!
I feign not; witness that unwelcome shock
That followed the first sound of German speech,
Caught the far-winding barrier Alps among.
In that announcement, greeting seemed to mock*
Parting; the casual word had power to reach
My heart, and filled that heart with conflict strong.

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE INSURRECTIONS, 1837.†

Comp. 1837. —— Pub. 1842.

I.

Ah why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit
Of sudden passion roused shall men attain
True freedom where for ages they have lain
Bound in a dark abominable pit,
With life's best sinews more and more unknit.
Here, there, a banded few who loathe the chain
May rise to break it: effort worse than vain
For thee, O great Italian nation, split
Into those jarring fractions.—Let thy scope
Be one fixed mind for all; thy rights approve
To thy own conscience gradually renewed;
Learn to make Time the father of wise Hope;
Then trust thy cause to the arm of Fortitude,
The light of Knowledge, and the warmth of Love.

* See the Fenwick note to the last sonnet.—Ed.

† The three sonnets, *At Bologna, in remembrance of the late Insurrections, 1837*, are printed as a sequel to the Italian Tour of that year. Wordsworth placed them amongst his "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order."—Ed.

CONTINUED.

Comp. 1837. —— Pub. 1842.

II.

Hard task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean
On Patience coupled with such slow endeavour
That long-lived servitude must last for ever.
Perish the grovelling few, who, prest between
Wrongs and the terror of redress, would wean
Millions from glorious aims. Our chains to sever
Let us break forth in tempest now or never!—
What, is there then no space for golden mean
And gradual progress?—Twilight leads to day,
And, even within the burning zones of earth,
The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate ray;
The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives birth:
Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes,
She scans the future with the eye of gods.

CONCLUDED.

Comp. 1837. —— Pub. 1842.

III.

As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow
And wither, every human generation
Is to the Being of a mighty nation,
Locked in our world's embrace through weal and woe;
Thought that should teach the zealot to forego
Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agitation,
And seek through noiseless pains and moderation
The unblemished good they only can bestow.
Alas! with most who weigh futurity

Against time present, passion holds the scales:
Hence equal ignorance of both prevails.
And nations sink; or, struggling to be free,
Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded whales
Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.

Comp. 1837. —— Pub. 1837.

WHAT if our numbers barely could defy
The arithmetic of babes, must foreign hordes,
Slaves, vile as ever were befooled by words,
Striking through English breasts the anarchy
Of Terror, bear us to the ground, and tie
Our hands behind our backs with felon cords?
Yields every thing to discipline of swords?
Is man as good as man, none low, none high?—
Nor discipline nor valour can withstand
The shock, nor quell the inevitable rout,
When in some great extremity breaks out
A people, on their own beloved Land
Risen, like one man, to combat in the sight
Of a just God for liberty and right.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.*

Comp. 1837. —— Pub. 1842.

[These verses were thrown off extempore upon leaving Mrs Luff's house at Fox Ghyll one evening. The good woman is not disposed to look at the bright side of things, and there happened to be present certain ladies who had reached the point of life where *youth* is ended, and who seemed to contend with each other in expressing their dislike of the country and climate. One of them had been heard to say she could not endure a country where there was "neither sunshine nor cavaliers."]

* These verses originally appeared in *The Tribute*, a volume edited by Lord Northampton in 1837 for the benefit of the widow and family of the Rev. Edward Smedley. The volume contains a poem by Southey on Brough Bells which was not republished.—ED.

Lo! where the Moon along the sky
Sails with her happy destiny;[1]
Oft is she hid from mortal eye
    Or dimly seen,
But when the clouds asunder fly
    How bright her mien![2]

Far different we—a froward race,[3]
Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace
With cherished sullenness of pace
    Their way pursue,
Ingrates who wear a smileless face
    The whole year through.

If kindred humours e'er would make[4]
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
From Fancy following in thy wake,
    Bright ship of heaven!
A counter impulse let me take
    And be forgiven.*

[1] 1842.
The moon that sails along the sky
Moves with a happy destiny. 1837.

[2] The following—which was the second stanza in the edition of 1837—was omitted in 1842.

Not flagging when the winds all sleep,
Not hurried onward, when they sweep
The bosom of th' ethereal deep,
    Not turned aside,
She knows an even course to keep,
    Whate'er betide.

[3] 1842.
Perverse are we—a froward race;

[4] 1842.
If kindred humour e'er should make 1838.

* Compare the poem *To the Daisy* (1803), beginning
"Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere."
—Ed.

1838.

In 1838 Wordsworth wrote eleven sonnets. These were published for the first time in the volume of collected Sonnets, several being inserted out of their intended place, while the book was passing through the press.

The "Protest against the Ballot," which appeared in 1838, was never republished.

TO THE PLANET VENUS.

Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star) to the Earth, Jan. 1838.

Comp. 1838. —— Pub. 1838.

WHAT strong allurement draws, what spirit guides,
Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if the nearer
Thou com'st to man's abode the spot grew dearer
Night after night? True is it Nature hides
Her treasures less and less.—Man now presides
In power, where once he trembled in his weakness;
Science[1] advances with gigantic strides;
But are we aught enriched in love and meekness? *
Aught dost thou see, bright Star! of pure and wise
More than in humbler times graced human story;
That makes our hearts more apt to sympathise
With Heaven, our souls more fit for future glory,
When earth shall vanish from our closing eyes,
Ere we lie down in our last dormitory?

[1] 1845.
Knowledge . . . . 1838.

* Compare Tennyson's
"Let science prove we are, and then
What matter science unto men," &c.
—ED.

Comp. 1838. —— Pub. 1838.

HARK! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest,
By twilight premature of cloud and rain;
Nor does that roaring wind deaden his strain
Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,
And seems, as more incited, still more blest.
Thanks; thou hast snapped a fire-side Prisoner's chain,
Exulting Warbler! eased a fretted brain,
And in a moment charmed my cares to rest.
Yes, I will forth, bold Bird! and front the blast
That we may sing together, if thou wilt,
So loud, so clear, my Partner through life's day,
Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not love-built
Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons past,
Thrilled by loose snatches of the social Lay.

RYDAL MOUNT, 1838.

Comp. 1838. —— Pub. 1838.

'TIS He whose yester-evening's high disdain
Beat back the roaring storm—but how subdued
His day-break note, a sad vicissitude!
Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee restrain?
Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein
Pleased to renounce, does this dear Thrush attune
His voice to suit the temper of yon Moon
Doubly depressed, setting, and in her wane?
Rise, tardy Sun! and let the Songster prove
(The balance trembling between night and morn
No longer) with what ecstasy upborne
He can pour forth his spirit. In heaven above,
And earth below, they best can serve true gladness
Who meet most feelingly the calls of sadness.

COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING, 1838.

Comp. 1838. —— Pub. 1838.

[This and the following sonnet were composed on what we call the "Far Terrace" at Rydal Mount, where I have murmured out many thousands of verses.]

If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share
New love of many a rival image brought
From far, forgive the wanderings of my thought:
Nor art thou wronged, sweet May! when I compare
Thy present birth-morn with thy last,* so fair,
So rich to me in favours. For my lot
Then was, within the famed Egerian Grot
To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air
Mingling with thy soft breath! That morning too,
Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming
Amid the sunny, shadowy, Coliseum;†
Heard them, unchecked by aught of saddening hue,[1]
For victories there won by flower-crowned Spring,
Chant in full choir their innocent Te Deum.

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838.

Comp. 1838. —— Pub. 1838.

Life with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun,
Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide.
Does joy approach? they meet the coming tide;
And sullenness avoid, as now they shun

[1] 1845.
. . . . . . of sombre hue, 1838.

* On May morning, 1837, Wordsworth was in Rome with Henry Crabb Robinson.—Ed.

† The Flavian Amphitheatre, begun by Vespasian, A.D. 72, and continued by his son Titus, one of the noblest structures in Rome, now ruin.—Ed.

Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and in the sun
Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied;
Or gambol—each with his shadow at his side,
Varying its shape wherever he may run.
As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
All turn, and court the shining and the green,
Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen;
Why to God's goodness cannot We be true,
And so, His gifts and promises between,
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

Comp. 1838. —— Pub. 1838.

[The sad condition of poor Mrs Southey* put me upon writing this. It has afforded comfort to many persons whose friends have been similarly affected.]

Oh what a Wreck! how changed in mien and speech!
Yet—though dread Powers, that work in mystery, spin
Entanglings of[1] the brain; though shadows stretch
O'er the chilled heart—reflect; far, far within
Hers is a holy Being, freed from Sin.
She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch,
But delegated Spirits comfort fetch
To Her from heights that Reason may not win.
Like Children, She is privileged to hold
Divine communion,† both do live and move,
Whate'er to shallow Faith their ways unfold,
Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love;
Love pitying innocence not long to last,
In them—in Her our sins and sorrows past.

[1] 1845.
. . . for . . . . 1838.

* Mrs Southey died Nov. 16, 1837. She had long been an invalid. See Southey's *Life and Correspondence*, Vol. VI., p. 347.—Ed.

† Compare a remark of Wordsworth's that he never saw those with mind unhinged, but he thought of the words, 'Life hid in God.'—Ed.

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS, MAY 1838.

FAILING impartial measure to dispense
To every suitor, Equity is lame;
And social Justice, stript of reverence
For natural rights, a mockery and a shame;
Law but a servile dupe of false pretence,
If, guarding grossest things from common claim,
Now and for ever, She, to works that came
From mind and spirit, grudge a short-lived fence,
"What! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie
For *Books!*" Yes, heartless Ones, or be it proved
That 'tis a fault in Us to have lived and loved
Like others, with like temporal hopes to die;
No public harm that Genius from her course
Be turned; and streams of truth dried up, even at their source!

A POET TO HIS GRANDCHILD.

(Sequel to the foregoing.)

"Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand
"Is clasping mine, it saddens me to think
"How Want may press thee down, and with thee sink
"Thy children left unfit, through vain demand
"Of culture, even to feel or understand
"My simplest Lay that to their memory
"May cling;—hard fate! which haply need not be
"Did Justice mould the statutes of the Land.
"A Book time-cherished and an honoured name
"Are high rewards; but bound they nature's claim
"Or Reasons? No—hopes spun in timid line
"From out the bosom of a modest home
"Extend through unambitious years to come,
"My careless Little-one, for thee and thine!" *

May 23rd.

* The author of an animated article, printed in the *Law Magazine*, in

Comp. 1838. —— Pub. 1838.

Blest Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will
Leaves him[1] at ease among grand thoughts: whose eye
Sees that, apart from magnanimity,
Wisdom exists not; nor the humbler skill
Of Prudence, disentangling good and ill
With patient care. What tho' assaults run high,
They daunt not him who holds his ministry,
Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil
Its duties;—prompt to move, but firm to wait,—
Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely found:
That, for the functions of an ancient State—
Strong by her charters, free because imbound,
Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate—
Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound.*

PROTEST AGAINST THE BALLOT.†

Comp. 1838. —— Pub. 1838.

Forth rushed from Envy sprung and Self-conceit,
A Power misnamed the Spirit of Reform,

[1] 1845.
. . her . . . . . 1838.

favour of the principle of Serjeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill, precedes me in the public expression of this feeling; which had been forced too often upon my own mind, by remembering how few descendants of men, eminent in literature, are even known to exist.—W. W., 1838.

The sonnet is not addressed to any grandson of the Poet's.—Ed.

* "All change is perilous, and all chance unsound."
—Spenser.—W. W., 1838.

† In his notes to the volume of Collected Sonnets (1836), Wordsworth writes:—"'*Protest against the Ballot.*' Having in this notice alluded only in general terms to the mischief which, in my opinion, the Ballot would bring along with it, without especially branding its immoral and antisocial tendency (for which no political advantages, were they a thousand times

And through the astonished Island swept in storm,
Threatening to lay all orders at her feet
That crossed her way. Now stoops she to entreat
Licence to hide at intervals her head
Where she may work, safe, undisquieted,
In a close Box, covert for Justice meet.
St George of England ! keep a watchful eye
Fixed on the Suitor ; frustrate her request—
Stifle her hope ; for, if the State comply,
From such Pandorian gift may come a Pest
Worse than the Dragon that bowed low his crest,
Pierced by thy spear in glorious victory.

VALEDICTORY SONNET.

Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838.

Comp. 1838. —— Pub. 1838.

SERVING no haughty Muse, my hands have here
Disposed some cultured Flowerets (drawn from spots
Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered knots),
Each kind in several beds of one parterre ;
Both to allure the casual Loiterer,
And that, so placed, my Nurslings may requite
Studious regard with opportune delight,
Nor be unthanked, unless I fondly err.
But metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart,

greater than those presumed upon, could be a compensation), I have been impelled to subjoin a reprobation of it upon that score. In no part of my writings have I mentioned the name of any contemporary, that of Buonaparte only excepted, but for the purpose of eulogy ; and therefore, as in the concluding verse of what follows, there is a deviation from this rule (for the blank will be easily filled up) I have excluded the sonnet from the body of the collection, and placed it here as a public record of my detestation, both as a man and a citizen, of the proposed contrivance."

Then follows the sonnet beginning

" Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud."

(See p. 32.)—ED

Reader, farewell! My last words let them be—
If in this book Fancy and Truth agree;
If simple Nature trained by careful Art
Through It have won a passage to thy heart;
Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!

1839.

The fourteen sonnets "Upon the Punishment of Death" were originally published in the *Quarterly Review* (in December 1841), in an article on the "Sonnets of William Wordsworth" by Henry (now Sir Henry) Taylor, the author of *Philip van Artevelde*, and other poems. Towards the close of this article, after reviewing the volume of sonnets published in 1838, Sir Henry adds, "There is a short series *written two years ago*, which we have been favoured with permission to present to the public for the first time. It was suggested by the recent discussions in Parliament and elsewhere on the subject of the 'Punishment of Death.'" When republishing this and other critical Essays on Poetry, in the collected edition of his works in 1878, Sir Henry omitted the paragraphs relating to these particular sonnets.

SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.*

IN SERIES.

Comp. 1839. —— Pub. 1841.

I.

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE (ON THE ROAD FROM THE SOUTH.)

THIS Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair
Of sea and land, with yon grey towers that still
Rise up as if to lord it over air—

* . . . "In the session of 1836, a report by the Commissioners on Criminal Law—of which the second part was on this subject (the Punishment of Death)—was laid before Parliament. In the ensuing session this

Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,
Or charm it out of memory; yea, might fill
The heart with joy and gratitude to God
For all his bounties upon man bestowed:
Why bears it then the name of "Weeping Hill?" *
Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,
A prison's crown, along this way they past
For lingering durance or quick death with shame,
From this bare eminence thereon have cast
Their first look—blinded as tears fell in showers
Shed on their chains; and hence that doleful name.

II.†

TENDERLY do we feel by Nature's law
For worst offenders: though the heart will heave
With indignation, deeply moved we grieve,
In after thought, for Him who stood in awe
Neither of God nor man, and only saw,

---

was followed by papers presented to Parliament by her Majesty's command, and consisting of a correspondence between the Commissioners, Lord John Russell, and Lord Denman. Upon the foundation afforded by these documents, the bills of the 17th July 1837—(7th Gul. IV. and 1st Vict. cap. 84 to 89 and 91)—were brought in and passed. These acts removed the punishment of death from about 200 offences, and left it applicable to high treason, —murder and attempts at murder—rape—arson with danger to life—and to piracies, burglaries, and robberies, when aggravated by cruelty and violence." (Sir Henry Taylor, *Quarterly Review*, Dec. 1841, p. 39.) Some members of the House of Commons—Mr Fitzroy Kelly, Mr Ewart, and others—desired a further limitation of the punishment of death to the crimes of murder and treason only: and the question of the entire abolition of capital punishment being virtually before the country, Wordsworth dealt with it in the following series of sonnets.—ED.

* The name given to the spot from which criminals on their way to the Castle of Lancaster first see it.—ED.

† "The first sonnet prepares the reader to sympathise with the sufferings of the culprits. The next cautions him as to the limits within which his sympathies are to be restrained." (Sir H. Taylor.)—ED.

Lost wretch, a horrible device enthroned
On proud temptations, till the victim groaned
Under the steel his hand had dared to draw.
But O, restrain compassion, if its course,
As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside
Judgments and aims and acts whose higher source
Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who died[1]
Blameless—with them that shuddered o'er his grave,
And all who from the law firm safety crave.

III. *

The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die
Who had betrayed their country. ‡ The stern word
Afforded (may it through all time afford)
A theme for praise and admiration high.
Upon the surface of humanity
He rested not; its depths his mind explored;
He felt; but his parental bosom's lord
Was Duty,—Duty calmed his agony.
And some, we know, when they by wilful act
A single human life have wrongly taken,
Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact,
And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken
Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for faith
Broken with all mankind, solicit death.

[1] 1840.
. . . . . . that died 1838.

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* "In the third and fourth sonnets the reader is prepared to regard as low and effeminate the views which would estimate life and death as the most important of all sublunary conditions." (Sir H. Taylor.)—Ed.

† Lucius Junius Brutus, who condemned his sons to die for the part they took in the conspiracy to restore the Tarquins. (See Livy, Book II.)—Ed.

IV.

Is *Death*, when evil against good has fought
With such fell mastery that a man may dare
By deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare—
Is Death, for one to that condition brought,
For him, or any one, the thing that ought
To be *most* dreaded? Lawgivers, beware,
Lest, capital pains remitting till ye spare
The murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought
Seemingly given, debase the general mind;
Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown,
Nor only palpable restraints unbind,
But upon Honour's head disturb the crown,
Whose absolute rule permits not to withstand
In the weak love of life his least command.

V.

Not to the object specially designed,
Howe'er momentous in itself it be,
Good to promote or curb depravity,
Is the wise Legislator's view confined.
His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most kind;
As all Authority in earth depends
On Love and Fear, their several powers he blends,
Copying with awe the one Paternal mind.
Uncaught by processes in show humane,
He feels how far the act would derogate
From even the humblest functions of the State;
If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain
That never more shall hang upon her breath
The last alternative of Life or Death.

VI.*

Ye brood of conscience— Spectres! that frequent
The bad Man's restless walk, and haunt his bed—
Fiends in your aspect, yet beneficent
In act, as hovering Angels when they spread
Their wings to guard the unconscious Innocent—
Slow be the Statutes of the land to share
A laxity that could not but impair
Your power to punish crime, and so prevent.
And ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like about
The adage on all tongues, "Murder will out,"
How shall your ancient warnings work for good
In the full might they hitherto have shown,
If for deliberate shedder of man's blood
Survive not Judgment that requires his own?

VII.

Before the world had passed her time of youth
While polity and discipline were weak,
The precept eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,
Came forth—a light, though but as of day-break,
Strong as could then be borne. A Master meek
Proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule,
Patience *his* law, long-suffering *his* school,
And love the end, which all through peace must seek.
But lamentably do they err who strain
His mandates, given rash impulse to controul

* "The sixth sonnet adverts to the effects of the law in preventing the crime of murder, not merely by fear, but by horror, by investing the crime itself with the colouring of dark and terrible imaginations." (Sir H Taylor.)—Ed.

And keep vindictive thirstings from the soul,
So far that, if consistent in their scheme,
They must forbid the State to inflict a pain,
Making of social order a mere dream.

VIII.*

FIT retribution, by the moral code
Determined, lies beyond the State's embrace,
Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case
She plants well-measured terrors in the road
Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and broad,
And, the main fear once doomed to banishment,
Far oftener then, bad ushering worse event,
Blood would be spilt that in his dark abode
Crime might lie better hid. And, should the change
Take from the horror due to a foul deed,
Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,
And, guilt escaping, passion then might plead
In angry spirits for her old free range,
And the "wild justice of revenge" prevail.

IX.

THOUGH to give timely warning and deter
Is one great aim of penalty, extend
Thy mental vision further and ascend
Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err.[1]
What is a State? The wise behold in her

[1] 1845.
. . . . thou shalt err. 1842.

* "In the eighth sonnet the doctrine which would strive to measure out the punishments awarded by the law in proportion to the degrees of moral turpitude is disavowed." (Sir H. Taylor.)—ED.

A creature born of time, that keeps one eye
Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,
To which her judgments reverently defer.
Speaking through Law's dispassionate voice, the State
Endues her conscience with external life
And being, to preclude or quell the strife
Of individual will, to elevate
The grovelling mind, the erring to recal,
And fortify the moral sense of all.

X.

Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine
Of an immortal spirit, is a gift
So sacred, so informed with light divine,
That no tribunal, though most wise to sift
Deed and intent, should turn the Being adrift
Into that world where penitential tear
May not avail, nor prayer have for God's ear
A voice—that world whose veil no hand can lift
For earthly sight. "Eternity and Time,"
They urge, "have interwoven claims and rights
Not to be jeopardised through foulest crime:
The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born lights."
Even so: but measuring not by finite sense
Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

XI.*

Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide
Locked in a dungeon needs must eat the heart

* "In the eleventh and twelfth sonnets the alternatives of secondary punishment,—solitary imprisonment, and transportation,—are adverte to." (Sir H. Taylor.)—Ed.

Out of his own humanity, and part
With every hope that mutual cares provide;
And, should a less unnatural doom confide
In life-long exile on a savage coast,
Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride.
Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and pure,
Sanctions the forfeiture that Law demands,
Leaving the final issue in *His* hands
Whose goodness knows no change, whose love is sure,
Who sees, foresees; who cannot judge amiss,
And wafts at will the contrite soul to bliss.

XII.

SEE the Condemned alone within his cell
And prostrate at some moment when remorse
Stings to the quick, and, with resistless force,
Assaults the pride she strove in vain to quell.
Then mark him, him who could so long rebel,
The crime confessed, a kneeling Penitent
Before the Altar, where the Sacrament
Softens his heart, till from his eyes outwell
Tears of salvation. Welcome death! while Heaven
Does in this change exceedingly rejoice;
While yet the solemn heed the State hath given
Helps him to meet the last Tribunal's voice
In faith, which fresh offences, were he cast
On old temptations, might for ever blast.

XIII.*

CONCLUSION.

YES, though He well may tremble at the sound
Of his own voice, who from the judgment-seat
Sends the pale Convict to his last retreat
In death; though Listeners shudder all around,
They know the dread requital's source profound;
Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete—
(Would that it were!) the sacrifice unmeet
For Christian Faith. But hopeful signs abound;
The social rights of man breathe purer air,
Religion deepens her preventive care;
Then, moved by needless fear of past abuse,
Strike not from Law's firm hand that àwful rod,
But leave it thence to drop for lack of use:
Oh, speed the blessèd hour, Almighty God!

XIV.

APOLOGY.

THE formal World relaxes her cold chain
For One who speaks in numbers; ampler scope
His utterance finds; and, conscious of the gain,
Imagination works with bolder hope
The cause of grateful reason to sustain;
And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly beats
Against all barriers which his labour meets
In lofty place, or humble Life's domain.

* "In the thirteenth sonnet he anticipates that a time may come when the punishment of death will be needed no longer; but he wishes that the disuse of it should grow out of the absence of the need, not be imposed by legislation." (Sir H. Taylor.)—ED.

Enough;—before us lay a painful road,
And guidance have I sought in duteous love
From Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence hath flowed
Patience, with trust that, whatsoe'er the way
Each takes in this high matter, all may move
Cheered with the prospect of a brighter day.

1840.

Only four poems, viz., *Poor Robin*, and three sonnets—two referring to Miss Gillies, and one to Haydon's portrait of the Duke of Wellington—belong to 1840.

ON A PORTRAIT OF I. F., PAINTED BY MARGARET GILLIES.*

We gaze—nor grieve to think that we must die.
But that the precious love this friend hath sown
Within our hearts, the love whose flower hath blown
Bright as if heaven were ever in its eye,
Will pass so soon from human memory;
And not by strangers to our blood alone,
But by our best descendants be unknown,
Unthought of—this may surely claim a sigh.
Yet, blessed Art, we yield not to dejection;
Thou against Time so feelingly dost strive:
Where'er, preserved in this most true reflection,
An image of her soul is kept alive,
Some lingering fragrance of the pure affection,
Whose flower with us will vanish, must survive.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *New Year's Day*, 1840.

* See the note to the next sonnet.—ED.

TO I. F.*

THE star which comes at close of day to shine
More heavenly bright than when it leads the morn,
Is friendship's emblem,[1] whether the forlorn
She visiteth, or, shedding light benign
Through shades that solemnize Life's calm decline,
Doth make the happy happier. This have we
Learnt, Isabel, from thy society,
Which now we too unwillingly resign
Though for brief absence. But farewell! the page
Glimmers before my sight through thankful tears,
Such as start forth, not seldom, to approve
Our truth, when we, old yet unchill'd by age,
Call thee, though known but for a few fleet years,
The heart-affianced sister of our love!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *Feb.* 1840.

[1] Bright is the star which comes at eve to shine
More heavenly bright than when it leads the morn,
And such is Friendship, whether the forlorn, &c. 1840.

POOR ROBIN. †

Comp. 1840. —— Pub. 1842.

[I often ask myself what will become of Rydal Mount after our day. Will the old walls and steps remain in front of the house and about

* This and the previous sonnet was addressed to Miss Fenwick, to whom we indirectly owe the invaluable "Fenwick Notes." Were it not that the date is very minutely given, I would believe that they belong to 1841, as Miss Gillies tells me she resided at Rydal Mount during that year, when she painted Mrs Wordsworth's portrait. (See pp. 106 and 107.)—ED.

† The small wild Geranium known by that name.—W. W., 1842.

the grounds, or will they be swept away with all the beautiful mosses and ferns and wild geraniums and other flowers which their rude construction suffered and encouraged to grow among them?*—This little wild flower—"Poor Robin"—is here constantly courting my attention, and exciting what may be called a domestic interest with the varying aspects of its stalks and leaves and flowers.† Strangely do the tastes of men differ according to their employment and habits of life. "What a nice well would that be," said a labouring man to me one day, "if all that rubbish was cleared off." The "*rubbish*" was some of the most beautiful mosses and lichens and ferns and other wild growths that could possibly be seen. Defend us from the tyranny of trimness and neatness showing itself in this way! Chatterton says of freedom—"Upon her head wild weeds were spread," and depend upon it if "the marvellous boy" had undertaken to give Flora a garland, he would have preferred what we are apt to call weeds to garden flowers. True taste has an eye for both. Weeds have been called flowers out of place. I fear the place most people would assign to them is too limited. Let them come near to our abodes, as surely they may, without impropriety or disorder.]

Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,
And lilies face the March-winds in full blow,
And humbler growths as moved with one desire
Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,
Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but how gay
With his red stalks upon this sunny day!
And, as his tufts[1] of leaves he spreads, content
With a hard bed and scanty nourishment,
Mixed with the green, some shine not lacking power
To rival summer's brightest scarlet flower;
And flowers they well might seem to passers-by
If looked at only with a careless eye;

[1] 1845.
. . . tuft . . . . 1842.

* These things remain comparatively unaltered. Rydal Mount has suffered little in picturesqueness; while the house and grounds have gained in many ways from the inevitable changes of time.—Ed.

† Compare what is said of it in the *Memoirs* of the Poet, written in 1850, Vol. I. p. 20.—Ed.

Flowers—or a richer produce (did it suit
The season) sprinklings of ripe strawberry fruit.
But while a thousand pleasures come unsought,
Why fix upon his wealth or want[1] a thought?
Is the string touched in prelude to a lay
Of pretty fancies that would round him play
When all the world acknowledged elfin sway?
Or does it suit our humour to commend
Poor Robin as a sure and crafty friend,
Whose practice teaches, spite of names to show
Bright colours whether they deceive or no?—
Nay, we would simply praise the free good will
With which, though slighted, he, on naked hill
Or in warm valley, seeks his part to fill;
Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as now,
Or when his tiny gems shall deck his brow:
Yet more, we wish that men by men despised,
And such as lift their foreheads overprized,
Should sometimes think, where'er they chance to spy
This child of Nature's own humility,
What recompense is kept in store or left
For all that seem neglected or bereft;
With what nice care equivalents are given,
How just, how bountiful, the hand of Heaven.

March 1840.

[1] 1845.
. . . want or wealth . . . 1842

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON UPON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO, BY HAYDON.*

Comp. Aug. 31, 1840. —— Pub. 1842.

[This was composed while I was ascending Helvellyn in company with my daughter and her husband. She was on horseback, and rode to the top of the hill without once dismounting, a feat which it was scarcely possible to perform except during a season of dry weather; and a guide, with whom we fell in on the mountain, told us he believed it had never been accomplished before by any one.]

By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand
On ground yet strewn with their last battle's wreck;
Let the Steed glory while his Master's hand
Lies fixed for ages on his conscious neck;
But by the Chieftain's look, though at his side
Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm a check
Is given to triumph and all human pride!
Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a shadowy speck
In his calm presence! Him the mighty deed
Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest,
As shows that time-worn face, for he such seed
Has shown as yields, we trust, the fruit of fame

* Haydon worked at this picture of Wellington from June to November, 1839. (See his Autobiography, vol. III. p. 108-131.) He writes under date, Sept. 4, 1840:—"Hard at work. I heard from dear Wordsworth, with a glorious sonnet on the Duke and Copenhagen.* It is very fine, and I began a new journal directly, and put in the sonnet. God bless him." The following is part of Wordsworth's letter:—

"My dear Haydon,—We are all charmed with your etching. It is both poetically and pictorially conceived, and finely executed. I should have written immediately to thank you for it, and for your letter and the enclosed one, which is interesting, but I wished to gratify you by writing a sonnet. I now send it, but with an earnest request that it may not be put into circulation for some little time, as it is warm from the brain, and may require, in consequence, some little retouching. It has this, at least, remarkable attached to it, which will add to its value in your eyes, that it was actually composed while I was climbing Helvellyn last Monday."—Ed.

* Wellington's war-horse.—Ed.

In Heaven ;[1] hence no one blushes for thy name,
Conqueror, 'mid some sad thoughts, divinely blest!

1841.

Only two sonnets are known to belong to the year 1841.

TO A PAINTER.

Comp. 1841. —— Pub. 1842.

[The picture which gave occasion to this and the following sonnet was from the pencil of Miss M. Gillies, who resided for several weeks under our roof at Rydal Mount.]

ALL praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed ;*
But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,
By the habitual light of memory see
Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,
And smiles that from their birth-place ne'er shall flee
Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be;
And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.

[1] 1842.

. . . . . . Since the mighty deed
Him years have brought far nearer the grave's rest,
He shows that face time-worn. But he such seed
Has sowed that bears, we trust, the fruit of fame
In Heaven.

Copy sent to Haydon.

* Miss Gillies visited Rydal Mount in 1841, at the invitation of the Wordsworths, to make a miniature portrait of the poet on ivory, which had been commissioned by Mr Moon, the publisher, for the purpose of engraving. An engraving of this portrait was published on the 6th of August 1841. The original is now in America. Miss Gillies tells me that the Wordsworths were so pleased with what she had done for Mr Moon that they wished a replica for themselves, with Mrs Wordsworth added. She painted this; and a copy of it, subsequently taken for Miss Quillinan, is still in her possession at Loughrigg Holme. It is to the portrait of Mrs Wordsworth that this sonnet and the next refer.—ED.

Couldst thou go back into far-distant years,
Or share with me, fond thought! that inward eye,*
Then, and then only, Painter! could thy Art
The visual powers of Nature satisfy,
Which hold, whate'er to common sight appears,
Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Comp. 1841. —— Pub. 1842.

THOUGH I beheld at first with blank surprise
This Work, I now have gazed on it so long
I see its truth with unreluctant eyes;
O, my Belovèd! I have done thee wrong,
Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung,
Ever too heedless, as I now perceive:
Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young,
As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth
More beautiful, as being a thing more holy:
Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;
To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast
Into one vision, future, present, past.†

* Compare the lines in *The Daffodils* (Vol. III. p. 6):—

"They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

The fact that these two lines had been added by Mrs Wordsworth (see note to the poem, p. 8) was doubtless remembered by the poet, when he wrote this sonnet suggested by her portrait.—ED.

† Compare—

"O dearer far than light and life are dear" (1824).
"Let other bards of angels sing" (1824).
"Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright" (1827).
"What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine" (1845).

—ED.

1842.

Comp. Jan. 23, 1842. —— Pub. 1842.

The poems of 1842 include *The Floating Island*, *The Norman Boy*, *The Poet's Dream*, *Airy Force Valley*, the lines *To the Clouds*, and a number of miscellaneous sonnets.

WHEN Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown
St Mary's Church, the preacher then would cry:—
"Thus, Christian people, God his might hath shown
That ye to him your love may testify;
Haste, and rebuild the pile."—But not a stone
Resumed its place. Age after age went by,
And Heaven still lack'd its due, though piety
In secret did, we trust, her loss bemoan.
But now her Spirit hath put forth its claim
In Power, and Poesy would lend her voice;
Let the new Church be worthy of its aim,
That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice!
Oh! in the past if cause there was for shame,
Let not our times halt in their better choice.

RYDAL MOUNT, 23d *Jan.* 1842.

In 1842 a bazaar was held in Cardiff Castle to aid in the erection of a Church on the site of one which had been washed away by a flood in the river Severn (and a consequent influx of waters into the estuary of the Bristol Channel) two hundred years before. It was thought that if some poems were written on the subject, and published in an elaborate form, they would aid the object in view. Wordsworth and Mr James Montgomery were applied to. Both of them complied with the request; the former sending a poem, and the latter a sonnet. Two other poems were written by friends of the cause, and the four were brought out in a highly embellished style. They seem to have answered the object for which they were written.—ED.

Comp. March 8th, 1842. —— Pub. 1842.

[Suggested by a conversation with Miss Fenwick, who along with her sister had, during their childhood, found much delight in such gatherings for the purposes here alluded to.]

INTENT on gathering wool from hedge and brake
Yon busy Little-ones rejoice that soon
A poor old Dame will bless them for the boon:
Great is their glee while flake they add to flake
With rival earnestness; far other strife
Than will hereafter move them, if they make
Pastime their idol, give their day of life
To pleasure snatched for reckless pleasure's sake.
Can pomp and show allay one heart-born grief?
Pains which the World inflicts can she requite?
Not for an interval however brief;
The silent thoughts that search for stedfast light,
Love from her depths,[1] and Duty in her might,
And Faith—these only yield secure relief.

March 8th, 1842.

[1] 1845.
Love from on high, ... 1842.

PRELUDE,

PREFIXED TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED "POEMS CHIEFLY OF EARLY AND LATE YEARS."

Comp. March 26, 1842. —— Pub. 1842.

[These verses were begun while I was on a visit to my son John at Brigham, and were finished at Rydal. As the contents of the volume, to which they are now prefixed, will be assigned to their respective classes when my poems shall be collected in one volume, I should be at a loss where with propriety to place this prelude, being too restricted in its bearing to serve for a preface for the whole. The

lines towards the conclusion allude to the discontents then fomented through the country by the agitators of the Anti-Corn-Law League: the particular causes of such troubles are transitory, but disposition to excite and liability to be excited are nevertheless permanent, and therefore proper objects for the poet's regard.]

IN desultory walk through orchard grounds,
Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have I paused
The while a Thrush, urged rather than restrained
By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his song
To his own genial instincts; and was heard
(Though not without some plaintive tones between)
To utter, above showers of blossom swept
From tossing boughs, the promise of a calm,
Which the unsheltered traveller might receive
With thankful spirit. The descant, and the wind
That seemed to play with it in love or scorn,
Encouraged and endeared the strain of words
That haply flowed from me, by fits of silence
Impelled to livelier pace. But now, my Book!
Charged with those lays, and others of like mood,
Or loftier pitch if higher rose the theme,
Go, single—yet aspiring to be joined
With thy Forerunners that through many a year
Have faithfully prepared each other's way—
Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled
When and wherever, in this changeful world,
Power hath been given to please for higher ends
Than pleasure only; gladdening to prepare
For wholesome sadness, troubling to refine,
Calming to raise; and, by a sapient Art
Diffused through all the mysteries of our Being,
Softening the toils and pains that have not ceased
To cast their shadows on our mother Earth
Since the primeval doom. Such is the grace
Which, though unsued for, fails not to descend

With heavenly inspiration; such the aim
That Reason dictates; and, as even the wish
Has virtue in it, why should hope to me
Be wanting that sometimes, where fancied ills
Harass the mind and strip from off the bowers
Of private life their natural pleasantness,
A Voice—devoted to the love whose seeds
Are sown in every human breast, to beauty
Lodged within compass of the humblest sight,
To cheerful intercourse with wood and field,
And sympathy with man's substantial griefs—
Will not be heard in vain? And in those days
When unforeseen distress spreads far and wide
Among a People mournfully cast down,
Or into anger roused by venal words
In recklessness flung out to overturn
The judgment, and divert the general heart
From mutual good—some strain of thine, my Book!
Caught at propitious intervals, may win
Listeners who not unwillingly admit
Kindly emotion tending to console
And reconcile; and both with young and old
Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude
For benefits that still survive, by faith
In progress, under laws divine, maintained.

RYDAL MOUNT, *March* 26, 1842.

TO A REDBREAST—(IN SICKNESS).

Pub. 1842.

[Almost the only verses by our lamented sister Sara Hutchinson.]

STAY, little cheerful Robin! stay,
And at my casement sing,
Though it should prove a farewell lay
And this our parting spring.

Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy
The promise in thy song;
A charm, *that* thought can not destroy,
Doth to thy strain belong.

Methinks that in my dying hour
Thy song would still be dear,
And with a more than earthly power
My passing Spirit cheer.

Then, little Bird, this boon confer,
Come, and my requiem sing,
Nor fail to be the harbinger
Of everlasting Spring.

S.

FLOATING ISLAND.

Pub. 1842.

These lines are by the Author of the Address to the Win published heretofore along with my Poems. The above to a Rec are by a deceased female Relative. (W. W., 1842.)

[My poor sister takes a pleasure in repeating these verses, she composed not long before the beginning of her sad illness.]

HARMONIOUS Powers with Nature work
On sky, earth, river, lake, and sea;
Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and breeze,
All in one duteous task agree.

Once did I see a slip of earth
(By throbbing waves long undermined)
Loosed from its hold; how, no one knew,
But all might see it float, obedient to the wind;

Might see it, from the mossy shore
Dissevered, float upon the Lake,
Float with its crest of trees adorned
On which the warbling birds their pastime take.

Food, shelter, safety, there they find;
There berries ripen, flowerets bloom;
There insects live their lives, and die;
A peopled world it is; in size a tiny room.

And thus through many seasons' space
This little Island may survive;
But Nature, though we mark her not,
Will take away, may cease to give.

Perchance when you are wandering forth
Upon some vacant sunny day,
Without an object, hope, or fear,
Thither your eyes may turn—the Isle is passed away;

Buried beneath the glittering Lake,
Its place no longer to be found;
Yet the lost fragments shall remain
To fertilize some other ground.

D. W.

There is one of these floating islands in Loch Lomond in Argyll, another in Loch Dochart in Perthshire, and another in Loch Treig in Inverness. Their origin is probably due to a mass of peat being detached from the shore, and floated out into the lake. A mass of vegetable matter, however, has sometimes risen from the bottom of the water, and assumed for a time all the appearance of an island. This has been probably due to an accumulation of gas, within or under the detached portion, produced by the decay of vegetation in extremely hot weather.

Southey, in an unpublished letter to Sir George Beaumont (10th July

1824), thus describes the Island at Derwentwater: "You will have seen by the papers that the Floating Island has made its appearance. It sank again last week, when some heavy rains had raised the lake four feet. By good fortune Professor Sedgewick happened to be in Keswick, and examined it in time. Where he probed it a thin layer of mud lies upon a bed of peat, which is six feet thick, and this rests upon a stratum of fine white clay,—the same I believe which Miss Barker found in Borrowdale when building her unlucky house. Where the gas is generated remains yet to be discovered, but when the peat is filled with this gas, it separates from the clay and becomes buoyant. There must have been a considerable convulsion when this took place, for a rent was made in the bottom of the lake, several feet in depth. and not less than fifty yards long, on each side of which the bottom rose and floated. It was a pretty sight to see the small fry exploring this new made strait and darting at the bubbles which rose as the Professor was probing the bank. The discharge of air was considerable here, when a pole was thrust down. But at some distance where the rent did not extend, the bottom had been heaved up in a slight convexity, sloping equally in an inclined plain all round: and there, when the pole was introduced, a rush like a jet followed, as it was withdrawn. The thing is the more curious, because as yet no example of it is known to have been observed in any other place."

Another of these detached islands used to float about in Esthwaite Water, and was carried from side to side of the pool at the north end of the lake—the same pool which the swans, described in *The Prelude*, used to frequent. This island had a few bushes on it: but it became stranded some time ago. One of the old natives of Hawkeshead described the process of trying to float it off again, by tying ropes to the bushes on its surface,—an experiment which was unsuccessful. Compare the reference to the Floating or "Buoyant" Island of Derwentwater, and to the "mossy islet" of Esthwaite, in Wordsworth's *Guide through the District of the Lakes*.—ED.

Pub. 1842.

THE Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,
  Glories of evening, as ye there are seen
  With but a span of sky between—
  Speak one of you, my doubts remove,
Which is the attendant Page and which the Queen?

Pub. 1842.

[I was impelled to write this Sonnet by the disgusting frequency with which the word *artistical*, imported with other impertinences from the Germans, is employed by writers of the present day: for artistical let them substitute artificial, and the poetry written on this system, both at home and abroad, will be for the most part much better characterised.]

A Poet!—He hath put his heart to school,
Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff
Which Art hath lodged within his hand—must laugh
By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,
And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool
Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.*
How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from his *own* divine vitality.

Pub. 1842.

[Hundreds of times have I seen, hanging about and above the vale of Rydal, clouds that might have given birth to this sonnet, which was thrown off on the impulse of the moment one evening when I was returning from the favourite walk of ours, along the Rotha, under Loughrigg.]

The most alluring clouds that mount the sky
Owe to a troubled element their forms,
Their hues to sunset. If with raptured eye
We watch their splendour, shall we covet storms,

* Compare *The Poet's Epitaph* (Vol. II. p. 66).—Ed.

And wish the Lord of day his slow decline
Would hasten, that such pomp may float on high ?
Behold, already they forget to shine,
Dissolve—and leave to him who gazed a sigh.
Not loth to thank each moment for its boon
Of pure delight, come whencesoe'er it may,
Peace let us seek,—to steadfast things attune
Calm expectations: leaving to the gay
And volatile their love of transient bowers,
The house that cannot pass away be ours.*

Pub. 1842.

[This Sonnet is recommended to the perusal of those who consider that the evils under which we groan are to be removed or palliated by measures ungoverned by moral and religious principles.]

FEEL for the wrongs to universal ken
Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies;
And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,
Whether conducted to the spot by sighs
And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wren
Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes
In silence and the awful modesties
Of sorrow;—feel for all, as brother Men.
Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw
By casual boons and formal charities;[1]
Learn to be just, just through impartial law;
Far as ye may, erect and equalise;
And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw
Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice !

[1] 1845.
Feel for the Poor,—but not to still your qualms
By formal charity or dole of alms; 1842.

* Compare the lines *To the Clouds*, p. 130.—ED.

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES AND NOTICES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Pub. 1842.

PORTENTOUS change when History can appear
As the cool Advocate of foul device;
Reckless audacity extol, and jeer
At consciences perplexed with scruples nice!
They who bewail not, must abhor, the sneer
Born of Conceit, Power's blind Idolater;
Or haply sprung from vaunting Cowardice
Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.
Hath it not long been said the wrath of Man
Works not the righteousness of God? Oh bend,
Bend, ye Perverse! to judgments from on High,
Laws that lay under Heaven's perpetual ban
All principles of action that transcend
The sacred limits of humanity.

CONTINUED.

Pub. 1842.

WHO ponders National events shall find
An awful balancing of loss and gain,
Joy based on sorrow, good with ill combined,
And proud deliverance issuing out of pain
And direful throes; as if the All-ruling Mind,
With whose perfection it consists to ordain
Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurricane,
Dealt in like sort with feeble human kind
By laws immutable. But woe for him
Who thus deceived shall lend an eager hand

To social havoc. Is not Conscience ours,
And Truth, whose eye guilt only can make dim;
And Will, whose office, by divine command,
Is to control and check disordered Powers?

CONCLUDED.

Pub. 1842.

LONG-FAVOURED England! be not thou misled
By monstrous theories of alien growth,
Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing wroth,
Self-smitten till thy garments reek dyed red
With thy own blood, which tears in torrents shed
Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy troth
Be plighted, not to ease but sullen sloth,
Or wan despair—the ghost of false hope fled
Into a shameful grave. Among thy youth,
My Country! if such warning be held dear,
Then shall a Veteran's heart be thrilled with joy,
One who would gather from eternal truth,
For time and season, rules that work to cheer—
Not scourge, to save the People—not destroy.

Pub. 1842.

MEN of the Western World! in Fate's dark book
Whence these opprobrious leaves of dire portent?
Think ye your British Ancestors forsook
Their native Land, for outrage provident;
From unsubmissive necks the bridle shook
To give, in their Descendants, freer vent
And wider range to passions turbulent,
To [illegible] yranny, a deadlier look?

Nay, said a voice, soft as the south wind's breath,
Dive through the stormy surface of the flood
To the great current flowing underneath;
Explore the countless springs of silent good;
So shall the truth be better understood,
And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong in faith.*

Pub. 1842.

Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,
One upward hand, as if she needed rest
From rapture, lying softly on her breast!
Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal glance;
But not the less—nay more—that countenance,
While thus illumined, tells of painful strife
For a sick heart made weary of this life
By love, long crossed with adverse circumstance.

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* These lines were written several years ago, when reports prevailed of cruelties committed in many parts of America, by men making a law of their own passions. A far more formidable, as being a more deliberate mischief, has appeared among those States, which have lately broken faith with the public creditor in a manner so infamous. I cannot, however, but look at both evils under a similar relation to inherent good, and hope that the time is not distant when our brethren of the West will wipe off this stain from their name and nation.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

I am happy to add that this anticipation is already partly realised; and that the reproach addressed to the Pennsylvanians in the next sonnet, is no longer applicable to them. I trust that those other States to which it may yet apply will soon follow the example now set them by Philadelphia, and redeem their credit with the world.—W. W., 1850.

"This editorial note is on a fly-leaf at the end of the fifth volume of the edition, which was completed only a short time before the Poet's death. It contains probably the last sentences composed by him for the press. It was promptly added by him in consequence of a suggestion from me, that the sonnet addressed "*To Pennsylvanians*" was no longer just—a fact which is mentioned to shew that the fine sense of truth and justice which distinguish his writings was active to the last."—(Note to Professor Reed's American Edition of 1851).—ED.

—Would She were now as when she hoped to pass
At God's appointed hour to them who tread
Heaven's sapphire pavement; yet breathed well content,
Well pleased, her foot should print earth's common grass,
Lived thankful for day's light, for daily bread,
For health, and time in obvious duty spent.

THE NORMAN BOY.

Pub. 1842.

[The subject of this poem was sent me by Mrs Ogle, to whom I was personally unknown, with a hope on her part that I might be induced to relate the incident in verse; and I do not regret that I took the trouble, for not improbably the fact is illustrative of the boy's early piety, and may concur with my other little pieces on children to produce profitable reflection among my youthful readers. This is said, however, with an absolute conviction that children will derive most benefit from books which are not unworthy the perusal of persons of any age. I protest with all my heart against those productions, so abundant in the present day, in which the doings of children are dwelt upon as if they were incapable of being interested in anything else. On this subject I have dwelt at length in the poem on the growth of my own mind.]

High on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down,
Nor kept by Nature for herself, nor made by man his own,
From home and company remote and every playful joy,
Served, tending a few sheep and goats, a ragged Norman Boy.

Him never saw I, nor the spot; but from an English Dame,
Stranger to me and yet my friend, a simple notice came,
With suit that I would speak in verse of that sequestered child
Whom, one bleak winter's day, she met upon the dreary Wild.

His flock, along the woodland's edge with relics sprinkled o'er
Of last night's snow, beneath a sky threatening the fall of more,
Where tufts of herbage tempted each, were busy at their feed,
And the poor Boy was busier still, with work of anxious heed.

There *was* he, where of branches rent and withered and decayed,
For covert from the keen north wind, his hands a hut had made,
A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail, as needs must be
A thing of such materials framed, by a builder such as he.

The hut stood finished by his pains, nor seemingly lacked aught
That skill or means of his could add, but the architect had wrought
Some limber twigs into a Cross, well-shaped with fingers nice,
To be engrafted on the top of his small edifice.

That Cross he now was fastening there, as the surest power and best
For supplying all deficiencies, all wants of the rude nest
In which, from burning heat, or tempest driving far and wide,
The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his lonely head must hide.

That Cross belike he also raised as a standard for the true
And faithful service of his heart in the worst that might ensue

Of hardship and distressful fear, amid the houseless waste
Where he, in his poor self so weak, by Providence was placed.

——Here, Lady! might I cease; but nay, let *us* before we part
With this dear holy shepherd-boy breathe a prayer of earnest heart,
That unto him, where'er shall lie his life's appointed way,
The Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove an all-sufficing stay.

THE POET'S DREAM.

SEQUEL TO THE NORMAN BOY.

Pub. 1842.

JUST as those final words were penned, the sun broke out in power,
And gladdened all things; but, as chanced, within that very hour,
Air blackened, thunder growled, fire flashed from clouds that hid the sky,
And, for the Subject of my Verse, I heaved a pensive sigh.

Nor could my heart by second thoughts from heaviness be cleared,
For bodied forth before my eyes the cross-crowned hut appeared;
And, while around it storm as fierce seemed troubling earth and air,
I saw, within, the Norman Boy kneeling alone in prayer.

The Child, as if the thunder's voice spake with articulate call,
Bowed meekly in submissive fear, before the Lord of All;

His lips were moving; and his eyes, upraised to sue for grace,
With soft illumination cheered the dimness of that place.

How beautiful is holiness!—what wonder if the sight,
Almost as vivid as a dream, produced a dream at night?
It came with sleep and showed the Boy, no cherub, not transformed,
But the poor raggèd Thing whose ways my human heart had warmed.

Me had the dream equipped with wings, so I took him in my arms,
And lifted from the grassy floor, stilling his faint alarms,
And bore him high through yielding air my debt of love to pay,
By giving him, for both our sakes, an hour of holiday.

I whispered, "Yet a little while, dear Child! thou art my own,
To show thee some delightful thing, in country or in town.
What shall it be? a mirthful throng? or that holy place and calm
St Denis, filled with royal tombs,* or the Church of Notre Dame? †

"St Ouen's golden Shrine? ‡ Or choose what else would please thee most
Of any wonder, Normandy, or all proud France, can boast!"

* The Abbey Church of St Denis, to the north of Paris,—one of the finest specimens of French Gothic,—was the burial place of the French Kings for many generations.—Ed.

† In Paris.—Ed.

‡ The church of St Ouen, in Rouen, is the most perfect edifice of its kind in Europe.—Ed.

"My Mother," said the Boy, "was born near to a blessèd
Tree,
The Chapel Oak of Allonville;* good Angel, show it me!"

On wings, from broad and steadfast poise let loose by this
reply,
For Allonville, o'er down and dale, away then did we fly;
O'er town and tower we flew, and fields in May's fresh
verdure drest;
The wings they did not flag; the Child, though grave, was
not deprest.

But who shall show, to waking sense, the gleam of light that
broke
Forth from his eyes, when first the Boy looked down on that
huge oak,

---

* "Among ancient Trees there are few, I believe, at least in France, so worthy of attention as an Oak which may be seen in the 'Pays de Caux,' about a league from Yvetot, close to the church, and in the burial-ground of Allonville.

"The height of this Tree does not answer to its girth; the trunk, from the roots to the summit, forms a complete cone; and the inside of this cone is hollow throughout the whole of its height.

"Such is the Oak of Allonville, in its state of nature. The hand of Man, however, has endeavoured to impress upon it a character still more interesting, by adding a religious feeling to the respect which its age naturally inspires.

"The lower part of its hollow trunk has been transformed into a Chapel of six or seven feet in diameter, carefully wainscotted and paved, and an open iron gate guards the humble Sanctuary.

"Leading to it there is a staircase, which twists round the body of the Tree. At certain seasons of the year divine service is performed in this Chapel.

"The summit has been broken off many years, but there is a surface at the top of the trunk, of the diameter of a very large tree, and from it rises a pointed roof, covered with slates, in the form of a steeple, which is surmounted with an iron Cross, that rises in a picturesque manner from the middle of the leaves, like an ancient Hermitage above the surrounding Wood.

"Over the entrance to the Chapel an Inscription appears, which informs us it was erected by the Abbé du Détroit, Curate of Allonville, in the year 1696; and over a door is another, dedicating it 'To our Lady of Peace.'" —*Vide* 14 *No. Saturday Magazine.*—W. W., 1842.

For length of days so much revered, so famous where it stands
For twofold hallowing—Nature's care, and work of human hands?

Strong as an Eagle with my charge I glided round and round
The wide-spread boughs, for view of door, window, and stair that wound
Gracefully up the gnarled trunk; nor left we unsurveyed
The pointed steeple peering forth from the centre of the shade.

I lighted—opened with soft touch the chapel's iron door,[1]
Past softly, leading in the Boy; and, while from roof to floor
From floor to roof all round his eyes the Child with wonder cast,[2]
Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each livelier than the last.

For, deftly framed within the trunk, the[3] sanctuary showed,
By light of lamp and precious stones, that glimmered here, there glowed,
Shrine, Altar, Image, Offerings hung in sign of gratitude;
Sight that inspired accordant thoughts; and[4] speech I thus renewed:

[1] 1845.
. . . . touch a grated iron door, 1842.

[2] 1845.
. . his eyes the wondering creature cast, 1842.

[3] 1845.
. . . . . . a . . . . . 1842.

[4] 1845.
And swift as lightning went the time, ere . 1842.

"Hither the Afflicted come, as thou hast heard thy Mother
say,
And, kneeling, supplication make to our Lady de la Paix;*
What mournful sighs have here been heard! and, when the
voice was stopt
By sudden pangs, what bitter tears have on this pavement
dropt!

"Poor Shepherd of the naked Down, a favoured lot is thine,
Far happier lot, dear Boy, than brings full many to this
shrine;
From body pains and pains of soul thou needest no release,
Thy hours as they flow on are spent, if not in joy, in peace.

"Then offer up thy heart to God in thankfulness and praise,
Give to Him prayers, and many thoughts, in thy most busy
days;
And in His sight the fragile Cross, on thy small hut, will be
Holy as that which long hath crowned the Chapel of this
Tree;

"Holy as that far seen which crowns the sumptuous Church
in Rome
Where thousands meet to worship God under a mighty
Dome;†
He sees the bending multitude, he hears the choral rites,
Yet not the less, in children's hymns and lonely prayer,
delights.

"God for his service needeth not proud work of human skill;
They please him best who labour most to do in peace his will:

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* See note, p. 124.—Ed.
† St Peter's Church.—Ed.

So let us strive to live, and to our Spirits will be given
Such wings as, when our Saviour calls, shall bear us up to
heaven."

The Boy no answer made by words, but, so earnest was his
look,
Sleep fled, and with it fled the dream—recorded in this
book,
Lest all that passed should melt away in silence from my
mind,
As visions still more bright have done, and left no trace
behind.

But oh! that Country-man of thine, whose eye, loved Child,
can see
A pledge of endless bliss in acts of early piety,
In verse, which to thy ear might come, would treat this
simple theme,
Nor leave untold our happy flight in that adventurous
dream.[1]

Alas the dream,[2] to thee, poor Boy! to thee from whom
it flowed,
Was nothing, scarcely can be aught, yet[3] 'twas bounteously
bestowed,
If I may dare to cherish hope that gentle eyes will read
Not loth, and listening Little-ones, heart-touched, their fancies
feed.

[1] These four lines were added in the edition of 1845.

[2] 1845.
And though the dream, ... 1842.

[3] 1845.
Was nothing, nor ere can be aught, . . 1842.

THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE SIDE.

Pub. 1842.

[The facts recorded in this Poem were given me, and the characte of the person described, by my friend the Rev. R. P. Graves,* wh has long officiated as curate at Bowness, to the great benefit of th parish and neighbourhood. The individual was well known to hin She died before these verses were composed. It is scarcely worth whil to notice that the stanzas are written in the sonnet form, which wa adopted when I thought the matter might be included in twenty-eigh lines.]

I.

How beautiful when up a lofty height
Honour ascends among the humblest poor,
And feeling sinks as deep! See there the door
Of One, a Widow, left beneath a weight
Of blameless debt. On evil Fortune's spite
She wasted no complaint, but strove to make
A just repayment, both for conscience-sake
And that herself and hers should stand upright
In the world's eye. Her work when daylight failed
Paused not, and through the depth of night she kept
Such earnest vigils, that belief prevailed
With some, the noble Creature never slept;
But, one by one, the hand of death assailed
Her children from her inmost heart bewept.

II.

The Mother mourned, nor ceased her tears to flow,
Till a winter's noon-day placed her buried Son
Before her eyes, last child of many gone—
His raiment of angelic white, and lo!

* Now of Dublin, author of *Life of Sir William Rowan Hamilton*, &c.—E

His very feet bright as the dazzling snow
Which they are touching ; yea far brighter, even
As that which comes, or seems to come, from heaven,
Surpasses aught these elements can show.
Much she rejoiced, trusting that from that hour
Whate'er befel she could not grieve or pine;
But the Transfigured, in and out of season,
Appeared, and spiritual presence gained a power
Over material forms that mastered reason.
O, gracious Heaven, in pity make her thine !

III.

But why that prayer? as if to her could come
No good but by the way that leads to bliss
Through Death,—so judging we should judge amiss.
Since reason failed want is her threatened doom,
Yet frequent transports mitigate the gloom:
Nor of those maniacs is she one that kiss
The air or laugh upon a precipice;
No, passing through strange sufferings towards the tomb
She smiles as if a martyr's crown were won:
Oft, when light breaks through clouds or waving trees,
With outspread arms and fallen upon her knees
The Mother hails in her descending Son
An Angel, and in earthly ecstacies
Her own angelic glory seems begun.

TO THE CLOUDS.*

Pub. 1842.

[These verses were suggested while I was walking on the foot-road between Rydal Mount and Grasmere. The clouds were driving over the top of Nab-Scar across the vale: they set my thoughts a-going and the rest followed almost immediately.]

ARMY of Clouds! ye wingèd Host in troops
Ascending from behind the motionless brow
Of that tall rock,† as from a hidden world,
O whither with[1] such eagerness of speed?
What seek ye, or what shun ye? of the gale[2]
Companions, fear ye to be left behind,
Or racing o'er[3] your blue ethereal field
Contend ye with each other? of the sea
Children, thus post ye over vale and height[4]
To sink upon your mother's lap—and rest?[5]
Or[6] were ye rightlier hailed, when first mine eyes

[1] O whither in such eagerness . . . MS.

[2] . . . . of the wind MS

[3] Or racing on . . . . MS.

[4] . . over dale and mountain height MS.

[5] . . . . . mother's joyous lap. MS.

[6] Or come ye as I hailed you first, a Flight
Aerial, on a due migration bound,
Embodied travellers not blindly led
To milder climes; or rather do ye urge
Your Caravan, your hasty pilgrimage
With hope to pause at last upon the top
Of some remoter mountains more beloved
Than these . . . . MS.

* The title in the edition of 1842 was *Address to the Clouds.*—ED.
† See the Fenwick note.—ED.

Beheld in your impetuous march the likeness
Of a wide army pressing on to meet
Or overtake some unknown enemy ?—
But your smooth motions suit a peaceful aim;
And Fancy, not less aptly pleased, compares
Your squadrons to an endless flight of birds
Aerial, upon due migration bound
To milder climes; or rather do ye urge
In caravan your hasty pilgrimage
To pause at last on more aspiring heights
Than these, and utter your devotion there
With thunderous voice ? Or are ye jubilant,
And would ye, tracking your proud lord the Sun,
Be present at his setting; or the pomp
Of Persian mornings would ye fill, and stand
Poising your splendours high above the heads
Of worshippers kneeling to their up-risen God ?
Whence, whence, ye Clouds! this eagerness of speed ?
Speak, silent creatures.—They are gone, are fled,
Buried together in yon gloomy mass
That loads the middle heaven; and clear and bright
And vacant doth the region which they thronged
Appear; a calm descent of sky conducting
Down to the unapproachable abyss,
Down to that hidden gulf from which they rose
To vanish—fleet as days and months and years,
Fleet as the generations of mankind,
Power, glory, empire, as the world itself,
The lingering world, when time hath ceased to be.
But the winds roar, shaking the rooted trees,
And see! a bright precursor to a train
Perchance as numerous, overpeers the rock
That sullenly refuses to partake
Of the wild impulse. From a fount of life

Invisible, the long procession moves
Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the vale
Which they are entering, welcome to mine eye
That sees them, to my soul that owns in them,
And in the bosom of the firmament
O'er which they move, wherein they are contained,
A type of her capacious self and all
Her restless progeny.

A humble walk
Here is my body doomed to tread, this path,
A little hoary line and faintly traced,*
Work, shall we call it, of the shepherd's foot
Or of his flock?—joint vestige of them both.
I pace it unrepining, for my thoughts
Admit no bondage and my words have wings.
Where is the Orphean lyre, or Druid harp,
To accompany the verse? The mountain blast
Shall be our *hand* of music; he shall sweep
The rocks, and quivering trees, and billowy lake,
And search the fibres of the caves, and they
Shall answer, for our song is of the Clouds,
And the wind loves them; and the gentle gales—
Which by their aid re-clothe the naked lawn
With annual verdure, and revive the woods,
And moisten the parched lips of thirsty flowers—
Love them; and every idle breeze of air
Bends to the favourite burthen. Moon and stars
Keep their most solemn vigils when the Clouds
Watch also, shifting peaceably their place
Like bands of ministering Spirits, or when they lie,
As if some Protean art the change had wrought,
In listless quiet o'er the ethereal deep

---

* Compare—
"A hoary pathway traced between the trees,"
in the *Poems on the Naming of Places* (1805).—Ed.

Scattered, a Cyclades * of various shapes
And all degrees of beauty. O ye Lightnings!
Ye are their perilous offspring; † and the Sun—
Source inexhaustible of life and joy,
And type of man's far-darting reason, therefore
In old time worshipped as the god of verse, ‡
A blazing intellectual deity—
Loves his own glory in their looks, and showers
Upon that unsubstantial brotherhood
Visions with all but beatific light
Enriched—too transient were they not renewed
From age to age, and did not, while we gaze
In silent rapture, credulous desire
Nourish the hope that memory lacks not power
To keep the treasure unimpaired. Vain thought!
Yet why repine, created as we are
For joy and rest, albeit to find them only
Lodged in the bosom of eternal things?

AIREY-FORCE VALLEY.

Pub. 1842.

—— Not a breath of air
Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.
From the brook's margin, wide around, the trees
Are stedfast as the rocks; the brook itself,
Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
Where all things else are still and motionless.

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* The fifty-three small islands in the Ægean surrounding Delos, as with a circle (κύκλος)—hence the name.—Ed.

† Compare—

"Ye lightnings,
Ye dread arrows of the clouds."
—Coleridge's *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouny*.—Ed.

‡ Sol = Phœbus = Apollo.—Ed.

And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance
Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,
Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,
But to its gentle touch how sensitive
Is the light ash! that, pendent from the brow
Of yon dim cave,* in seeming silence makes
A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,
Powerful almost as vocal harmony
To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his thoughts.

The Aira beck rises on the slopes of Great Dodd, passes Dockray, and enters Ullswater between Glencoin Park and Gowbarrow Park, about two miles from the head of the lake. The Force is quite near to *Lyulph's Tower*, where the stream has a fall of about eighty feet. Compare the reference to it in *The Somnambulist* (1833), and Wordsworth's account of "Aira-Force," in his *Guide through the District of the Lakes*, "Here is a powerful Brook, which dashes among rocks through a deep glen, hung on every side with a rich and happy intermixture of native wood; here are beds of luxuriant fern, aged hawthorns and hollies decked with honeysuckles; and fallow deer glancing and bounding over the lawns and through the thickets."—ED.

Comp. 1842. —— Pub. 1842.

LYRE! though such power do in thy magic live
As might from India's farthest plain
Recall the not unwilling Maid,
Assist me to detain
The lovely Fugitive:
Check with thy notes the impulse which, betrayed
By her sweet farewell looks, I longed to aid.
Here let me gaze enrapt upon that eye,
The impregnable and awe-inspiring fort
Of contemplation, the calm port
By reason fenced from winds that sigh
Among the restless sails of vanity.
But if no wish be hers that we should part,
A humbler bliss would satisfy my heart.

* An ash may still be seen at Aira-Force. —ED.

Where all things are so fair,
Enough by her dear side to breathe the air
Of this Elysian weather;
And on, or in, or near the brook, espy
Shade upon the sunshine lying
Faint and somewhat pensively;
And downward Image gaily vying
With its upright living tree
'Mid silver clouds, and openings of blue sky
As soft almost and deep as her cerulean eye.

Nor less the joy with many a glance
Cast up the Stream or down at her beseeching,
To mark its eddying foam-balls prettily distrest
By ever-changing shape and want of rest;
Or watch, with mutual teaching,
The current as it plays
In flashing leaps and stealthy creeps
Adown a rocky maze;
Or note (translucent summer's happiest chance !)
In the slope-channel floored with pebbles bright,
Stones of all hues, gem emulous of gem,
So vivid that they take from keenest sight
The liquid veil that seeks not to hide them.*

Comp. 1842. —— Pub. 1845.

WANSFELL ! † this Household has a favoured lot,
Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
To watch while Morn first crowns thee with her rays,
Or when along thy breast serenely float

* Compare Wordsworth's description of a stream, as
"Diaphanous, because it travels slowly." —ED.

† The hill that rises to the south-east above Ambleside.—W. W., 1842.

Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a note
Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!) thy praise
For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast brought
Of glory lavished on our quiet days.
Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are gone
From every object dear to mortal sight,
As soon we shall be, may these words attest
How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone
Thy visionary majesties of light,
How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found rest.

Dec. 24, 1842.

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE.*

The following poem was contributed to and printed in a volume entitled "La Petite Chouannerie, ou Historie d'un Collége Breton sous l'Empire. Par A. F. Rio. Londres: Moxon, Dover-street, 1842," pp. 62-63. The Hon. Mrs Norton, Walter Savage Landor, and Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), were among the other English contributors to the volume, the bulk of which is in French. It was printed at Paris, and numbered 398 pages, including the title. It was a narrative of "the romantic revolt of the royalist students of the college of Vannes in 1815, and of their battles with the soldiers of the French Empire."—(H. Reed.)—Ed.

Shade of Caractacus, if spirits love
The cause they fought for in their earthly home
To see the Eagle ruffled by the Dove
May soothe thy memory of the chains of Rome.

These children claim thee for their sire; the breath
Of thy renown, from Cambrian mountains, fans
A flame within them that despises death
And glorifies the truant youth of Vannes.

* In the volume from which the above is copied, the original French lines (commencing at p. 106) are printed side by side with Wordsworth's translation, which ends on p. 111, and closes the volume.—Ed.

With thy own scorn of tyrants they advance,
But truth divine has sanctified their rage,
A silver cross enchased with flowers of France
Their badge, attests the holy fight they wage.

The shrill defiance of the young crusade
Their veteran foes mock as an idle noise;
But unto Faith and Loyalty comes aid
From Heaven, gigantic force to beardless boys.

1843.

In 1843 were written the lines to *Grace Darling*, two Sonnets, and the *Inscription* for a monument to Southey.

Comp. 1843. —— Pub. 1845.

While beams of orient light shoot wide and high,
Deep in the vale a little rural Town *
Breathes forth a cloud-like creature of its own,
That mounts not toward the radiant morning sky,
But, with a less ambitious sympathy,
Hangs o'er its Parent waking to the cares,
Troubles and toils that every day prepares.
So Fancy, to the musing Poet's eye,
Endears that Lingerer. And how blest her sway
(Like influence never may my soul reject)
If the calm Heaven, now to its zenith decked
With glorious forms in numberless array,
To the lone shepherd on the hills disclose
Gleams from a world in which the saints repose.

Jan. 1, 1843.

* Ambleside.—W. W.

GRACE DARLING.*

Comp. 1843. —— Pub. 1845.

Wordsworth's lines on Grace Darling were printed privately, before they were included in the 1845 edition of his works. A copy was sent to Mr Dyce, and is preserved in the Dyce Library at South Kensington. Another was sent to Professor Reid (March 27, 1843), with a letter, in which the following occurs: "I threw it off two or three weeks ago, being in a great measure impelled to it by the desire I felt to do justice to the memory of a heroine, whose conduct presented, some time ago, a striking contrast to the inhumanity with which our countrymen, shipwrecked lately upon the French coast, have been treated."—Ed.

Among the dwellers in the silent fields
The natural heart is touched, and public way
And crowded streets resound with ballad strains,
Inspired by one whose very name bespeaks
Favour divine, exalting human love;
Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,
Known unto few but prized as far as known,
A single Act endears to high and low
Through the whole land—to Manhood, moved in spite
Of the world's freezing cares—to generous Youth—
To Infancy, that lisps her praise—to Age
Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear
Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame
Awaits her *now;* but, verily, good deeds
Do no imperishable record find
Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live
A theme for angels, when they celebrate
The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth
Has witness'd. Oh! that winds and waves could speak
Of things which their united power called forth

* Grace Darling was the daughter of William Darling, the lighthouse keeper on Longstone, one of the Farne islands on the Northumbrian coast. On the 7th of September 1838, the Forfarshire steamship was wrecked on these islands. At the instigation of his daughter, and accompanied by her, Darling went out in his lifeboat through the surf, to the wreck, and—by their united strength and daring—rescued the nine survivors.—Ed.

he pure depths of her humanity!
den gentle, yet, at duty's call,
nd unflinching, as the Lighthouse reared
Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place;
the invincible Rock itself that braves,
ter age, the hostile elements,
en it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.*

night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,
as day broke, the Maid, through misty air,
far off a Wreck, amid the surf,
on one of those disastrous isles—
a Vessel, half—no more; the rest
mished, swallowed up with all that there
r the common safety striven in vain,
her thronged for refuge.† With quick glance
er and Sire through optic-glass discern,
g about the remnant of this Ship,
res—how precious in the Maiden's sight!
iom, belike, the old Man grieves still more
or their fellow-sufferers engulfed
every parting agony is hushed,
pe and fear mix not in further strife.
ourage, Father! let us out to sea—
may yet be saved." The Daughter's words,

---

bert of Durham, born about 635, was first a shepherd boy, in the monastery of Melrose, and afterwards its prior. He for the island monastery of Lindisfarne; but desiring an than the monastic, he left Lindisfarne, and became an a hut which he built with his own hands, on one of the Farne was afterwards induced to accept the bishopric of Hexham, changed it for the see in his old island home at Lindisfarne, o years there resigned his bishopric, returning to his cell in , where he died in 687. His remains were carried to Durham, within a costly shrine.—Ed.

ur persons had perished, before Darling's lifeboat reached the

Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,
Dispel the Father's doubts: nor do they lack
The noble-minded Mother's helping hand
To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered,
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer
Together they put forth, Father and Child!
Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they go—
Rivals in effort; and, alike intent
Here to elude and there surmount, they watch
The billows lengthening, mutually crossed
And shattered, and re-gathering their might;
As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will
Were, in the conscious sea, roused and prolonged,
That woman's fortitude—so tried, so proved—
May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,
They stem the current of that perilous gorge,
Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening hea—
Though danger, as the Wreck is near'd, becomes
More imminent. Not unseen do they approach;
And rapture, with varieties of fear
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames
Of those who, in that dauntless energy,
Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed
Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives
That of the pair—tossed on the waves to bring
Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life—
One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,
Or, be the Visitant other than she seems,
A guardian Spirit sent from pitying Heaven,
In woman's shape. But why prolong the tale,
Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts
Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced

And difficulty mastered, with resolve
That no one breathing should be left to perish,
This last remainder of the crew are all
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged
Within the sheltering Lighthouse.—Shout, ye Waves!
Send forth a song of triumph. Waves and Winds,
Exult in this deliverance wrought through faith
In Him whose Providence your rage hath served!
Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert join!
And would that some immortal Voice—a Voice
Fitly attuned to all that gratitude
Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips
Of the survivors—to the clouds might bear—
Blended with praise of that parental love,
Beneath whose watchful eye the Maiden grew
Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
Though young so wise, though meek so resolute—
Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
Yea, to celestial Choirs, GRACE DARLING'S name!

INSCRIPTION

FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAITE CHURCH, IN THE VALE OF KESWICK.

Comp. 1843. —— Pub. 1845.

YE vales and hills whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed them here, on you,
His eyes have closed! And ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labours of his own—
Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,

Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Inform'd his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings meet for holier rest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vowed
Through his industrious life, and Christian faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.

I have received from Lord Coleridge the following extracts fro letters written by Wordsworth to his father, the Hon. Justice Col ridge, in reference to the Southey Inscription in Crosthwaite Churc Wordsworth seems to have submitted the proposed Inscription to M Coleridge's judgment, and the changes he made upon it, in deferenc to the opinions he received, shew, as Lord Coleridge says, "the extrem care Wordsworth took to have the substance and the expression als as perfect as he could make it." The original draft of the "Inscription was as follows:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT SOUTHEY, WHOSE MORTAL REMAI ARE INTERRED IN THE ADJOINING CHURCHYARD. HE WAS BORN BRISTOL, OCTOBER Y^E 4TH, 1774, AND DIED, AFTER A RESIDENCE NEARLY FORTY YEARS, AT GRETA HALL IN THIS PARISH. MAR 21ST, 1843.

Ye Vales and Hills, whose beauty hither drew
The Poet's steps, and fixed them here, on you
His eyes have closed; and ye, loved Books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To Works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown
Adding immortal labours of his own,
As Fancy, disciplined by studious Art
Informed his pen, or Wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments rooted in a Patriot's mind
Taught to revere the rights of all mankind.
Friends, Family—ah wherefore touch that string,
To them *so* fondly did the good man cling!
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but He to Heaven was vowed
Through a long life; and calmed by Christian faith,
In his pure soul, the fear of change and death.

This Memorial was erected by friends of Robert Southey.

Alteration in the Epitaph—

"\. . . . He to Heaven was vowed
Through a life long and pure; and Christian faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death." —W. W.

December 6th.

My Dear Mr Justice Coleridge,

Notwithstanding what I have written before, I could not but wish to meet *your wishes* upon the points which you mentioned, and, accordingly, have added and altered as on the other side of this paper. If you approve don't trouble yourself to answer.

Ever faithfully yours,

W. Wordsworth.

"Ye torrents foaming down the rocky steeps,
Ye lakes wherein the spirit of water sleeps,
Ye vales and hills, &c.
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Friends, Family—within no human breast
Could private feelings need a holier nest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished."

These alterations are approved of by friends here, and I hope will please you.

My Dear Mr Justice Coleridge,

Pray accept my thanks for the pains you have taken with the Inscription, and excuse the few words I shall have to say upon your remarks. There are two lakes in the Vale of Keswick; both which, along with the lateral Vale of Newlands immediately opposite Southey's study window, will be included in the words "Ye *Vales* and Hills" by everyone who is familiar with the neighbourhood.

I quite agree with you that the construction of the lines that particularize his writings is rendered awkward by so many participles passive, and the more so on account of the transitive verb *informed*. One of these participles may be got rid of, and, I think, a better couplet produced by this alteration—

"Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind."

As I have entered into particulars as to the character of S.'s writings, and they are so various, I thought his historic works ought by no

means to be omitted, and therefore, though unwilling to lengthen the Epitaph, I added the two following—

> ". . . . . . Labours of his own,
> Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
> For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,
> Or Fancy, disciplined by studious Art,
> Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
> Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
> By reverence for the rights of all mankind."

I do not feel with you in respect to the word "so;" it refers, of course, to the preceding line, and as the reference is to fireside feelings and intimate friends, there appears to me a propriety in an expression inclining to the colloquial. The couplet was the dictate of my own feelings, and the construction is accordingly broken and rather dramatic,—but too much of this. If you have any objection to the couplet as altered, be so kind as let me know; if not, on no account trouble yourself to answer this letter.

Prematurely I object to as you do. I used the word with reference to that decay of faculties which is not uncommon in advanced life, and which often leads to dotage,—but the word must not be retained.

We regret much to hear that Lady Coleridge is unwell, pray present to her our best wishes.

What could induce the Bishop of London to forbid the choral service at St Marks? It was in execution, I understand, above all praise.

Ever most faithfully yours,

W. Wordsworth.

December 2d, '43.

My dear Mr Justice Coleridge,

The first line would certainly have more spirit by reading "your" as you suggest. I had previously considered *that;* but decided in favour of "the," as "your," I thought, would clog the sentence in sound, there being "ye" thrice repeated, and followed by "*you*" at the close of the 4th line. I also thought that "*your*" would interfere with the application of "you" at the end of the fourth line, to the *whole* of the particular previous images as I intended it to do. But I don't trouble you with this Letter on that account, but merely to ask you whether the couplet now standing :—

> "Large were his aims, yet in no human breast
> Could private feelings find a holier nest."

would not be better thus

> "Could private feelings meet in holier rest."

This alteration does not quite satisfy me, but I can do no better. The word "*nest*" both in itself and in conjunction with "*holier*" seems to

me somewhat bold and rather startling for marble, particularly in a Church. I should not have thought of any alteration in a merely printed poem, but this makes a difference. If you think the proposed alteration better, don't trouble yourself to answer this; if not, pray be so kind as to tell me so by a single line. I would not on any account have trespassed on your time but for this public occasion. We are sorry to hear of Lady Coleridge's indisposition; pray present to her our kind regards and best wishes for her recovery, united with the greetings of the season both for her and yourself, and believe me faithfully,

Your obliged,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *December 23rd*, '43.

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT SOUTHEY, A MAN EMINENT FOR GENIUS, VERSATILE TALENTS, EXTENSIVE AND ACCURATE KNOWLEDGE, AND HABITS OF THE MOST CONSCIENTIOUS INDUSTRY. NOR WAS HE LESS DISTINGUISHED FOR STRICT TEMPERANCE, PURE BENEVOLENCE, AND WARM AFFECTIONS; BUT HIS MIND, SUCH ARE THE AWFUL DISPENSATIONS OF PROVIDENCE, WAS PREMATURELY AND ALMOST TOTALLY OBSCURED BY A SLOWLY-WORKING AND INSCRUTABLE MALADY UNDER WHICH HE LANGUISHED UNTIL RELEASED BY DEATH IN THE 68TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

READER! PONDER THE CONDITION TO WHICH THIS GREAT AND GOOD MAN, NOT WITHOUT MERCIFUL ALLEVIATIONS, WAS DOOMED, AND LEARN FROM HIS EXAMPLE TO MAKE TIMELY USE OF THY ENDOWMENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES, AND TO WALK HUMBLY WITH THY GOD.

COPY OF THE PRINTED INSCRIPTION.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT SOUTHEY, WHOSE MORTAL REMAINS ARE INTERRED IN THE ADJOINING CHURCHYARD. HE WAS BORN AT BRISTOL, OCTOBER 4TH, 1774, AND DIED AFTER A RESIDENCE OF NEARLY 40 YEARS AT GRETA HALL, IN THIS PARISH, MARCH 21st, 1843.

YE torrents, foaming down the rocky steeps,
Ye lakes, wherein the spirit of water sleeps,
Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The Poet's steps and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed! and ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown
Adding immortal labours of his own—

Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal
For the State's guidance or the Church's weal,
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a holier nest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to Heaven was vowed
Through a long life, and calmed by Christian faith,
In his pure soul, the fear of change and death.

This Memorial was erected by friends of Robert Southey.—Ed.

TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. MASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL.*

After the perusal of his Theophilus Anglicanus, recently published.

Comp. 1843. —— Pub. 1845.

Enlightened Teacher, gladly from thy hand
Have I received this proof of pains bestowed
By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the road
That, in our native isle, and every land,
The Church, when trusting in divine command
And in her Catholic attributes, hath trod:
O may these lessons be with profit scanned
To thy heart's wish, thy labour blest by God!
So the bright faces of the young and gay
Shall look more bright—the happy, happier still;
Catch, in the pauses of their keenest play,
Motions of thought which elevate the will
And, like the Spire that from your classic Hill
Points heavenward, indicate the end and way.

Rydal Mount, *Dec.* 11, 1843.

* The poet's nephew, afterwards canon of Westminster, and bishop of Lincoln, and the biographer of his uncle.—Ed.

1844.

Three Sonnets were written in 1844.

[O]N THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY.

Comp. 1844. —— Pub. 1845.

Is then no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault? * Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
Must perish;—how can they this blight endure?
And must he too the ruthless change bemoan
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from Orrest-head †
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance:
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature; and, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong.

October 12th, 1844.

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[*] The degree and kind of attachment which many of the yeomanry feel [to] their small inheritances can scarcely be over-rated. Near the house of [one] of them stands a magnificent tree, which a neighbour of the owner [adv]ised him to fell for profit's sake. "Fell it!" exclaimed the yeoman, "I [had] rather fall on my knees and worship it." It happens, I believe, that [the] intended railway would pass through this little property, and I hope [tha]t an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by one who [ent]ers into the strength of the feeling.—W. W., 1845.
[C]ompare the two letters on the Kendal and Windermere Railway, con[tri]buted by Wordsworth to *The Morning Post*, and republished in this [vo]lume.—Ed.

† Orresthead is the height close to Windermere, to the north of the [to]wn.—Ed.

Comp. 1844. —— Pub. 1845.

PROUD were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,
Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,
Intrenched your brows; ye gloried in each scar:
Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst of Gold,
That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,
Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,
And clear way made for her triumphal car
Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold!
Heard YE that Whistle? As her long-linked Train
Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view?
Yes, ye were startled;—and, in balance true,
Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,
Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you
To share the passion of a just disdain.

The following sonnet by Mr Rawnsley—suggested by a recent attempt to introduce a mineral railway into Borrowdale—may be read in connection with Wordsworth's sonnets.—ED.

A CRY FROM DERWENTWATER.

Shall then the stream of ruinous Lodore
  Not fill the valley with its changeful sound
  Unchallenged! shall grey Derwent's sacred bound
Hear the harsh brawl and intermittent roar
Of mocking waves upon an iron shore,
  Whereby nor health nor happiness is found!—
  While steam-wains drag from Honister's heart wound
The long cooled ashes of its fiery core!

Burst forth ye sulphurous fountains, as ye broke
  On Skiddaw, lick the waters, blast the trees,
And let men have the earth they would desire,—
As well go pass our children through the fire
With shrieks, Cath-Belus, round thine altar's smoke,
  As let old Derwent hear such sounds as these.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

WRAY VICARAGE, AMBLESIDE.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

Comp. 1844. —— Pub. 1845.

HERE, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing,
Man left this Structure to become Time's prey,
A soothing Spirit follows in the way
That Nature takes, her counter-work pursuing.
See how her Ivy clasps the sacred Ruin,*
Fall to prevent or beautify decay;
And, on the mouldered walls, how bright, how gay,
The flowers in pearly dews their bloom renewing!
Thanks to the place, blessings upon the hour:
Even as I speak the rising Sun's first smile
Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon tall Tower *
Whose cawing occupants with joy proclaim
Prescriptive title to the shattered pile
Where, Cavendish,† *thine* seems nothing but a name!

---

* In the chancel of the church at Furness Abbey, ivy almost covers the north wall. In the Belfry and in the Chapter House, it is the same. The "tower," referred to in the sonnet, is evidently the belfry tower to the west. It is still "grass-crowned." The sonnet was doubtless composed on the spot, and if Wordsworth ascended to the top of the belfry tower, he might have seen the morning sunlight strike the small remaining fragment of the central tower. But it is more likely that he looked up from the nave, or choir, of the church to the belfry, when he spoke of the sun's first smile gleaming from the top of the tall tower. "Flowers" —crowfoot, campanulas, &c.—still luxuriate on the mouldered walls. With the line,

"Fall to prevent or beautify decay,"

compare,

"Nature softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing,"

in the description of Bolton Abbey in *The White Doe of Rylstone*.—ED.

† Furness Abbey is the property of the Duke of Devonshire, whose family name is Cavendish.—ED.

1845.

The Poems of 1845 include one "on the Naming of Places," *The Westmoreland Girl* (addressed to the Poet's grandchildren), several fragments addressed to Mrs Wordsworth and to friends, *The Cuckoo Clock* and one or two Sonnets.

Comp. 1845. —— Pub. 1845.

FORTH from a jutting ridge, around whose base
Winds our deep Vale, two heath-clad Rocks ascend*
In fellowship, the loftiest of the pair
Rising to no ambitious height; yet both,
O'er lake and stream, mountain and flowery mead,
Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes
Ever beheld. Up-led with mutual help,
To one or other brow of those twin Peaks
Were two adventurous Sisters wont to climb,
And took no note of the hour while thence they gazed,
The blooming heath their couch, gazed, side by side,
In speechless admiration. I, a witness

---

* These two rocks rise to the left of the lower high-road from Grasmere to Rydal, after it leaves the former lake and turns eastwards towards the latter. They are still "heath" clad, and covered with the coppice of the old Bane Riggs Wood, so named because the shortest road from Ambleside to Grasmere used to pass through it; "bain" or "bane" signifying, in the Westmoreland dialect, a short cut. Dr Cradock wrote of them thus:—"They are now difficult of approach, being enclosed in a wood, with dense undergrowth, and surrounded by a high, well-built wall. They can be well seen from the lower road, from a spot close to the three-mile stone from Ambleside. They are some fifty or sixty feet above the road, about twenty yards apart, and separated by a slight depression of, say, ten feet. The view from the easterly one is now much preferable, as it is less encumbered with shrubs; and for that reason also is more heath-clad. The twin rocks are also well seen, though at a farther distance, from the hill in White Moss Common between the roads, which Dr Arnold used to call 'Old Corruption,' and 'Bit-by-bit Reform.' Doubtless the rocks were far more easily approached fifty years ago, when walls, if any, were low and ill-built. It is probable, however, that even then they were enclosed and protected; for heath will not grow on the Grasmere hills. on places much frequented by sheep." The best view of these heath-clad rocks from the lower carriage road is at a spot two or three yards to the west of a large rock on the roadside near the milestone. The view of them from the Loughrigg Terrace walks is also interesting. The two sisters were Mary and Sarah Hutchinson (Mrs Wordsworth and her sister).—ED.

And frequent sharer of their calm delight
With thankful heart, to either Eminence
Gave the baptismal name each Sister bore.
Now are they parted, far as Death's cold hand
Hath power to part the Spirits of those who love
As they did love. Ye kindred Pinnacles—
That, while the generations of mankind
Follow each other to their hiding-place
In time's abyss, are privileged to endure
Beautiful in yourselves, and richly graced
With like command of beauty—grant your aid
For MARY'S humble, SARAH'S silent, claim,
That their pure joy in nature may survive
From age to age in blended memory.

THE WESTMORELAND GIRL.*

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN.

Comp. June 6, 1845. — Pub. 1845.

PART I.

SEEK who will delight in fable,
I shall tell you truth. A Lamb
Leapt from this steep bank to follow
'Cross the brook its thoughtless dam.[1]

Far and wide on hill and valley
Rain had fallen, unceasing rain,
And the bleating mother's Young-one
Struggled with the flood in vain:

[1] 1845.
. . . . . its simple dam. MS.

* This Westmoreland Girl was Sarah Mackereth of Wyke Cottage, Grasmere. She married a man named Davis, and died in 1872 at Broughton in Furness. The swollen "flood" from which she rescued the lamb, was Wyke Gill beck, which descends from the centre of Silver Howe. The picturesque cottage, with round chimney,—a yew tree and Scotch fir behind it,—is on the western side of the road from Grasmere over to Langdale by Red Bank. The Mackereths have been a well-known West-

But, as chanced, a Cottage-maiden
(Ten years scarcely had she told)
Seeing, plunged into the torrent,
Clasped the Lamb and kept her hold.

Whirled adown the rocky channel,
Sinking, rising, on they go,
Peace and rest, as seems, before them
Only in the lake below.

Oh! it was a frightful current
Whose fierce wrath the Girl had braved;
Clap your hands with joy, my Hearers,
Shout in triumph, both are saved;

Saved by courage that with danger
Grew, by strength the gift of love,
And belike a guardian angel
Came with succour from above.

PART II.

Now, to a maturer Audience,
Let me speak of this brave Child
Left among her native mountains
With wild Nature to run wild.

So, unwatched by love maternal,
Mother's care no more her guide,
Fared this little bright-eyed Orphan
Even while at her father's side.

---

moreland family for some hundred years. They belong to the "gentry of the soil," and have been parish clerks in Grasmere for generations. One of them was the tenant of the Swan Inn referred to in *The Waggoner*—the host who painted, with his own hand, the "famous swan," used as a sign. (See Vol. III., p. 80).

The story of *The Blind Highland Boy*, which gave rise to the poem bearing that name, was told to Wordsworth by one of these Mackereths of Grasmere. (See the Fenwick note, Vol. II., p. 368.)—Ed.

Spare your blame,—remembrance makes him
Loth to rule by strict command;
Still upon his cheek are living
Touches of her infant hand,

Dear caresses given in pity,
Sympathy that soothed his grief,
As the dying mother witnessed
To her thankful mind's relief.

Time passed on; the Child was happy,
Like a Spirit of air she moved,
Wayward, yet by all who knew her
For her tender heart beloved.

Scarcely less than sacred passions,
Bred in house, in grove, and field,
Link her with the inferior creatures,
Urge her powers their rights to shield.

Anglers, bent on reckless pastime,
Learn how she can feel alike
Both for tiny harmless minnow
And the fierce and sharp-toothed pike.

Merciful protectress, kindling
Into anger or disdain;
Many a captive hath she rescued,
Others saved from lingering pain

Listen yet awhile;—with patience
Hear the homely truths I tell,
She in Grasmere's old church-steeple
Tolled this day the passing-bell.

Yes, the wild Girl of the mountains
To their echoes gave the sound,
Notice punctual as the minute,
Warning solemn and profound.

She, fulfilling her sire's office,
Rang alone the far-heard knell,
Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow,
Paid to One who loved her well.

When his spirit was departed
On that service she went forth;
Nor will fail the like to render
When his corse is laid in earth.[1]

What then wants the Child to temper,
In her breast, unruly fire,
To control the froward impulse
And restrain the vague desire?

Easily a pious training
And a stedfast outward power
Would supplant the weeds and cherish,
In their stead, each opening flower.

Thus the fearless Lamb-deliv'rer,
Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,
May become a blest example
For her sex, of every age.*

Watchful as a wheeling eagle,
Constant as a soaring lark,
Should the country need a heroine,
She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought; and here be uttered
Prayer that Grace divine may raise
Her humane courageous spirit
Up to heaven, thro' peaceful ways.

[1] 1845.
. . . . . must lie in earth.

* Compare *Grace Darling*, p. 136.—Ed.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

Comp. 1845. —— Pub. 1845.

WELL have yon Railway Labourers to THIS ground
Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit, they walk
Among the Ruins, but no idle talk
Is heard; to grave demeanour all are bound;
And from one voice a Hymn with tuneful sound
Hallows once more the long-deserted Quire,*
And thrills the old sepulchral earth, around.
Others look up, and with fixed eyes admire
That wide-spanned arch, wondering how it was raised,
To keep, so high in air, its strength and grace:
All seem to feel the spirit of the place,
And by the general reverence God is praised:
Profane Despoilers, stand ye not reproved,
While thus these simple-hearted men are moved?

June 21st, 1845.

Comp. 1845. —— Pub. 1845.

YES! thou art fair, yet be not moved
To scorn the declaration,
That sometimes I in thee have loved
My fancy's own creation.

Imagination needs must stir;
Dear Maid, this truth believe,
Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit
To feed my heart's devotion,
By laws to which all Forms submit
In sky, air, earth, and ocean.

* See the note to the previous sonnet on Furness Abbey, p. 547.—ED.

Comp. 1845. —— Pub. 1845.

WHAT heavenly smiles! O Lady mine
Through my very heart they shine;
And, if my brow gives back their light,
Do thou look gladly on the sight;
As the clear Moon with modest pride
   Beholds her own bright beams
Reflected from the mountain's side
   And from the headlong streams.

TO A LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WOULD WRITE HER A POEM UPON SOM DRAWINGS THAT SHE HAD MADE OF FLOWERS IN THE ISLAND C MADEIRA.

Comp. 1845. —— Pub. 1845.

FAIR Lady! can I sing of flowers
   That in Madeira bloom and fade,
I who ne'er sate within their bowers,
   Nor through their sunny lawns have strayed?
How they in sprightly dance are worn
   By Shepherd-groom or May-day queen,
Or holy festal pomps adorn,
   These eyes have never seen.

Yet tho' to me the pencil's art
   No like remembrances can give,
Your portraits still may reach the heart
   And there for gentle pleasure live;
While Fancy ranging with free scope
   Shall on some lovely Alien set
A name with us endeared to hope,
   To peace, or fond regret.

Still as we look with nicer care,
   Some new resemblance we may trace;
A *Heart's-ease* will perhaps be there,
   A *Speedwell* may not want its place.

And so may we, with charmèd mind
  Beholding what your skill has wrought,
Another *Star-of-Bethlehem* find,
  A new *Forget-me-not.*

From earth to heaven with motion fleet
  From heaven to earth our thoughts will pass,
A *Holy-thistle* here we meet
  And there a *Shepherd's weather-glass;*
And haply some familiar name
  Shall grace the fairest, sweetest plant
Whose presence cheers the drooping frame
  Of English Emigrant.

Gazing she feels its power beguile
  Sad thoughts, and breathes with easier breath;
Alas! that meek, that tender smile
  Is but a harbinger of death:
And pointing with a feeble hand
  She says, in faint words by sighs broken,
Bear for me to my native land
  This precious Flower, true love's last token.

Comp. 1845. —— Pub. 1845.

GLAD sight wherever new with old
Is joined through some dear homeborn tie;
The life of all that we behold
Depends upon that mystery.
Vain is the glory of the sky,
The beauty vain of field and grove,
Unless, while with admiring eye
We gaze, we also learn to love.*

* ompare the stanza in the lines addressed to Mrs Wordsworth in 1824, ning—

"True beauty dwells in deep retreats." —ED.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

Comp. 1845. —— Pub. 1845.

[It has been said that the English, though their country has produced so many great poets, is now the most unpoetical nation in Europe. It is probably true; for they have more temptation to become so than any other European people. Trade, commerce, and manufactures, physical science, and mechanic arts, out of which so much wealth has arisen, have made our countrymen infinitely less sensible to movements of imagination and fancy than were our forefathers in their simple state of society. How touching and beautiful were, in most instances, the names they gave to our indigenous flowers, or any other they were familiarly acquainted with!—Every month for many years have we been importing plants and flowers from all quarters of the globe, many of which are spread through our gardens, and some perhaps likely to be met with on the few Commons which we have left. Will their botanical names ever be displaced by plain English appellations, which will bring them home to our hearts by connexion with our joys and sorrows? It can never be, unless society treads back her steps towards those simplicities which have been banished by the undue influence of towns spreading and spreading in every direction, so that city-life with every generation takes more and more the lead of rural. Among the ancients, villages were reckoned the seats of barbarism. Refinement, for the most part false, increases the desire to accumulate wealth; and while theories of political economy are boastfully pleading for the practice, inhumanity pervades all our dealings in buying and selling. This selfishness wars against disinterested imagination in all directions, and, evils coming round in a circle, barbarism spreads in every quarter of our island. Oh, for the reign of justice, and then the humblest man among us would have more power and dignity in and about him than the highest have now!]

You call it "Love lies bleeding,"—so you may,*
Though the red Flower, not prostrate, only droops,
As we have seen it here from day to day,
From month to month, life passing not away:

* Compare—

"Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness."
(Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II. Sc. I.)—Ed.

A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus stoops,
(Sentient by Grecian sculpture's marvellous power)
Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent
Earthward in uncomplaining languishment,
The dying Gladiator. So, sad Flower!
('Tis Fancy guides me willing to be led,
Though by a slender thread,)
So drooped Adonis bathed in sanguine dew
Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air
The gentlest breath of resignation drew;
While Venus in a passion of despair
Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair
Spangled with drops of that celestial shower.
She suffered, as Immortals sometimes do;
But pangs more lasting far, *that* Lover knew
Who first, weighed down by scorn, in some lone bower
Did press this semblance of unpitied smart
Into the service of his constant heart,
His own dejection, downcast Flower! could share
With thine, and gave the mournful name which thou wilt
ever bear.

This poem was originally composed in sonnet form, and belongs in that form probably to the year 1833. It occurs in a MS. copy of some of the sonnets which record the Tour of that year to the Isle of Man and to Scotland.—ED.

THEY call it Love lies bleeding! rather say
That in this crimson Flower Love bleeding *droops*,
A Flower how sick in sadness! Thus it stoops
With languid head unpropped from day to day
From month to month, life passing not away.
Even so the dying Gladiator leans
On mother earth, and from his patience gleams

Relics of tender thoughts, regrets that stay
A moment and are gone. O fate-bowed flower!
Fair as Adonis bathed in sanguine dew,
Of his death-wound, *that* Lover's heart was true
As heaven, who pierced by scorn in some lone bower
Could press thy semblance of unpitied smart
Into the service of his constant heart.

COMPANION TO THE FOREGOING.

Comp. 1845. —— Pub. 1845.

Never enlivened with the liveliest ray
That fosters growth or checks or cheers decay,
Nor by the heaviest rain-drops more deprest,
This Flower, that first appeared as summer's guest,
Preserves her beauty mid autumnal leaves
And to her mournful habits fondly cleaves.
When files of stateliest plants have ceased to bloom,
One after one submitting to their doom,
When her coevals each and all are fled,
What keeps her thus reclined upon her lonesome bed?

The old mythologists, more impress'd than we
Of this late day by character in tree
Or herb, that claimed peculiar sympathy,
Or by the silent lapse of fountain clear,
Or with the language of the viewless air
By bird or beast made vocal, sought a cause
To solve the mystery, not in Nature's laws
But in Man's fortunes. Hence a thousand tales
Sung to the plaintive lyre in Grecian vales.

Nor doubt that something of their spirit swayed
The fancy-stricken Youth or heart-sick Maid,
Who, while each stood companionless and eyed
This undeparting Flower in crimson dyed,
Thought of a wound which death is slow to cure,
A fate that has endured and will endure,
And, patience coveting yet passion feeding,
Called the dejected Lingerer, *Love lies bleeding.*

THE CUCKOO-CLOCK.

Comp. 1845. —— Pub. 1845.

[Of this clock I have nothing farther to say than what the poem presses, except that it must be here recorded that it was a present m the dear friend for whose sake these notes were chiefly underken, and who has written them from my dictation.]

OULDST thou be taught, when sleep has taken flight,
r a sure voice that can most sweetly tell,
ow far-off yet a glimpse of morning light,
nd if to lure the truant back be well,
rbear to covet a Repeater's stroke,
hat, answering to thy touch, will sound the hour;
etter provide thee with a Cuckoo-clock
r service hung behind thy chamber-door;
nd in due time the soft spontaneous shock,
e double note, as if with living power,
ill to composure lead—or make thee blithe as bird in bower.

st, Cuckoo—Cuckoo!—oft tho' tempests howl,
nipping frost remind thee trees are bare,
w cattle pine, and droop the shivering fowl,
y spirits will seem to feed on balmy air:

I speak with knowledge,—by that Voice beguiled,
Thou wilt salute old memories as they throng
Into thy heart; and fancies, running wild
Through fresh green fields, and budding groves among,
Will make thee happy, happy as a child:
Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers, and song,
And breathe as in a world where nothing can go wrong.

And know—that, even for him who shuns the day
And nightly tosses on a bed of pain;
Whose joys, from all but memory swept away,
Must come unhoped for, if they come again;
Know—that, for him whose waking thoughts, severe
As his distress is sharp, would scorn my theme,
The mimic notes, striking upon his ear
In sleep, and intermingling with his dream,
Could from sad regions send him to a dear
Delightful land of verdure, shower, and gleam,
To mock the *wandering* Voice * beside some haunted stream.

O bounty without measure! while the grace
Of Heaven doth in such wise, from humblest springs,
Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace
A mazy course along familiar things,
Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come,
Streaming from founts above the starry sky,
With angels when their own untroubled home
They leave, and speed on nightly embassy
To visit earthly chambers,—and for whom?
Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try,
And those that seek his help, and for his mercy sigh.

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* Compare *To the Cuckoo* (Vol. III., p. 1.)—
"O Cuckoo shall I call thee bird
Or but a wandering voice." —Ed.

Comp. 1845. —— Pub. 1845.

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,
Would that the little Flowers were born to live,
Conscious of half the pleasure which they give;

That to this mountain-daisy's self were known
The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown
On the smooth surface of this naked stone!

And what if hence a bold desire should mount
High as the Sun, that he could take account
Of all that issues from his glorious fount!

So might he ken how by his sovereign aid
These delicate companionships are made;
And how he rules the pomp of light and shade;

And were the Sister-power that shines by night
So privileged, what a countenance of delight
Would through the clouds break forth on human sight!

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn thine eye
On earth, air, ocean, or the starry sky,
Converse with Nature in pure sympathy;

All vain desires, all lawless wishes quelled,
Be Thou to love and praise alike impelled,
Whatever boon is granted or withheld. *

* The following account of the circumstance which gave rise to the preceding poem is from the *Memoir* of Professor Archer Butler, by Mr Woodward, prefixed to the "First Series" of his Sermons. The Rev. R. Percival Graves, of Dublin (then—in 1849—of Windermere), in writing to Mr Woodward, gives an interesting account of a walk, in July 1844, from Windermere, by Rydal and Grasmere, to Loughrigg Tarn, &c., in which Butler was accompanied by Wordsworth, Julius Charles Hare, Sir William Hamilton, &c. He says, "The day was additionally memorable as giving birth to an interesting minor poem of Mr Wordsworth's. When we reached the side of Loughrigg Tarn (which you may remember he notes for its similarity, in the peculiar character of its beauty, to the Lago di Nemi —Dianae Speculum), the loveliness of the scene arrested our steps and fixed our gaze. The splendour of a July noon surrounded us and lit up

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS.

Comp. 1845. —— Pub. 1845.

Days undefiled by luxury or sloth,
Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,
Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness obeyed,
Words that require no sanction from an oath,
And simple honesty a common growth—
This high repute, with bounteous Nature's aid,
Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed
At will, your power the measure of your troth!—
All who revere the memory of Penn
Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his name*
Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,
Renounced, abandoned by degenerate Men
For state-dishonour black as ever came
To upper air from Mammon's loathesome den.

---

the landscape, with the Langdale Pikes soaring above, and the bright tarn shining beneath; and when the poet's eyes were satisfied with their feast on the beauties familiar to them, they sought relief in the search, to them a happy vital habit, for new beauty in the flower-enamelled turf at his feet. There his attention was arrested by a fair smooth stone, of the size of an ostrich's egg, seeming to imbed at its centre, and at the same time to display a dark star-shaped fossil of most distinct outline. Upon closer inspection this proved to be the shadow of a daisy projected upon it with extraordinary precision by the intense light of an almost vertical sun. The poet drew the attention of the rest of the party to the minute but beautiful phenomenon, and gave expression at the time to thoughts suggested by it, which so interested our friend Professor Butler, that he plucked the tiny flower, and, saying that 'it should be not only the theme but the memorial of the thought they had heard,' bestowed it somewhere carefully for preservation. The little poem, in which some of these thoughts were afterwards crystallized, commences with the stanza,—

'So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,
Would that the little flowers were born to live,
Conscious of half the pleasure that they give.'"

Memoir, pp. 27, 28.—Ed.

* To William Penn, son of Admiral Sir W. Penn, a printer and quaker, Charles II. granted lands in America, to which he gave the name of Pennsylvania.—Ed.

Comp. 1845. —— Pub. 1845.

YOUNG ENGLAND—what is then become of Old,
Of dear Old England? Think they she is dead,
Dead to the very name? Presumption fed
On empty air! That name will keep its hold
In the true filial bosom's inmost fold
For ever.—The Spirit of Alfred at the head
Of all who for her rights watch'd, toiled and bled,
Knows that this prophecy is not too bold.
What—how! shall she submit in will and deed
To Beardless Boys—an imitative race,
The *servum pecus* of a Gallic breed?
Dear Mother! if thou *must* thy steps retrace,
Go where at least meek Innocency dwells;
Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles.

Comp. 1845. —— Pub. 1845.

THOUGH the bold wings of Poesy affect
The clouds, and wheel around the mountain tops
Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she drops
Well pleased to skim the plain with wild flowers deckt,
Or muse in solemn grove whose shades protect
The lingering dew—there steals along, or stops
Watching the least small bird that round her hops,
Or creeping worm, with sensitive respect.
Her functions are they therefore less divine,
Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave intent
Her simplest fancies? Should that fear be thine,
Aspiring Votary, ere thy hand present
One offering, kneel before her modest shrine,
With brow in penitential sorrow bent!

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

Comp. ——. —— Pub. 1845.

[This subject has been treated of in another note. I will here only, by way of comment, direct attention to the fact, that pictures of animals and other productions of Nature, as seen in conservatories, menageries, and museums, &c., would do little for the national mind, nay, they would be rather injurious to it, if the imagination were excluded by the presence of the object, more or less out of a state of Nature. If it were not that we learn to talk and think of the lion and the eagle, the palm-tree, and even the cedar, from the impassioned introduction of them so frequently into Holy Scripture, and by great poets, and divines who wrote as poets, the spiritual part of our nature, and therefore the higher part of it, would derive no benefit from such intercourse with such subjects.]

THE gentlest poet, with free thoughts endowed,
And a true master of the glowing strain,
Might scan the narrow province with disdain
That to the Painter's skill is here allowed.
This, this the Bird of Paradise! disclaim
The daring thought, forget the name:
This the Sun's Bird, whom Glendoveers might own
As no unworthy Partner in their flight
Through seas of ether, where the ruffling sway
Of nether air's rude billows is unknown;
Whom Sylphs, if e'er for casual pastime they
Through India's spicy regions wing their way,
Might bow as to their Lord. What character,
O sovereign Nature! I appeal to thee,
Of all thy feathered progeny
Is so unearthly, and what shape so fair?
So richly decked in variegated down,
Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy brown,
Tints softly with each other blended,
Hues doubtfully begun and ended;
Or intershooting, and to sight
Lost and recovered, as the rays of light

Glance on the conscious plumes touched here and there?
Full surely, when with such proud gifts of life
Began the pencil's strife,
O'erweening Art was caught as in a snare.

A sense of seemingly presumptuous wrong
Gave the first impulse to the Poet's song;
But, of his scorn repenting soon, he drew
A juster judgment from a calmer view;
And, with a spirit freed from discontent,
Thankfully took an effort that was meant
Not with God's bounty, Nature's love, to vie,
Or made with hope to please that inward eye
Which ever strives in vain itself to satisfy,
But to recal the truth by some faint trace
Of power ethereal and celestial grace,
That in the living Creature find on earth a place.

1846.

The Poems of 1846, were limited to the lines beginning, "I know an aged man constrained to dwell," an "Evening Voluntary," six sonnets, and other two short pieces.

WHY SHOULD WE WEEP OR MOURN, ANGELIC BOY.*

Comp. 1846. —— Pub. 1850.

Why should we weep or mourn, angelic boy,
For such thou wert ere from our sight removed,

* This sonnet refers to the poet's grandchild, who died at Rome in the beginning of 1846. Wordsworth wrote of it thus to Professor Henry Reed, "*Jan.* 23, 1846. . . . Our daughter-in-law fell into bad health between three and four years ago. She went with her husband to Madeira, where they remained nearly a year; she was then advised to go to Italy. After a prolonged residence there, her six children (whom her husband returned

Holy, and ever dutiful—beloved
From day to day, with never-ceasing joy,
And hopes as dear as could the heart employ
In aught to earth pertaining? Death has proved
His might, nor less his mercy, as behoved—
Death, conscious that he only could destroy
The bodily frame. That beauty is laid low
To moulder in a far-off field of Rome;
But Heaven is now, blest Child, thy Spirit's home:
When such divine communion, which we know,
Is felt, thy Roman-burial place will be
Surely a sweet remembrancer of Thee.

WHERE LIES THE TRUTH? HAS MAN, IN WISDOM'S CREED.

Comp. 1846. —— Pub. 1850.

WHERE lies the truth? has man, in wisdom's creed,
A pitiable doom; for respite brief
A care more anxious, or a heavier grief?
Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed
God's bounty, soon forgotten; or indeed,
Must Man, with labour born, awake to sorrow [1]
When flowers rejoice, and larks with rival speed
Spring from their nests to bid the sun good-morrow?
They mount for rapture as their songs proclaim [2]

[1] Who that lies down and may not wake to sorrow. MS.
[2] They mount for rapture; this their . . . MS.

to England for), went, at her earnest request, to that country, under their father's guidance; then he was obliged, on account of his duty as a clergyman, to leave them. Four of the number resided with their mother at Rome, three of whom took a fever there, of which the youngest—as noble a boy of five years as ever was seen—died, being seized with convulsions when the fever was somewhat subdued."—ED.

Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky;
But o'er the contrast wherefore heave a sigh?
Like those aspirants let us soar—our aim,
Through life's worst trials, whether shocks or snares,
A happier, brighter, purer heaven than theirs.*

ꞮNOW AN AGED MAN CONSTRAINED TO DWELL.

Comp. 1846. —— Pub. 1850.

I KNOW an aged Man constrained to dwell
In a large house of public charity,
Where he abides, as in a Prisoner's cell,
With numbers near, alas! no company.

When he could creep about, at will, though poor
And forced to live on alms, this old man fed
A Redbreast, one that to his cottage door
Came not, but in a lane partook his bread.

There, at the root of one particular tree,
An easy seat this worn-out Labourer found
While Robin pecked the crumbs upon his knee
Laid one by one, or scattered on the ground.

Dear intercourse was theirs, day after day;
What signs of mutual gladness when they met!
Think of their common peace, their simple play,
The parting moment and its fond regret.

This sonnet was suggested by the death of Wordsworth's grandson, ımemorated in the previous sonnet, and by the alarming illness of his ther, the late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the expected ·th of another grandson (John Wordsworth), at Ambleside, the only son his eldest brother, Richard.—ED.

Months passed in love that failed not to fulfil,
In spite of season's change, its own demand,
By fluttering pinions here and busy bill;
There by caresses from a tremulous hand.

Thus in the chosen spot a tie so strong
Was formed between the solitary pair,
That when his fate had housed him mid a throng
The captive shunned all converse proffered there.

Wife, children, kindred, they were dead and gone;
But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed,
One living stay was left, and on that one
Some recompense for all that he had lost.

O that the good old man had power to prove,
By message sent through air or visible token,
That still he loves the Bird, and still must love;
That friendship lasts though fellowship is broken!

HOW BEAUTIFUL THE QUEEN OF NIGHT, ON HIGH.

Comp. 1846. —— Pub. 1850.

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high
Her way pursuing among scattered clouds,
Where, ever and anon, her head she shrouds
Hidden from view in dense obscurity.
But look, and to the watchful eye
A brightening edge will indicate that soon
We shall behold the struggling Moon
Break forth,—again to walk the clear blue sky.

TO LUCCA GIORDANO.*

Comp. 1846. —— Pub. 1850.

GIORDANO, verily thy Pencil's skill
Hath here portrayed with Nature's happiest grace
The fair Endymion couched on Latmos-hill;
And Dian gazing on the Shepherd's face
In rapture,—yet suspending her embrace,
As not unconscious with what power the thrill
Of her most timid touch his sleep would chase,
And, with his sleep, that beauty calm and still.
O may this work have found its last retreat
Here in a Mountain-bard's secure abode,
One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cynthia showed
A face of love which he in love would greet,
Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky seat;
Or lured along where green-wood paths he trod.

RYDAL MOUNT, 1846.

WHO BUT IS PLEASED TO WATCH THE MOON ON HIGH.

Comp. 1846. —— Pub. 1850.

WHO but is pleased to watch the moon on high
Travelling where she from time to time enshrouds
Her head, and nothing loth her majesty
Renounces, till among the scattered clouds

* Lucca Giordano was born at Naples, in 1629. He was at first a isciple of Spagnaletto, next of Pietro da Cortona; but after coming nder the influence of Corregio, he went to Venice, where Titian was his spiring master. In his own work the influence of all of these pre-ecessors may be traced, but chiefly that of Titian, whose style of colour-g and composition he followed so closely that many of his works might e mistaken for those of his greatest master. The picture referred to in his sonnet was brought from Italy by the poet's eldest son.—ED.

One with its kindling edge declares that soon
Will reappear before the uplifted eye
A Form as bright, as beautiful a moon,
To glide in open prospect through clear sky.
Pity that such a promise e'er should prove
False in the issue, that yon seeming space
Of sky should be in truth the stedfast face
Of a cloud flat and dense, through which must move
(By transit not unlike man's frequent doom)
The Wanderer lost in more determined gloom.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Comp. 1846. —— Pub. 1850.

Discourse was deemed Man's noblest attribute,
And written words the glory of his hand;
Then followed Printing with enlarged command
For thought—dominion vast and absolute
For spreading truth, and making love expand.
Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute
Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can suit
The taste of this once-intellectual Land.
A backward movement surely have we here,
From manhood,—back to childhood; for the age—
Back towards caverned life's first rude career.
Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page!
Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear
Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower stage!

THE UNREMITTING VOICE OF NIGHTLY STREAMS.

Comp. 1846. —— Pub. 1850.

The unremitting voice of nightly streams
That wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful powers,

If neither soothing to the worm that gleams
Through dewy grass, nor small birds hushed in bowers,
Nor unto silent leaves and drowsy flowers,—
That voice of unpretending harmony
(For who what is shall measure by what seems
To be, or not to be,
Or tax high Heaven with prodigality ?)
Wants not a healing influence that can creep
Into the human breast, and mix with sleep
To regulate the motion of our dreams
For kindly issues—as through every clime
Was felt near murmuring brooks in earliest time;
As at this day, the rudest swains who dwell
Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling knell
Of water-breaks, with grateful heart could tell.

TO AN OCTOGENARIAN.

Comp. 1846. —— Pub. 1850.

Affections lose their object; Time brings forth
No successors; and, lodged in memory,
If love exists no longer, it must die,—
Wanting accustomed food, must pass from earth,
Or never hope to reach a second birth.
This sad belief, the happiest that is left
To thousands, share not Thou; howe'er bereft,
Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a dearth.
Though poor and destitute of friends thou art,
Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,
One to whom Heaven assigns that mournful part
The utmost solitude of age to face,
Still shall be left some corner of the heart
Where Love for living Thing can find a place.

ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

Comp. 1846. —— Pub. 1850.

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind
Crowded with thoughts that need a settled home,
Yet, like to eddying balls of foam
Within this whirlpool, they each other chase
Round and round, and neither find
An outlet nor a resting-place!
Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,
Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

1847.

ODE ON THE INSTALLATION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNE PRINCE ALBERT AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVE SITY OF CAMBRIDGE, JULY 1847.*

Comp. 1847. —— Pub. 1847.

INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS.

For thirst of power that Heaven disowns,
For temples, towers, and thrones,
Too long insulted by the Spoiler's shock,
Indignant Europe cast
Her stormy foe at last
To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan rock.

SOLO.—(TENOR.)

War is passion's basest game
Madly played to win a name;

* This "Ode" was printed and sung at Cambridge on the occasion of installation of His Royal Highness Prince Albert as Chancellor of University. It was published in the newspapers of the following day "written for the occasion by the Poet Laureate, by royal command." was partly written, however, by the Poet's nephew and biographer, late Bishop of Lincoln. See the *Life* of the Poet, in Vol. IX.—ED.

Up starts some tyrant, Earth and Heaven to dare,
The servile million bow;
But will the lightning glance aside to spare
The Despot's laurelled brow?

CHORUS.

War is mercy, glory, fame,
Waged in Freedom's holy cause;
Freedom, such as Man may claim
Under God's restraining laws.
Such is Albion's fame and glory:
Let rescued Europe tell the story.

RECIT. (*accompanied*).—(CONTRALTO.)

But lo, what sudden cloud has darkened all
The land as with a funeral pall?
The Rose of England suffers blight,
The flower has drooped, the Isle's delight,
Flower and bud together fall—
A Nation's hopes lie crushed in Claremont's desolate hall.

AIR.—(SOPRANO.)

Time a chequered mantle wears;—
Earth awakes from wintry sleep;
Again the Tree a blossom bears—
Cease, Britannia, cease to weep!
Hark to the peals on this bright May morn!
They tell that your future Queen is born.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS.

A Guardian Angel fluttered
Above the Babe, unseen;
One word he softly uttered—
It named the future Queen:

And a joyful cry through the Island rang,
As clear and bold as the trumpet's clang,
As bland as the reed of peace—
"VICTORIA be her name!"
For righteous triumphs are the base
Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful fame.

QUARTET.

Time, in his mantle's sunniest fold,
Uplifted in his arms the child;
And, while the fearless Infant smiled,
Her happier destiny foretold:—
"Infancy, by Wisdom mild,
Trained to health and artless beauty;
Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled
From the lore of lofty duty;
Womanhood is pure renown,
Seated on her lineal throne:
Leaves of myrtle in her Crown,
Fresh with lustre all their own.
Love, the treasure worth possessing,
More than all the world beside,
This shall be her choicest blessing,
Oft to royal hearts denied."

RECIT. (*accompanied*).—(BASS.)

That eve, the Star of Brunswick shone
With stedfast ray benign
On Gotha's ducal roof, and on
The softly flowing Leine;
Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn,
And glittered on the Rhine—

Old Camus, too, on that prophetic night
    Was conscious of the ray;
And his willows whispered in its light,
    Not to the Zephyr's sway,
But with a Delphic life, in sight
    Of this auspicious day:

CHORUS.

This day, when Granta hails her chosen Lord,
  And proud of her award,
  Confiding in the Star serene,
Welcomes the Consort of a happy Queen.

AIR.—(CONTRALTO.)

Prince, in these Collegiate bowers,
Where Science, leagued with holier truth,
Guards the sacred heart of youth,
Solemn monitors are ours.
These reverend aisles, these hallowed towers,
Raised by many a hand august,
Are haunted by majestic Powers,
The memories of the Wise and Just,
Who, faithful to a pious trust,
Here, in the Founder's spirit sought
To mould and stamp the ore of thought
In that bold form and impress high
That best betoken patriot loyalty.
Not in vain those Sages taught,—
True disciples, good as great,
Have pondered here their country's weal,
Weighed the Future by the Past,
Learned how social frames may last,

And how a Land may rule its fate
By constancy inviolate,
Though worlds to their foundations reel
The sport of factious Hate or godless Zeal.

AIR.—(BASS.)

Albert, in thy race we cherish
A Nation's strength that will not perish
While England's sceptered Line
True to the King of Kings is found;
Like that Wise* ancestor of thine
Who threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's life,
When first above the yells of bigot strife
The trumpet of the Living Word
Assumed a voice of deep portentous sound,
From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber heard,

CHORUS.

What shield more sublime
E'er was blazoned or sung?
And the PRINCE whom we greet
From its Hero is sprung.
Resound, resound the strain,
That hails him for our own!
Again, again, and yet again,
For the Church, the State, the Throne!
And that Presence fair and bright,
Ever blest wherever seen,
Who deigns to grace our festal rite,
The pride of the Islands, VICTORIA THE QUEEN.

* Frederic the Wise, Elector of Saxony.—W. W., 1847.

PROSE FRAGMENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

As explained in the Prefatory Note to this volume, Wordsworth's *Description of the Scenery of the Lakes in the North of England*, afterwards expanded as *A Guide through the District of the Lakes in the North of England*, &c., is included in this edition of his Works, along with his *Two Letters* on the "Kendal and Windermere Railway," sent to the *Morning Post* in 1844, and reprinted in that year at Kendal.

This topographical account of the scenery of the Lake District originally formed an introduction to the Rev. Joseph Wilkinson's *Select Views in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire*, published at London in 1810 (12 Nos. in one volume folio).

It next appeared in 1820, in the volume of Sonnets on the River Duddon, the full title of which was, "The River Duddon, a series of Sonnets: Vaudracour and Julia; and other Poems, to which is annexed a topographical description of the Country of the Lakes in the North of England, by William Wordsworth."

In 1822 it was published for the first time separately, in 12mo, divided into sections, with much additional matter. It included some remarks on the scenery of the Alps (Wordsworth had revisited Switzerland in 1820), and an account of an excursion to Scawfell, with a final chapter of "Directions and Information for the Tourist." This edition was reprinted in 1823.

It was expanded in a fifth edition, 8vo, printed at Kendal in 1835. In this—which contained Wordsworth's final text, and is therefore selected for reproduction in the present edition—the "Directions and Information for Tourists" precedes the "Description of the Scenery of the Lakes;" and to the account of the ascent of Scawfell is added a curious recast of a passage in one of his sister's Journals of "a mountain ramble" in 1805, describing an excursion to Ullswater. The original MS. describing this mountain ramble is at Coleorton, in Leicestershire; but it is printed in the *Transactions* of "the Wordsworth Society," No. V. (1863).

The edition of 1835 was republished in 1842 and 1849. It has subsequently appeared in popular reprints, both by itself and along with Professor Sedgwick's *Five Letters on the Geology of the Lake District*. The "Ode" on *The Pass of Kirkstone*, which closed the volume of 1835, is not republished, as it will be found in its chronological place, 1817 (in Volume VI. p. 145); but the "Itinerary of the Lakes," which the publishers added "with permission of the author," has a certain topographical value, and is therefore reproduced.

The changes of text in the several editions of this "Guide" are not indicated. It may be remarked, however, that the poetic fragment given at p. 223, which was first published in 1827 under the title *Water-Fowl*—but which is a part of the unpublished canto of *The Recluse*, entitled "Home in Grasmere"—differs slightly both from the printed text of *Water-Fowl* and from the MS. of *The Recluse* in its final form.—Ed.

A GUIDE

THROUGH

THE DISTRICT OF THE LAKES

IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND,

WITH

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENERY, &c.

FOR THE USE OF

TOURISTS AND RESIDENTS.

CONTENTS.

DIRECTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR THE TOURIST.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENERY OF THE LAKES.

Section First.

VIEW OF THE COUNTRY AS FORMED BY NATURE.

Section Second.

ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY AS AFFECTED BY ITS INHABITANTS.

Section Third.

CHANGES, AND RULES OF TASTE FOR PREVENTING THEIR BAD EFFECTS.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

EXCURSIONS.

ITINERARY.

DIRECTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR THE TOURIST.

In preparing this Manual, it was the Author's principal wish to furnish a Guide or Companion for the *Minds* of Persons of taste, and feeling for Landscape, who might be entitled to explore the District of the Lakes with that degree of attention to which its beauty may fairly lay claim. For the more sure attainment, however, of this primary object, he will begin by undertaking the humble and tedious task of supplying the Tourist with directions how to approach the several scenes in their best, or most convenient, order. But first, supposing the approach to be made from the south, and through Yorkshire, there are certain interesting spots which may be confidently recommended to his notice, if time can be spared before entering upon the Lake District; and the route may be changed in returning.

There are three approaches to the Lakes through Yorkshire; the least advisable is the great north road by Catterick and Greta Bridge, and onwards to Penrith. The Traveller, however, taking this route, might halt at Greta Bridge, and be well recompenced if he can afford to give an hour or two to the banks of the Greta, and of the Tees, at Rokeby. Barnard Castle also, about two miles up the Tees, is a striking object, and the main North Road might be rejoined at Bowes. Every one has heard of the great Fall of the Tees above Middleham, interesting for its grandeur, as the avenue of rocks that leads to it, is to the geologist. But this place lies so far out of the way as scarcely to be within the compass of our notice. It might, however, be visited by a

Traveller on foot, or on horseback, who could rejoin the main road upon Stanemoor.

The second road leads through a more interesting tract of country, beginning at Ripon, from which place see Fountain's Abbey, and thence by Hackfall, and Masham, to Jervaux Abbey, and up the Vale of Wensley; turning aside before Askrigg is reached, to see Aysgarth-force, upon the Ure; and again, near Hawes, to Hardraw Scar, of which, with its waterfall, Turner has a fine drawing. Thence over the fells to Sedbergh, and Kendal.

The third approach from Yorkshire is through Leeds. Four miles beyond that town are the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, should that road to Skipton be chosen; but the other by Otley may be made much more interesting by turning off at Addington to Bolton Bridge, for the sake of visiting the Abbey and grounds. It would be well, however, for a party previously to secure beds, if wanted, at the inn, as there is but one, and it is much resorted to in summer.

The Traveller on foot, or horseback, would do well to follow the banks of the Wharf upwards, to Burnsall, and thence cross over the hills to Gordale—a noble scene, beautifully described in Gray's Tour, and with which no one can be disappointed. Thence to Malham, where there is a respectable village inn, and so on, by Malham Cove, to Settle.

Travellers in carriages must go from Bolton Bridge to Skipton, where they rejoin the main road; and should they be inclined to visit Gordale, a tolerable road turns off beyond Skipton. Beyond Settle, under Giggleswick Scar, the road passes an ebbing and flowing well, worthy the notice of the Naturalist. Four miles to the right of Ingleton, is Weathercote Cave, a fine object, but whoever diverges for this, must return to Ingleton. Near Kirkby Lonsdale observe the view from the bridge over the Lune, and descend to the channel of the river, and by no means omit looking at the Vale of Lune from the Church-yard.

The journey towards the Lake country through Lancashire, is, with the exception of the Vale of the Riddle, at Preston, uninteresting; till you come near Lancaster, and obtain a view of the fells and mountains of Lancashire and Westmorland; with Lancaster Castle, and the Tower of the Church seeming to make part of the Castle, in the foreground.

They who wish to see the celebrated ruins of Furness Abbey, and are not afraid of crossing the Sands, may go from Lancaster to Ulverston; from which place take the direct road to Dalton; but by all means return through Urswick, for the sake of the view from the top of the hill, before descending into the grounds of Conishead Priory. From this quarter the Lakes would be advantageously approached by Coniston; thence to Hawkshead, and by the Ferry over Windermere, to Bowness: a much better introduction than by going direct from Coniston to Ambleside, which ought not to be done, as that would greatly take off from the effect of Windermere.

Let us now go back to Lancaster. The direct road thence to Kendal is 22 miles, but by making a circuit of 8 miles, the Vale of the Lune to Kirkby Lonsdale will be included. The whole tract is pleasing; there is one view mentioned by Gray and Mason especially so. In West's Guide it is thus pointed out:—'About a quarter of a mile beyond the third mile-stone, where the road makes a turn to the right, there is a gate on the left which leads into a field where the station meant, will be found.' Thus far for those who approach the Lakes from the South.

Travellers from the North would do well to go from Carlisle by Wigton, and proceed along the Lake of Bassenthwaite to Keswick; or, if convenience should take them first to Penrith, it would still be better to cross the country to Keswick, and begin with that vale, rather than with Ulswater. It is worth while to mention, in this place, that

the banks of the river Eden, about Corby, are well worthy of notice, both on account of their natural beauty, and the viaducts which have recently been carried over the bed of the river, and over a neighbouring ravine. In the Church of Wetherby, close by, is a fine piece of monumental sculpture by Nollekens. The scenes of Nunnery, upon the Eden, or rather that part of them which is upon Croglin, a mountain stream there falling into the Eden, are, in their way, unrivalled. But the nearest road thither, from Corby, is so bad, that no one can be advised to take it in a carriage. Nunnery may be reached from Corby by making a circuit and crossing the Eden at Armathwaite bridge. A portion of this road, however, is bad enough.

As much the greatest number of Lake Tourists begin by passing from Kendal to Bowness, upon Windermere, our notices shall commence with that Lake. Bowness is situated upon its eastern side, and at equal distance from each extremity of the Lake of

WINDERMERE.

The lower part of this Lake is rarely visited, but has many interesting points of view, especially at Storr's Hall and at Fellfoot, where the Coniston Mountains peer nobly over the western barrier, which elsewhere, along the whole Lake, is comparatively tame. To one also who has ascended the hill from Grathwaite on the western side, the Promontory called Rawlinson's Nab, Storr's Hall, and the Troutbeck Mountains, about sun-set, make a splendid landscape. The view from the Pleasure-house of the Station near the Ferry has suffered much from Larch plantations; this mischief, however, is gradually disappearing, and the Larches, under the management of the proprietor, Mr Curwen, are giving way to the native wood. Windermere ought to be seen both from its shores and from its surface. None of the other

Lakes unfold so many fresh beauties to him who sails upon them. This is owing to its greater size, to the islands, and to its having *two* vales at the head, with their accompanying mountains of nearly equal dignity. Nor can the grandeur of these two terminations be seen at once from any point, except from the bosom of the Lake. The Islands may be explored at any time of the day; but one bright unruffled evening, must, if possible, be set apart for the splendour, the stillness, and solemnity of a three hours' voyage upon the higher division of the Lake, not omitting, towards the end of the excursion, to quit the expanse of water, and peep into the close and calm River at the head; which, in its quiet character, at such a time, appears rather like an overflow of the peaceful Lake itself, than to have any more immediate connection with the rough mountains whence it has descended, or the turbulent torrents by which it is supplied. Many persons content themselves with what they see of Windermere during their progress in a boat from Bowness to the head of the Lake, walking thence to Ambleside. But the whole road from Bowness is rich in diversity of pleasing or grand scenery; there is scarcely a field on the road side, which, if entered, would not give to the landscape some additional charm. Low-wood Inn, a mile from the head of Windermere, is a most pleasant halting-place; no inn in the whole district is so agreeably situated for water views and excursions; and the fields above it, and the lane that leads to Troutbeck, present beautiful views towards each extremity of the Lake. From this place, and from

AMBLESIDE,

rides may be taken in numerous directions, and the interesting walks are inexhaustible;* a few out of the main road

* Mr Green's Guide to the Lakes, in two vols., contains a complete Magazine of minute and accurate information of this kind, with the names of mountains, streams, &c.

may be particularized;—the lane that leads from Ambleside to Skelgill; the ride, or walk by Rothay Bridge, and up the stream under Loughrigg Fell, continued on the western side of Rydal Lake, and along the fell to the foot of Grasmere Lake, and thence round by the church of Grasmere; or, turning round Loughrigg Fell by Loughrigg Tarn and the River Brathay, back to Ambleside. From Ambleside is another charming excursion by Clappersgate, where cross the Brathay, and proceed with the river on the right to the hamlet of Skelwith-fold; when the houses are passed, turn, before you descend the hill, through a gate on the right, and from a rocky point is a fine view of the Brathay River, Langdale Pikes, &c.; then proceed to Colwith-force, and up Little Langdale to Blea Tarn. The scene in which this small piece of water lies, suggested to the Author the following description (given in his Poem of the "Excursion"), supposing the spectator to look down upon it, not from the road, but from one of its elevated sides.

"Behold!
Beneath our feet, a little lowly Vale,
A lowly Vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains; even as if the spot
Had been, from eldest time by wish of theirs,
So placed, to be shut out from all the world!
Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an Urn;
With rocks encompassed, save that to the South
Was one small opening, where a heath-clad ridge
Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close;
A quiet treeless nook,* with two green fields,
A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,
And one bare Dwelling; one Abode, no more!
It seemed the home of poverty and toil,
Though not of want: the little fields, made green
By husbandry of many thrifty years,
Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland House.
—There crows the Cock, single in his domain:
The small birds find in Spring no thicket there

* No longer strictly applicable, on account of recent plantations.—W. W.

> To shroud them ; only from the neighbouring Vales
> The Cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,
> Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place."

From this little Vale return towards Ambleside by Great Langdale, stopping, if there be time, to see Dungeon-ghyll waterfall.

The Lake of

CONISTON

may be conveniently visited from Ambleside, but is seen to most advantage by entering the country over the Sands from Lancaster. The Stranger, from the moment he sets his foot on those Sands, seems to leave the turmoil and traffic of the world behind him ; and, crossing the majestic plain whence the sea has retired, he beholds, rising apparently from its base, the cluster of mountains among which he is going to wander, and towards whose recesses, by the Vale of Coniston, he is gradually and peacefully led. From the Inn at the head of Coniston Lake, a leisurely Traveller might have much pleasure in looking into Yewdale and Tilberthwaite, returning to his Inn from the head of Yewdale by a mountain track which has the farm of Tarn Hows, a little on the right: by this road is seen much the best view of Coniston Lake from the south. At the head of Coniston Water there is an agreeable Inn, from which an enterprising Tourist might go to the Vale of the Duddon, over Walna Scar, down to Seathwaite, Newfield, and to the rocks where the river issues from a narrow pass into the broad Vale. The Stream is very interesting for the space of a mile above this point, and below, by Ulpha Kirk, till it enters the Sands, where it is overlooked by the solitary Mountain Black Comb, the summit of which, as that experienced surveyor, Colonel Mudge, declared, commands a more extensive view than any point in Britain. Ireland he saw more than once, but not when the sun was above the horizon.

Close by the Sea, lone sentinel,
  Black-Comb his forward station keeps;
He breaks the sea's tumultuous swell,—
  And ponders o'er the level deeps.

He listens to the bugle horn,
  Where Eskdale's lovely valley bends;
Eyes Walney's early fields of corn;
  Sea-birds to Holker's woods he sends.

Beneath his feet the sunk ship rests,
In Duddon Sands, its masts all bare:

. . . . .

The Minstrels of Windermere, by Chas. Farish, B.D.

The Tourist may either return to the Inn at Coniston by Broughton, or, by turning to the left before he comes to that town, or, which would be much better, he may cross from

ULPHA KIRK

Over Birker moor, to Birker-force, at the head of the finest ravine in the country; and thence up the Vale of the Esk, by Hardknot and Wrynose, back to Ambleside. Near the road, in ascending from Eskdale, are conspicuous remains of a Roman fortress. Details of the Duddon and Donnerdale are given in the Author's series of Sonnets upon the Duddon and in the accompanying Notes. In addition to its two Vales at its head, Windermere communicates with two lateral Vallies; that of Troutbeck, distinguished by the mountains at its head—by picturesque remains of cottage architecture; and, towards the lower part, by bold fore-grounds formed by the steep and winding banks of the river. This Vale, as before mentioned, may be most conveniently seen from Low Wood. The other lateral Valley, that of Hawkshead, is visited to most advantage, and most conveniently, from Bowness; crossing the Lake by the Ferry—then pass the two villages of Sawrey, and on quitting the latter, you have a fine view of the Lake of Esthwaite, and the cone of one of the Langdale Pikes in the distance.

Before you leave Ambleside give three minutes to looking at a passage of the brook which runs through the town; it is to be seen from a garden on the right bank of the stream, a few steps above the bridge—the garden at present is rented by Mrs Airey.—Stockgill-force, upon the same stream, will have been mentioned to you as one of the sights of the neighbourhood. And by a Tourist halting a few days in Ambleside, the *Nook* also might be visited; a spot where there is a bridge over Scandale-beck, which makes a pretty subject for the pencil. Lastly, for residents of a week or so at Ambleside, there are delightful rambles over every part of Loughrigg Fell and among the enclosures on its sides; particularly about Loughrigg Tarn, and on its eastern side about Fox How and the properties adjoining to the northwards.

Road from Ambleside to Keswick.

The Waterfalls of Rydal are pointed out to every one. But it ought to be observed here, that Rydal-mere is nowhere seen to advantage from the *main road*. Fine views of it may be had from Rydal Park; but these grounds, as well as those of Rydal Mount and Ivy Cottage, from which also it is viewed to advantage, are private. A foot road passing behind Rydal Mount and under Nab Scar to Grasmere, is very favourable to views of the Lake and the Vale, looking back towards Ambleside. The horse road also, along the western side of the Lake, under Loughrigg Fell, as before mentioned, does justice to the beauties of this small mere, of which the Traveller who keeps the high road is not at all aware.

Grasmere.

There are two small Inns in the Vale of Grasmere, one near the Church, from which it may be conveniently explored in every direction, and a mountain walk taken up Easedale

to Easedale Tarn, one of the finest tarns in the country; thence to Stickle Tarn, and to the top of Langdale Pikes. See also the Vale of Grasmere from Butterlip How. A boat is kept by the innkeeper, and this circular Vale, in the solemnity of a fine evening, will make, from the bosom of the Lake, an impression that will be scarcely ever effaced.

The direct road from Grasmere to Keswick does not (as has been observed of Rydal Mere), show to advantage Thirlmere, or Wythburn Lake, with its surrounding mountains. By a Traveller proceeding at leisure, a deviation ought to be made from the main road, when he has advanced a little beyond the sixth mile-stone short of Keswick, from which point there is a noble view of the Vale of Legberthwaite, with Blencathra (commonly called Saddle-back), in front. Having previously enquired, at the Inn near Wythburn Chapel, the best way from this mile-stone to the bridge that divides the Lake, he must cross it, and proceed with the Lake on the right, to the hamlet a little beyond its termination, and rejoin the main road upon Shoulthwaite Moss, about four miles from Keswick; or, if on foot, the Tourist may follow the stream that issues from Thirlmere down the romantic Vale of St John's, and so (enquiring the way at some cottage) to Keswick, by a circuit of little more than a mile. A more interesting tract of country is scarcely any where to be seen, than the road between Ambleside and Keswick, with the deviations that have been pointed out. Helvellyn may be conveniently ascended from the Inn at Wythburn.

The Vale of Keswick.

This Vale stretches, without winding, nearly North and South, from the head of Derwent Water to the foot of Bassenthwaite Lake. It communicates with Borrowdale on the South; with the river Greta, and Thirlmere, on the

East, with which the Traveller has become acquainted on his way from Ambleside; and with the Vale of Newlands on the West—which last Vale he may pass through, in going to, or returning from, Buttermere. The best views of Keswick Lake are from Crow Park; Frier's Crag; the Stable-field, close by; the Vicarage, and from various points in taking the circuit of the Lake. More distant views, and perhaps full as interesting, are from the side of Latrigg, from Ormathwaite, and Applethwaite; and thence along the road at the foot of Skiddaw towards Bassenthwaite, for about a quarter of a mile. There are fine bird's eye views from the Castle-hill; from Ashness, on the road to Watenlath, and by following the Watenlath stream downwards to the Cataract of Lodore. This Lake also, if the weather be fine, ought to be circumnavigated. There are good views along the western side of Bassenthwaite Lake, and from Armathwaite at its foot; but the eastern side from the high road has little to recommend it. The Traveller from Carlisle, approaching by way of Ireby, has, from the old road on the top of Bassenthwaite-hawse, much the most striking view of the Plain and Lake of Bassenthwaite, flanked by Skiddaw, and terminated by Wallowcrag on the south-east of Derwent Lake; the same point commands an extensive view of Solway Frith and the Scotch Mountains. They who take the circuit of Derwent Lake, may at the same time include BORROWDALE, going as far as Bowder-stone, or Rosthwaite. Borrowdale is also conveniently seen on the way to Wastdale over Styhead; or, to Buttermere, by Seatoller and Honister Crag; or, going over the Stake, through Langdale, to Ambleside. Buttermere may be visited by a shorter way through Newlands, but though the descent upon the Vale of Buttermere, by this approach, is very striking, as it also is to one entering by the head of the Vale, under Honister Crag, yet, after all, the best entrance from Keswick is from the lower

part of the Vale, having gone over Whinlater to Scale Hill, where there is a roomy Inn, with very good accommodation. The Mountains of the Vale of

BUTTERMERE AND CRUMMOCK

are nowhere so impressive as from the bosom of Crummock Water. Scale-force, near it, is a fine chasm, with a lofty, though but slender, Fall of water.

From Scale Hill a pleasant walk may be taken to an eminence in Mr Marshall's woods, and another by crossing the bridge at the foot of the hill, upon which the Inn stands, and turning to the right, after the opposite hill has been ascended a little way, then follow the road for half a mile or so that leads towards Lorton, looking back upon Crummock Water, &c., between the openings of the fences. Turn back and make your way to

LOWESWATER.

But this small Lake is only approached to advantage from the other end; therefore any Traveller going by this road to Wastdale, must look back upon it. This road to Wastdale, after passing the village of Lamplugh Cross, presents suddenly a fine view of the Lake of Ennerdale, with its Mountains; and, six or seven miles beyond, leads down upon Calder Abbey. Little of this ruin is left, but that little is well worthy of notice. At Calder Bridge are two comfortable Inns, and, a few miles beyond, accommodations may be had at the Strands, at the foot of Wastdale. Into

WASTDALE

are three horse-roads, viz. over the Stye, from Borrowdale; a short cut from Eskdale by Burnmore Tarn, which road descends upon the head of the Lake; and the principal entrance from the open country by the Strands at its foot.

This last is much the best approach. Wastdale is well worth the notice of the Traveller who is not afraid of fatigue; no part of the country is more distinguished by sublimity. Wastwater may also be visited from Ambleside; by going up Langdale, over Hardknot and Wrynose—down Eskdale and by Irton Hall to the Strands; but this road can only be taken on foot, or on horseback, or in a cart.

We will conclude with

ULLSWATER,

as being perhaps, upon the whole, the happiest combination of beauty and grandeur, which any of the Lakes affords. It lies not more than ten miles from Ambleside, and the Pass of Kirkstone and the descent from it are very impressive; but, notwithstanding, this Vale, like the others, loses much of its effect by being entered from the head: so that it is better to go from Keswick through Matterdale, and descend upon Gowbarrow Park; you are thus brought at once upon a magnificent view of the two higher reaches of the Lake. Ara-force thunders down the Ghyll on the left, at a small distance from the road. If Ullswater be approached from Penrith, a mile and a half brings you to the winding vale of Eamont, and the prospects increase in interest till you reach Patterdale; but the first four miles along Ullswater by this road are comparatively tame; and in order to see the lower part of the Lake to advantage, it is necessary to go round by Pooley Bridge, and to ride at least three miles along the Westmorland side of the water, towards Martindale. The views, especially if you ascend from the road into the fields, are magnificent; yet this is only mentioned that the transient Visitant may know what exists; for it would be inconvenient to go in search of them. They who take this course of three or four miles *on foot*, should have a boat in readiness at the end of the walk, to carry them across to

the Cumberland side of the Lake, near Old Church, thence to pursue the road upwards to Patterdale. The Church-yard Yew-tree still survives at Old Church, but there are no remains of a Place of Worship, a New Chapel having been erected in a more central situation, which Chapel was consecrated by the then Bishop of Carlisle, when on his way to crown Queen Elizabeth, he being the only Prelate who would undertake the office. It may be here mentioned that Bassenthwaite Chapel yet stands in a bay as sequestered as the Site of Old Church; such situations having been chosen in disturbed times to elude marauders.

The Trunk, or Body of the Vale of Ullswater need not be further noticed, as its beauties show themselves: but the curious Traveller may wish to know something of its tributary Streams.

At Dalemain, about three miles from Penrith, a Stream is crossed called the Dacre, or Dacor, which name it bore as early as the time of the Venerable Bede. This stream does not enter the Lake, but joins the Eamont a mile below. It rises in the moorish Country about Penruddock, flows down a soft sequestered Valley, passing by the ancient mansions of Hutton John and Dacre Castle. The former is pleasantly situated, though of a character somewhat gloomy and monastic, and from some of the fields near Dalemain, Dacre Castle, backed by the jagged summit of Saddleback, with the Valley and Stream in front, forms a grand picture. There is no other stream that conducts to any glen or valley worthy of being mentioned, till we reach that which leads up to Ara-force, and thence into Matterdale, before spoken of. Matterdale, though a wild and interesting spot, has no peculiar features that would make it worth the Stranger's while to go in search of them; but, in Gowbarrow Park, the lover of Nature might linger for hours. Here is a powerful Brook, which dashes among rocks through a deep glen, hung

on every side with a rich and happy intermixture of native wood; here are beds of luxuriant fern, aged hawthorns, and hollies decked with honeysuckles; and fallow-deer glancing and bounding over the lawns and through the thickets. These are the attractions of the retired views, or constitute a foreground for ever-varying pictures of the majestic Lake, forced to take a winding course by bold promontories, and environed by mountains of sublime form, towering above each other. At the outlet of Gowbarrow Park, we reach a third stream, which flows through a little recess called Glencoin, where lurks a single house, yet visible from the road. Let the Artist or leisurely Traveller turn aside to it, for the buildings and objects around them are romantic and picturesque. Having passed under the steeps of Styebarrow Crag, and the remains of its native woods, at Glenridding Bridge, a fourth Stream is crossed.

The opening on the side of Ullswater Vale, down which this Stream flows, is adorned with fertile fields, cottages, and natural groves, that agreeably unite with the transverse views of the Lake; and the Stream, if followed up after the enclosures are left behind, will lead along bold water-breaks and waterfalls to a silent Tarn in the recesses of Helvellyn. This desolate spot was formerly haunted by eagles, that built in the precipice which forms its western barrier. These birds used to wheel and hover round the head of the solitary angler. It also derives a melancholy interest from the fate of a young man, a stranger, who perished some years ago, by falling down the rocks in his attempt to cross over to Grasmere. His remains were discovered by means of a faithful dog that had lingered here for the space of three months, self-supported, and probably retaining to the last an attachment to the skeleton of its master. But to return to the road in the main Vale of Ullswater.—At the head of the Lake (being now in Patterdale) we cross a fifth Stream,

Grisdale Beck: this would conduct through a woody steep, where may be seen some unusually large ancient hollies, up to the level area of the Valley of Grisdale; hence there is a path for foot-travellers, and along which a horse may be led to Grasmere. A sublime combination of mountain forms appears in front while ascending the bed of this valley, and the impression increases till the path leads almost immediately under the projecting masses of Helvellyn. Having retraced the banks of the Stream to Patterdale, and pursued the road up the main Dale, the next considerable stream would, if ascended in the same manner, conduct to Deep-dale, the character of which Valley may be conjectured from its name. It is terminated by a cove, a craggy and gloomy abyss, with precipitous sides; a faithful receptacle of the snows that are driven into it, by the west wind, from the summit of Fairfield. Lastly, having gone along the western side of Brotherswater and passed Hartsop Hall, a Stream soon after issues from a cove richly decorated with native wood. This spot is, I believe, never explored by Travellers; but, from these sylvan and rocky recesses, whoever looks back on the gleaming surface of Brotherswater, or forward to the precipitous sides and lofty ridges of Dove Crag, &c., will be equally pleased with the beauty, the grandeur, and the wildness of the scenery.

Seven Glens or Vallies have been noticed, which branch off from the Cumberland side of the Vale. The opposite side has only two Streams of any importance, one of which would lead up from the point where it crosses the Kirkstone-road, near the foot of Brotherswater, to the decaying hamlet of Hartsop, remarkable for its cottage architecture, and thence to Hayswater, much frequented by anglers. The other, coming down Martindale, enters Ullswater at Sandwyke, opposite to Gowbarrow Park. No persons but such as come to Patterdale, merely to pass through it, should fail

walk as far as Blowick, the only enclosed land which on is side borders the higher part of the Lake. The axe has re indiscriminately levelled a rich wood of birches and ks, that divided this favoured spot into a hundred pictures. has yet its land-locked bays, and rocky promontories; but ose beautiful woods are gone, which *perfected* its seclusion; d scenes, that might formerly have been compared to an exhaustible volume, are now spread before the eye in a gle sheet,—magnificent indeed, but seemingly perused in moment! From Blowick a narrow track conducts along e craggy side of Place-fell, richly adorned with juniper, d sprinkled over with birches, to the village of Sandwyke, few straggling houses, that with the small estates attached them, occupy an opening opposite to Lyulph's Tower d Gowbarrow Park. In Martindale, the road loses sight the Lake, and leads over a steep hill, bringing you again to view of Ullswater. Its lowest reach, four miles in ngth, is before you; and the view terminated by the long dge of Cross Fell in the distance. Immediately under the e is a deep-indented bay, with a plot of fertile land, aversed by a small brook, and rendered cheerful by two three substantial houses of a more ornamented and showy ppearance than is usual in those wild spots.

From Pooley Bridge, at the foot of the Lake, Haweswater ay be conveniently visited. Haweswater is a lesser Ulls-ater, with this advantage, that it remains undefiled by the trusion of bad taste.

Lowther Castle is about four miles from Pooley Bridge, d, if during this Tour the Stranger has complained, as he ill have had reason to do, of a want of majestic trees, he ay be abundantly recompensed for his loss in the far-reading woods which surround that mansion. Visitants, r the most part, see little of the beauty of these magnificent rounds, being content with the view from the Terrace; but

the whole course of the Lowther, from Askham to the bridge under Brougham Hall, presents almost at every step some new feature of river, woodland, and rocky landscape. A portion of this tract has, from its beauty, acquired the name of the Elysian Fields;—but the course of the stream can only be followed by the pedestrian.

NOTE.—*Vide* p. 191.—About 200 yards beyond the last house on the Keswick side of Rydal village the road is cut through a low wooded rock, called Thrang Crag. The top of it, which is only a few steps on the south side, affords the best view of the Vale which is to be had by a Traveller who confines himself to the public road.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENERY OF THE LAKES.

SECTION FIRST.

VIEW OF THE COUNTRY AS FORMED BY NATURE.

AT Lucerne, in Switzerland, is shewn a Model of the Alpine country which encompasses the Lake of the four Cantons. The Spectator ascends a little platform, and sees mountains, lakes, glaciers, rivers, woods, waterfalls, and vallies, with their cottages, and every other object contained in them, lying at his feet; all things being represented in their appropriate colours. It may be easily conceived that this exhibition affords an exquisite delight to the imagination, tempting it to wander at will from valley to valley, from mountain to mountain, through the deepest recesses of the Alps. But it supplies also a more substantial pleasure; for the sublime and beautiful region, with all its hidden treasures, and their bearings and relations to each other, is thereby comprehended and understood at once.

Something of this kind, without touching upon minute details and individualities which would only confuse and embarrass, will here be attempted, in respect to the Lakes in the north of England, and the vales and mountains enclosing and surrounding them. The delineation, if tolerably executed, will, in some instances, communicate to the traveller, who has already seen the objects, new information; and will assist in giving to his recollections a more orderly arrangement than his own opportunities of observing may have permitted him to make; while it will be still more useful to the future traveller, by directing his attention at once to distinctions in things which, without such previous aid, a length of time only could enable him to discover. It is hoped, also, that this Essay may become generally serviceable, by leading to habits of more exact and considerate observation than, as far as the writer knows, have hitherto been applied to local scenery.

To begin, then, with the main outlines of the country;—I know not how to give the reader a distinct image of these more readily, than by requesting him to place himself with me, in imagination, upon some given point; let it be the top of either of the mountains, Great Gavel, or Scawfell; or, rather, let us suppose our station to be a cloud hanging midway between those two mountains, at not more than half a mile's distance from the summit of each, and not many yards above their highest elevation; we shall then see stretched at our feet a number of vallies, not fewer than eight, diverging from the point, on which we are supposed to stand, like spokes from the nave of a wheel. First, we note, lying to the south-east, the vale of Langdale,* which will conduct the eye to the long lake of Winandermere, stretched nearly to the sea;

* Anciently spelt Langden, and so called by the old inhabitants to this day—*dean*, from which the latter part of the word is derived, being in many parts of England a name for a valley.

or rather to the sands of the vast bay of Morcamb, serving here for the rim of this imaginary wheel;—let us trace it in a direction from the south-east towards the south, and we shall next fix our eyes upon the vale of Coniston, running up likewise from the sea, but not (as all the other vallies do) to the nave of the wheel, and therefore it may be not inaptly represented as a broken spoke sticking in the rim. Looking forth again, with an inclination towards the west, we see immediately at our feet the vale of Duddon, in which is no lake, but a copious stream, winding among fields, rocks, and mountains, and terminating its course in the sands of Duddon. The fourth vale, next to be observed, viz. that of the Esk, is of the same general character as the last, yet beautifully discriminated from it by peculiar features. Its stream passes under the woody steep upon which stands Muncaster Castle, the ancient seat of the Penningtons, and after forming a short and narrow æstuary enters the sea below the small town of Ravenglass. Next, almost due west, look down into, and along the deep valley of Wastdale, with its little chapel and half a dozen neat dwellings scattered upon a plain of meadow and corn-ground intersected with stone walls apparently innumerable, like a large piece of lawless patch-work, or an array of mathematical figures, such as in the ancient schools of geometry might have been sportively and fantastically traced out upon sand. Beyond this little fertile plain lies, within a bed of steep mountains, the long, narrow, stern, and desolate lake of Wastdale; and, beyond this, a dusky tract of level ground conducts the eye to the Irish Sea. The stream that issues from Wast-water is named the Irt, and falls into the æstuary of the river Esk. Next comes in view Ennerdale, with its lake of bold and somewhat savage shores. Its stream, the Ehen or Enna, flowing through a soft and fertile country, passes the town of Egremont, and the ruins of the castle,—then, seeming, like the

other rivers, to break through the barrier of sand thrown up by the winds on this tempestuous coast, enters the Irish Sea. The vale of Buttermere, with the lake and village of that name, and Crummock-water, beyond, next present themselves. We will follow the main stream, the Coker, through the fertile and beautiful vale of Lorton, till it is lost in the Derwent, below the noble ruins of Cockermouth Castle. Lastly, Borrowdale, of which the vale of Keswick is only a continuation, stretching due north, brings us to a point nearly opposite to the vale of Winandermere with which we began. From this it will appear, that the image of a wheel, thus far exact, is little more than one half complete; but the deficiency on the eastern side may be supplied by the vales of Wytheburn, Ulswater, Hawswater, and the vale of Grasmere and Rydal; none of these, however, run up to the central point between Great Gavel and Scawfell. From this, hitherto our central point, take a flight of not more than four or five miles eastward to the ridge of Helvellyn, and you will look down upon Wytheburn and St John's Vale, which are a branch of the vale of Keswick; upon Ulswater, stretching due east:—and not far beyond to the south-east (though from this point not visible) lie the vale and lake of Hawswater; and lastly, the vale of Grasmere, Rydal, and Ambleside, brings you back to Winandermere, thus completing, though on the eastern side in a somewhat irregular manner, the representative figure of the wheel.

Such, concisely given, is the general topographical view of the country of the Lakes in the north of England; and it may be observed, that, from the circumference to the centre, that is, from the sea or plain country to the mountain stations specified, there is—in the several ridges that enclose these vales, and divide them from each other, I mean in the forms and surfaces, first of the swelling grounds, next of the

hills and rocks, and lastly of the mountains—an ascent of almost regular gradation, from elegance and richness, to their highest point of grandeur and sublimity. It follows therefore from this, first, that these rocks, hills, and mountains, must present themselves to view in stages rising above each other, the mountains clustering together towards the central point; and next, that an observer familiar with the several vales, must, from their various position in relation to the sun, have had before his eyes every possible embellishment of beauty, dignity, and splendour, which light and shadow can bestow upon objects so diversified. For example, in the vale of Winandermere, if the spectator looks for gentle and lovely scenes, his eye is turned towards the south; if for the grand, towards the north: in the vale of Keswick, which (as hath been said) lies almost due north of this, it is directly the reverse. Hence, when the sun is setting in summer far to the north-west, it is seen, by the spectator from the shores or breast of Winandermere, resting among the summits of the loftiest mountains, some of which will perhaps be half or wholly hidden by clouds, or by the blaze of light which the orb diffuses around it; and the surface of the lake will reflect before the eye correspondent colours through every variety of beauty, and through all degrees of splendour. In the vale of Keswick, at the same period, the sun sets over the humbler regions of the landscape, and showers down upon *them* the radiance which at once veils and glorifies,—sending forth, meanwhile, broad streams of rosy, crimson, purple, or golden light, towards the grand mountains in the south and south-east, which, thus illuminated, with all their projections and cavities, and with an intermixture of solemn shadows, are seen distinctly through a cool and clear atmosphere. Of course, there is as marked a difference between the *noontide* appearance of these two opposite vales. The bedimming haze that over-

spreads the south, and the clear atmosphere and determined shadows of the clouds in the north, at the same time of the day, are each seen in these several vales, with a contrast as striking. The reader will easily conceive in what degree the intermediate vales partake of a kindred variety.

I do not indeed know any tract of country in which, within so narrow a compass, may be found an equal variety in the influences of light and shadow upon the sublime or beautiful features of landscape; and it is owing to the combined circumstances to which the reader's attention has been directed. From a point between Great Gavel and Scawfell, a shepherd would not require more than an hour to descend into any one of eight of the principal vales by which he would be surrounded; and all the others lie (with the exception of Hawswater) at but a small distance. Yet, though clustered together, every valley has its distinct and separate character: in some instances, as if they had been formed in studied contrast to each other, and in others with the united pleasing differences and resemblances of a sisterly rivalship. This concentration of interest gives to the country a decided superiority over the most attractive districts of England and Wales, especially for the pedestrian traveller. In Scotland and Wales are found, undoubtedly, individual scenes, which, in their several kinds, cannot be excelled. But, in Scotland, particularly, what long tracts of desolate country intervene! so that the traveller, when he reaches a spot deservedly of great celebrity, would find it difficult to determine how much of his pleasure is owing to excellence inherent in the landscape itself; and how much to an instantaneous recovery from an oppression left upon his spirits by the barrenness and desolation through which he has passed.

But to proceed with our survey;—and, first, of the MOUNTAINS. Their *forms* are endlessly diversified, sweeping easy or boldly in simple majesty, abrupt and precipitous, or

soft and elegant. In magnitude and grandeur they are individually inferior to the most celebrated of those in some other parts of this island; but, in the combinations which they make, towering above each other, or lifting themselves in ridges like the waves of a tumultuous sea, and in the beauty and variety of their surfaces and colours, they are surpassed by none.

The general *surface* of the mountains is turf, rendered rich and green by the moisture of the climate. Sometimes the turf, as in the neighbourhood of Newlands, is little broken, the whole covering being soft and downy pasturage. In other places rocks predominate; the soil is laid bare by torrents and burstings of water from the sides of the mountains in heavy rains; and not unfrequently their perpendicular sides are seamed by ravines (formed also by rains and torrents) which, meeting in angular points, entrench and scar the surface with numerous figures like the letters W and Y.

In the ridge that divides Eskdale from Wasdale, granite is found; but the MOUNTAINS are for the most part composed of the stone by mineralogists termed schist, which, as you approach the plain country, gives place to limestone and freestone; but schist being the substance of the mountains, the predominant *colour* of their *rocky* parts is bluish, or hoary grey—the general tint of the lichens with which the bare stone is encrusted. With this blue or grey colour is frequently intermixed a red tinge, proceeding from the iron that interveins the stone, and impregnates the soil. The iron is the principle of decomposition in these rocks; and hence, when they become pulverized, the elementary particles crumbling down, overspread in many places the steep and almost precipitous sides of the mountains with an intermixture of colours, like the compound hues of a dove's neck. When in the heat of advancing summer, the fresh

green tint of the herbage has somewhat faded, it is again revived by the appearance of the fern profusely spread over the same ground: and, upon this plant, more than upon anything else, do the changes which the seasons make in the colouring of the mountains depend. About the first week in October, the rich green, which prevailed through the whole summer, is usually passed away. The brilliant and various colours of the fern are then in harmony with the autumnal woods; bright yellow or lemon colour, at the base of the mountains, melting gradually, through orange, to a dark russet brown towards the summits, where the plant, being more exposed to the weather, is in a more advanced state of decay. Neither heath nor furze are *generally* found upon the *sides* of these mountains, though in many places they are adorned by those plants, so beautiful when in flower. We may add, that the mountains are of height sufficient to have the surface towards the summit softened by distance, and to imbibe the finest aërial hues. In common also with other mountains, their apparent forms and colours are perpetually changed by the clouds and vapours which float round them: the effect indeed of mist or haze, in a country of this character, is like that of magic. I have seen six or seven ridges rising above each other, all created in a moment by the vapours upon the side of a mountain, which, in its ordinary appearance, shewed not a projecting point to furnish even a hint for such an operation.

I will take this opportunity of observing, that they who have studied the appearances of Nature feel that the superiority, in point of visual interest, of mountainous over other countries—is more strikingly displayed in winter than in summer. This, as must be obvious, is partly owing to the *forms* of the mountains, which, of course, are not affected by the seasons; but also, in no small degree, to the greater variety that exists in their winter than their summer *colour-*

ing. This variety is such, and so harmoniously preserved, that it leaves little cause of regret when the splendour of autumn is passed away. The oak-coppices, upon the sides of the mountains, retain russet leaves; the birch stands conspicuous with its silver stem and puce-coloured twigs; the hollies, with green leaves and scarlet berries, have come forth to view from among the deciduous trees, whose summer foliage had concealed them; the ivy is now plentifully apparent upon the stems and boughs of the trees, and upon the steep rocks. In place of the deep summer-green of the herbage and fern, many rich colours play into each other over the surface of the mountains; turf (the tints of which are interchangeably tawny-green, olive, and brown), beds of withered fern, and grey rocks, being harmoniously blended together. The mosses and lichens are never so fresh and flourishing as in winter, if it be not a season of frost; and their minute beauties prodigally adorn the foreground. Wherever we turn, we find these productions of Nature, to which winter is rather favourable than unkindly, scattered over the walls, banks of earth, rocks, and stones, and upon the trunks of trees, with the intermixture of several species of small fern, now green and fresh; and, to the observing passenger, their forms and colours are a source of inexhaustible admiration. Add to this the hoar-frost and snow, with all the varieties they create, and which volumes would not be sufficient to describe. I will content myself with one instance of the colouring produced by snow, which may not be uninteresting to painters. It is extracted from the memorandum-book of a friend; and for its accuracy I can speak, having been an eye-witness of the appearance. 'I observed,' says he, 'the beautiful effect of the drifted snow upon the mountains, and the perfect *tone* of colour. From the top of the mountains downwards a rich olive was produced by the powdery snow and the grass, which olive was warmed with a little brown, and in this

way harmoniously combined, by insensible gradations, with the white. The drifting took away the monotony of snow; and the whole vale of Grasmere, seen from the terrace walk in Easedale, was as varied, perhaps more so, than even in the pomp of autumn. In the distance was Loughrigg-Fell, the basin-wall of the lake; this, from the summit downward, was a rich orange-olive; then the lake of a bright olive-green, nearly the same tint as the snow-powdered mountain tops and high slopes in Easedale; and lastly, the church, with its firs, forming the centre of the view. Next to the church came nine distinguishable hills, six of them with woody sides turned towards us, all of them oak-copses with their bright red leaves and snow-powdered twigs; those hills—so variously situated in relation to each other, and to the view in general, so variously powdered, some only enough to give the herbage a rich brown tint, one intensely white and lighting up all the others—were yet so placed, as in the most inobtrusive manner to harmonise by contrast with a perfect naked, snowless bleak summit in the far distance.'

Having spoken of the forms, surface, and colour of the mountains, let us descend into the VALES. Though these have been represented under the general image of the spokes of a wheel, they are, for the most part, winding; the windings of many being abrupt and intricate. And, it may be observed, that, in one circumstance, the general shape of them all has been determined by that primitive conformation through which so many became receptacles of lakes. For they are not formed, as are most of the celebrated Welsh vallies, by an approximation of the sloping bases of the opposite mountains towards each other, leaving little more between than a channel for the passage of a hasty river; but the bottom of these vallies is mostly a spacious and gently declining area, apparently level as the floor of a temple, or the surface of a lake, and broken in many cases,

by rocks and hills, which rise up like islands from the plain. In such of the vallies as make many windings, these level areas open upon the traveller in succession, divided from each other sometimes by a mutual approximation of the hills, leaving only passage for a river, sometimes by corresponding windings, without such approximation; and sometimes by a bold advance of one mountain towards that which is opposite it. It may here be observed with propriety that the several rocks and hills, which have been described as rising up like islands from the level area of the vale, have regulated the choice of the inhabitants in the situation of their dwellings. Where none of these are found, and the inclination of the ground is not sufficiently rapid easily to carry off the waters (as in the higher part of Langdale, for instance), the houses are not sprinkled over the middle of the vales, but confined to their sides, being placed merely so far up the mountain as to be protected from the floods. But where these rocks and hills have been scattered over the plain of the vale (as in Grasmere, Donnerdale, Eskdale, &c.), the beauty which they give to the scene is much heightened by a single cottage, or cluster of cottages, that will be almost always found under them, or upon their sides; dryness and shelter having tempted the Dalesmen to fix their habitations there.

I shall now speak of the LAKES of this country. The form of the lake is most perfect when, like Derwent-water, and some of the smaller lakes, it least resembles that of a river;—I mean, when being looked at from any given point where the whole may be seen at once, the width of it bears such proportion to the length, that, however the outline may be diversified by far-receding bays, it never assumes the shape of a river, and is contemplated with that placid and quiet feeling which belongs peculiarly to the lake—as a body of still water under the influence of no current;

reflecting therefore the clouds, the light, and all the imagery of the sky and surrounding hills; expressing also and making visible the changes of the atmosphere, and motions of the lightest breeze, and subject to agitation only from the winds—

> ——————The visible scene
> Would enter unawares into his mind
> With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
> Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
> Into the bosom of the *steady* lake!

It must be noticed, as a favourable characteristic of the lakes of this country, that, though several of the largest, such as Winandermere, Ulswater, Hawswater, do, when the whole length of them is commanded from an elevated point, lose somewhat of the peculiar form of the lake, and assume the resemblance of a magnificent river; yet, as their shape is winding (particularly that of Ulswater and Hawswater), when the view of the whole is obstructed by those barriers which determine the windings, and the spectator is confined to one reach, the appropriate feeling is revived; and one lake may thus in succession present to the eye the essential characteristic of many. But, though the forms of the large lakes have this advantage, it is nevertheless favourable to the beauty of the country that the largest of them are comparatively small; and that the same vale generally furnishes a succession of lakes, instead of being filled with one. The vales in North Wales, as hath been observed, are not formed for the reception of lakes; those of Switzerland, Scotland, and this part of the North of England, *are* so formed; but, in Switzerland and Scotland, the proportion of diffused water is often too great, as at the lake of Geneva for instance, and in most of the Scotch lakes. No doubt it sounds magnificent and flatters the imagination, to hear at a distance of expanses of water so many leagues in length and miles in width; and such ample room may be delightful to

the fresh-water sailor, scudding with a lively breeze amid the rapidly-shifting scenery. But, who ever travelled along the banks of Loch-Lomond, variegated as the lower part is by islands, without feeling that a speedier termination of the long vista of blank water would be acceptable; and without wishing for an interposition of green meadows, trees, and cottages, and a sparkling stream to run by his side? In fact, a notion, of grandeur, as connected with magnitude, has seduced persons of taste into a general mistake upon this subject. It is much more desirable, for the purposes of pleasure, that lakes should be numerous, and small or middle-sized, than large, not only for communication by walks and rides, but for variety, and for recurrence of similar appearances. To illustrate this by one instance:—how pleasing is it to have a ready and frequent opportunity of watching, at the outlet of a lake, the stream pushing its way among the rocks in lively contrast with the stillness from which it has escaped; and how amusing to compare its noisy and turbulent motions with the gentle playfulness of the breezes, that may be starting up or wandering here and there over the faintly-rippled surface of the broad water! I may add, as a general remark, that, in lakes of great width, the shores cannot be distinctly seen at the same time, and therefore contribute little to mutual illustration and ornament; and, if the opposite shores are out of sight of each other, like those of the American and Asiatic lakes, then unfortunately the traveller is reminded of a nobler object; he has the blankness of a sea-prospect without the grandeur and accompanying sense of power.

As the comparatively small size of the lakes in the North of England is favourable to the production of variegated landscape, their *boundary-line* also is for the most part gracefully or boldly indented. That uniformity which prevails in the primitive frame of the lower grounds among all

chains or clusters of mountains where large bodies of still water are bedded, is broken by the *secondary* agents of Nature, ever at work to supply the deficiencies of the mould in which things were originally cast. Using the word *deficiencies*, I do not speak with reference to those stronger emotions which a region of mountains is peculiarly fitted to excite. The bases of those huge barriers may run for a long space in straight lines, and these parallel to each other; the opposite sides of a profound vale may ascend as exact counterparts, or in mutual reflection, like the billows of a troubled sea; and the impression be, from its very simplicity, more awful and sublime. Sublimity is the result of Nature's first great dealings with the superficies of the Earth; but the general tendency of her subsequent operations is towards the production of beauty; by a multiplicity of symmetrical parts uniting in a consistent whole. This is everywhere exemplified along the margins of these lakes. Masses of rock, that have been precipitated from the heights into the area of waters, lie in some places like stranded ships; or have acquired the compact structure of jutting piers; or project in little peninsulas crested with native wood. The smallest rivulet—one whose silent influx is scarcely noticeable in a season of dry weather—so faint is the dimple made by it on the surface of the smooth lake—will be found to have been not useless in shaping, by its deposits of gravel and soil in time of flood, a curve that would not otherwise have existed. But the more powerful brooks, encroaching upon the level of the lake, have, in course of time, given birth to ample promontories of sweeping outline that contrast boldly with the longitudinal base of the steeps on the opposite shore; while their flat or gently-sloping surfaces never fail to introduce, into the midst of desolation and barrenness, the elements of fertility, even where the habitations of men may not have been raised. These alluvial

promontories, however, threaten, in some places, to bisect the waters which they have long adorned; and, in course o ages, they will cause some of the lakes to dwindle int numerous aud insignificant pools; which, in their turn, wil finally be filled up. But, checking these intrusive calculation let us rather be content with appearances as they are, an pursue in imagination the meandering shores, whether rugge steeps, admitting of no cultivation, descend into the wate or gently sloping lawns and woods, or flat and ferti meadows, stretch between the margin of the lake and t mountains. Among minuter recommendations will noticed, especially along bays exposed to the setting-in strong winds, the curved lime of fine blue gravel, thro up in course of time by the waves, half of it perhaps glea ing from under the water, and the corresponding half of lighter hue; and in other parts bordering the lake, grov if I may so call them, of reeds and bulrushes; or pl of water-lilies lifting up their large target-shaped leav to the breeze, while the white flower is heaving upon t wave.

To these may naturally be added the birds that enliv the waters. Wild-ducks in spring-time hatch their you in the islands, and upon reedy shores;—the sand-pip flitting along the stony margins, by its restless note attra the eye to motions as restless:—upon some jutting rock, at the edge of a smooth meadow, the stately heron may descried with folded wings, that might seem to have caug their delicate hues from the blue waters, by the side which she watches for her sustenance. In winter, the lak are sometimes resorted to by wild swans; and in that seas habitually by widgeons, goldings, and other aquatic fowl the smaller species. Let me be allowed the aid of verse describe the evolutions which these visitants sometimes pe form, on a fine day towards the close of winter.

Mark how the feather'd tenants of the flood,
With grace of motion that might scarcely seem
Inferior to angelical, prolong
Their curious pastime! shaping in mid air
(And sometimes with ambitious wing that soars
High as the level of the mountain tops,)
A circuit ampler than the lake beneath,
Their own domain;—but ever, while intent
On tracing and retracing that large round,
Their jubilant activity evolves
Hundreds of curves and circlets, to and fro,
Upward and downward, progress intricate
Yet unperplex'd, as if one spirit swayed
Their indefatigable flight.—'Tis done—
Ten times, or more, I fancied it had ceased;
But lo! the vanished company again
Ascending;—they approach—I hear their wings
Faint, faint at first, and then an eager sound,
Past in a moment—and as faint again!
They tempt the sun to sport amid their plumes;
They tempt the water, or the gleaming ice,
To shew them a fair image; 'tis themselves,
Their own fair forms, upon the glimmering plain,
Painted more soft and fair as they descend
Almost to touch;—then up again aloft,
Up with a sally and a flash of speed,
As if they scorned both resting-place and rest!

The ISLANDS, dispersed among these lakes, are neither so ımerous nor so beautiful as might be expected from the ɔount that has been given of the manner in which the 'el areas of the vales are so frequently diversified by rocks, ls, and hillocks, scattered over them; nor are they or-ɔɪented (as are several of the lakes in Scotland and Ire-d) by the remains of castles or other places of defence; : with the still more interesting ruins of religious edifices. ery one must regret that scarcely a vestige is left of the atory, consecrated to the Virgin, which stood upon Chapel-ɔlm in Windermere, and that the Chauntry has disappeared, here mass used to be sung, upon St Herbert's Island, Der-'ent-water. The islands of the last-mentioned lake are

neither fortunately placed nor of pleasing shape: but if the wood upon them were managed with more taste, they might become interesting features in the landscape. There is a beautiful cluster on Winandermere; a pair pleasingly contrasted upon Rydal; nor must the solitary green island of Grasmere be forgotten. In the bosom of each of the lakes of Ennerdale and Devockwater is a single rock, which owing to its neighbourhood to the sea, is—

The haunt of cormorants and sea-mews' clang,

a music well suited to the stern and wild character of the several scenes! It may be worth while here to mention (not as an object of beauty, but of curiosity) that there occasionally appears above the surface of Derwent-water, and always in the same place, a considerable tract of spongy ground covered with aquatic plants, which is called the Floating, but with more propriety might be named the Buoyant, Island; and, on one of the pools near the lake of Esthwaite, may sometimes be seen a mossy Islet, with trees upon it, shifting about before the wind, a *lusus naturæ* frequent on the great rivers of America, and not unknown in other parts of the world.

————fas habeas invisere Tiburis arva,
Albuneaeque lacum, atque umbras terrasque natantes.*

This part of the subject may be concluded with observing —that, from the multitude of brooks and torrents that fall into these lakes, and of internal springs by which they are fed, and which circulate through them like veins, they are truly living lakes, '*vivi lacus*;' and are thus discriminated from the stagnant and sullen pools frequent among mountains that have been formed by volcanoes, and from the shallow meres found in flat and fenny countries. The water is also

* See that admirable Idyllium, the Catillus and Salia, of Landor.

of crystalline purity; so that, if it were not for the reflections of the incumbent mountains by which it is darkened, a delusion might be felt, by a person resting quietly in a boat on the bosom of Winandermere or Derwent-water, similar to that which Carver so beautifully describes when he was floating alone in the middle of lake Erie or Ontario, and could almost have imagined that his boat was suspended in an element as pure as air, or rather that the air and water were one.

Having spoken of Lakes I must not omit to mention, as a kindred feature of this country, those bodies of still water called TARNS. In the economy of Nature these are useful, as auxiliars to Lakes; for if the whole quantity of water which falls upon the mountains in time of storm were poured down upon the plains without intervention, in some quarters, of such receptacles, the habitable grounds would be much more subject than they are to inundation. But, as some of the collateral brooks spend their fury, finding a free course toward and also down the channel of the main stream of the vale before those that have to pass through the higher tarns and lakes have filled their several basins, a gradual distribution is effected; and the waters thus reserved, instead of uniting, to spread ravage and deformity, with those which meet with no such detention, contribute to support, for a length of time, the vigour of many streams without a fresh fall of rain. Tarns are found in some of the vales, and are numerous upon the mountains. A Tarn, in a *Vale*, implies, for the most part, that the bed of the vale is not happily formed; that the water of the brooks can neither wholly escape, nor diffuse itself over a large area. Accordingly, in such situations, Tarns are often surrounded by an unsightly tract of boggy ground; but this is not always the case, and in the cultivated parts of the country, when the shores of the Tarn are determined, it differs only from the Lake in

being smaller, and in belonging mostly to a smaller valley, or circular recess. Of this class of miniature lakes, Loughrigg Tarn, near Grasmere, is the most beautiful example. It has a margin of green firm meadows, of rocks, and rocky woods, a few reeds here, a little company of water-lilies there, with beds of gravel or stone beyond; a tiny stream issuing neither briskly nor sluggishly out of it; but its feeding rills, from the shortness of their course, so small as to be scarcely visible. Five or six cottages are reflected in its peaceful bosom; rocky and barren steeps rise up above the hanging enclosures; and the solemn Pikes of Langdale overlook, from a distance, the low cultivated ridge of land that forms the northern boundary of this small, quiet, and fertile domain. The *mountain* Tarns can only be recommended to the notice of the inquisitive traveller who has time to spare. They are difficult of access and naked; yet some of them are, in their permanent forms, very grand; and there are accidents of things which would make the meanest of them interesting. At all events, one of these pools is an acceptable sight to the mountain wanderer; not merely as an incident that diversifies the prospect, but as forming in his mind a centre or conspicuous point to which objects, otherwise disconnected or insubordinated, may b referred. Some few have a varied outline, with bold hea- th clad promontories; and, as they mostly lie at the foot o steep precipice, the water, where the sun is not shin upon it, appears black and sullen; and, round the marg huge stones and masses of rock are scattered; some defyi conjecture as to the means by which they came thither; a others obviously fallen from on high—the contribution ages! A not unpleasing sadness is induced by this pe plexity, and these images of decay; while the prospect of body of pure water unattended with groves and oth cheerful rural images, by which fresh water is usual

accompanied, and unable to give furtherance to the meagre vegetation around it—excites a sense of some repulsive power strongly put forth, and thus deepens the melancholy natural to such scenes. Nor is the feeling of solitude often more forcibly or more solemnly impressed than by the side of one of these mountain pools: though desolate and forbidding, it seems a distinct place to repair to; yet where the visitants must be rare, and there can be no disturbance Water-fowl flock hither; and the lonely angler may here be seen; but the imagination, not content with this scanty allowance of society, is tempted to attribute a voluntary power to every change which takes place in such a spot, whether it be the breeze that wanders over the surface of the water, or the splendid lights of evening resting upon it in the midst of awful precipices.

> There, sometimes does a leaping fish
> Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
> The crags repeat the raven's croak
> In symphony austere:
> Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,
> And mists that spread the flying shroud,
> And sunbeams, and the sounding blast.

It will be observed that this country is bounded on the south and east by the sea, which combines beautifully, from many elevated points, with the inland scenery; and, from the bay of Morecamb, the sloping shores and back-ground of distant mountains are seen, composing pictures equally distinguished for amenity and grandeur. But the æstuaries on this coast are in a great measure bare at low water;* and there is no instance of the sea running far up among

* In fact there is not an instance of a harbour on the Cumberland side of the Solway frith that is not dry at low water; that of Ravenglass, at the mouth of the Esk, as a natural harbour is much the best. The Sea appears to have been retiring slowly for ages from this coast. From Whitehaven to St Bees extends a tract of level ground, about five miles in length, which formerly must have been under salt water, so as to have made an island of the high ground that stretches between it and the Sea.

the mountains, and mingling with the lakes, which are such in the strict and usual sense of the word, being of fresh water. Nor have the streams, from the shortness of their course, time to acquire that body of water necessary to confer upon them much majesty. In fact, the most considerable, while they continue in the mountain and lake-country, are rather large brooks than rivers. The water is perfectly pellucid, through which in many places are seen, to a great depth, their beds of rock, or of blue gravel, which give to the water itself an exquisitely cerulean colour: this is particularly striking in the rivers Derwent and Duddon, which may be compared, such and so various are their beauties, to any two rivers of equal length of course in any country. The number of the torrents and smaller brooks is infinite, with their waterfalls and water-breaks; and they need not here be described. I will only observe that, as many, even of the smallest rills, have either found, or made for themselves, recesses in the sides of the mountains or in the vales, they have tempted the primitive inhabitants to settle near them for shelter; and hence, cottages so placed, by seeming to withdraw from the eye, are the more endeared to the feelings.

The WOODS consist chiefly of oak, ash, and birch, and here and there Wych-elm, with underwood of hazel, the white and black thorn, and hollies; in moist places alders and willows abound; and yews among the rocks. Formerly the whole country must have been covered with wood to a great height up the mountains; where native Scotch firs* must have grown in great profusion, as they do in the northern part of Scotland to this day. But not one of these

* This species of fir is in character much superior to the American which has usurped its place: Where the fir is planted for ornament, let it be by all means of the aboriginal species, which can only be procured from the Scotch Nurseries.

abitants has existed, perhaps, for some hundreds of the beautiful traces, however, of the universal sylvan* ınce the country formerly had, yet survive in the coppice-woods that have been protected by inclosures, so in the forest-trees and hollies, which, though dis-ng fast, are yet scattered both over the inclosed and sed parts of the mountains. The same is expressed beauty and intricacy with which the fields and -woods are often intermingled: the plough of the ttlers having followed naturally the veins of richer, or less stony soil; and thus it has shaped out an xture of wood and lawn, with a grace and wildness it would have been impossible for the hand of studied produce. . Other trees have been introduced within last fifty years, such as beeches, larches, limes, &c., ıntations of firs, seldom with advantage, and often with njury to the appearance of the country; but the re (which I believe was brought into this island from ıy, not more than two hundred years ago) has long he favourite of the cottagers; and, with the fir, has hosen to screen their dwellings: and is sometimes in the fields whither the winds or the waters may ırried its seeds.

want most felt, however, is that of timber trees. ıre few *magnificent* ones to be found near any of the and unless greater care be taken, there will, in a short scarcely be left an ancient oak that would repay t of felling. The neighbourhood of Rydal, notwith-ıg the havoc which has been made, is yet nobly uished. In the woods of Lowther, also, is found an matchless store of ancient trees, and the majesty and ss of the native forest.

ong the smaller vegetable ornaments must be reckoned

quirrel (so I have heard the old people of Wytheburn say) might ne from their chapel to Keswick without alighting on the ground.

the bilberry, a ground plant, never so beautiful as in early spring, when it is seen under bare or budding trees, that imperfectly intercept the sunshine, covering the rocky knolls with a pure mantle of fresh verdure, more lively than the herbage of the open fields;—the broom, that spreads luxuriantly along rough pastures, and in the month of June interveins the steep copses with its golden blossoms;—and the juniper, a rich evergreen, that thrives in spite of cattle, upon the uninclosed parts of the mountains:—the Dutch myrtle diffuses fragrance in moist places; and there is an endless variety of brilliant flowers in the fields and meadows, which, if the agriculture of the country were more carefully attended to, would disappear. Nor can I omit again to notice the lichens and mosses: their profusion, beauty, and variety exceed those of any other country I have seen.

It may now be proper to say a few words respecting climate, and "skiey influences," in which this region, as far as the character of its landscapes is affected by them, may, upon the whole, be considered fortunate. The country is, indeed, subject to much bad weather, and it has been ascertained that twice as much rain falls here as in many parts of the island; but the number of black drizzling days, th blot out the face of things, is by no means *proportion* great. Nor is a continuance of thick, flagging, damp so common as in the West of England and Ireland. The r here comes down heartily, and is frequently succeeded clear, bright weather, when every brook is vocal, and ev torrent sonorous; brooks and torrents, which are nev muddy, even in the heaviest floods, except, after a droug they happen to be defiled for a short time by waters th have swept along dusty roads, or have broken out in ploughed fields. Days of unsettled weather, with parti showers, are very frequent; but the showers, darkening, o

brightening, as they fly from hill to hill, are not less grateful to the eye than finely interwoven passages of gay and sad music are touching to the ear. Vapours exhaling from the lakes and meadows after sun-rise, in a hot season, or, in moist weather, brooding upon the heights, or descending towards the valleys with inaudible motion, give a visionary character to every thing around them; and are in themselves so beautiful, as to dispose us to enter into the feelings of those simple nations (such as the Laplanders of this day), by whom they are taken for guardian deities of the mountains; or to sympathise with others who have fancied these delicate apparitions to be the spirits of their departed ancestors. Akin to these are fleecy clouds resting upon the hill-tops; they are not easily managed in picture, with their accompaniments of blue sky; but how glorious are they in Nature! how pregnant with imagination for the poet! and the height of the Cumbrian mountains is sufficient to exhibit daily and hourly instances of those mysterious attachments. Such clouds, cleaving to their stations, or lifting up suddenly their glittering heads from behind rocky barriers, or hurrying out of sight with speed of the sharpest sledge—will often tempt an inhabitant to congratulate himself on belonging to a country of mists and clouds and storms, and make him think of the blank sky of Egypt, and of the cerulean vacancy of Italy, as an unanimated and even a sad spectacle. The atmosphere, however, as in every country subject to much rain, is frequently unfavourable to landscape, especially when keen winds succeed the rain, which are apt to produce coldness, spottiness, and an unmeaning or repulsive detail in the distance;—a sunless frost, under a canopy of leaden and shapeless clouds, is, as far as it allows things to be seen, equally disagreeable.

It has been said that in human life there are moments worth ages. In a more subdued tone of sympathy may we

affirm, that in the climate of England there are, for the lover of Nature, days which are worth whole months,—I might say—even years. One of these favoured days sometimes occurs in spring-time, when that soft air is breathing over the blossoms and new-born verdure, which inspired Buchanan with his beautiful Ode to the first of May; the air, which, in the luxuriance of his fancy, he likens to that of the golden age,—to that which gives motion to the funereal cypresses on the banks of Lethe;—to the air which is to salute beatified spirits when expiatory fires shall have consumed the earth with all her habitations. But it is in autumn that days of such affecting influence most frequently intervene;—the atmosphere seems refined, and the sky rendered more crystalline, as the vivifying heat of the year abates; the lights and shadows are more delicate; the colouring is richer and more finely harmonised; and, in this season of stillness, the ear being unoccupied, or only gently excited, the sense of vision becomes more susceptible of its appropriate enjoyments. A resident in a country like this which we are treating of, will agree with me, that the presence of a lake is indispensable to exhibit in perfection the beauty of one of these days; and he must have experienced, while looking on the unruffled waters, that the imagination, by their aid, is carried into recesses of feeling otherwise impenetrable. The reason of this is, that the heavens are not only brought down into the bosom of the earth, but that the earth is mainly looked at, and thought of, through the medium of a purer element. The happiest time is when the equinoxial gales are departed; but their fury may probably be called to mind by the sight of a few shattered boughs, whose leaves do not differ in colour from the faded foliage of the stately oaks from which these relics of the storm depend: all else speaks of tranquillity;—not a breath of air, no restlessness of insects, and not a moving

object perceptible—except the clouds gliding in the depths of the lake, or the traveller passing along, an inverted image, whose motion seems governed by the quiet of a time, to which its archetype, the living person, is, perhaps, insensible:—or it may happen, that the figure of one of the larger birds, a raven or a heron, is crossing silently among the reflected clouds, while the voice of the real bird, from the element aloft, gently awakens in the spectator the recollection of appetites and instincts, pursuits and occupations, that deform and agitate the world,—yet have no power to prevent Nature from putting on an aspect capable of satisfying the most intense cravings for the tranquil, the lovely, and the perfect, to which man, the noblest of her creatures, is subject.

Thus far, of climate, as influencing the feelings through its effect on the objects of sense. We may add, that whatever has been said upon the advantages derived to these scenes from a changeable atmosphere, would apply, perhaps still more forcibly, to their appearance under the varied solemnities of night. Milton, it will be remembered, has given a *clouded* moon to Paradise itself. In the night-season also, the narrowness of the vales, and comparative smallness of the lakes, are especially adapted to bring surrounding objects home to the eye and to the heart. The stars, taking their stations above the hill-tops, are contemplated from a spot like the Abyssinian recess of Rasselas, with much more touching interest than they are likely to excite when looked at from an open country with ordinary undulations; and it must be obvious, that it is the *bays* only of large lakes that can present such contrasts of light and shadow as those of smaller dimensions display from every quarter. A deep contracted valley, with diffused waters, such a valley and plains level and wide as those of Chaldea, are the two extremes in which the beauty of the heavens and their connexion with

the earth are most sensibly felt. Nor do the advantages I have been speaking of imply here an exclusion of the aerial effects of distance. These are insured by the height of the mountains, and are found, even in the narrowest vales, where they lengthen in perspective, or act (if the expression may be used) as telescopes for the open country.

The subject would bear to be enlarged upon: but I will conclude this section with a night-scene suggested by the Vale of Keswick. The Fragment is well known; but it gratifies me to insert it, as the Writer was one of the first who led the way to a worthy admiration of this country.

Now sunk the sun, now twilight sunk, and night
Rode in her zenith; not a passing breeze
Sigh'd to the grove, which in the midnight air
Stood motionless, and in the peaceful floods
Inverted hung: for now the billows slept
Along the shore, nor heav'd the deep; but spread
A shining mirror to the moon's pale orb,
Which, dim and waning, o'er the shadowy cliffs,
The solemn woods, and spiry mountain tops,
Her glimmering faintness threw: now every eye,
Oppress'd with toil, was drown'd in deep repose,
Save that the unseen Shepherd in his watch,
Propp'd on his crook, stood listening by the fold,
And gaz'd the starry vault, and pendant moon;
Nor voice, nor sound, broke on the deep serene;
But the soft murmur of swift-gushing rills,
Forth issuing from the mountain's distant steep,
(Unheard till now, and now scarce heard) proclaim'd
All things at rest, and imag'd the still voice
Of quiet, whispering in the ear of Night.*

* Dr Brown, the author of this fragment, was from his infancy bro[illegible]gh up in Cumberland, and should have remembered that the practice of [illegible]ol ing sheep by night is unknown among these mountains, and that the in[illegible] of the Shepherd upon the watch is out of its place, and belongs only to c[illegible] tries with a warmer climate, that are subject to ravages from beasts of p[illegible] It is pleasing to notice a dawn of imaginative feeling in these ver[illegible] Tickel, a man of no common genius, chose, for the subject of a Poem, K[illegible] sington Gardens, in preference to the Banks of the Derwent, within a [illegible] or two of which he was born. But this was in the reign of Queen A[illegible] or George the first. Progress must have been made in the interval; tho[illegible]g the traces of it, except in the works of Thomson and Dyer, are not v[illegible]ry obvious.

Second Section.

ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY, AS AFFECTED BY ITS INHABITANTS.

Hitherto I have chiefly spoken of the features by which Nature has discriminated this country from others. I will now describe, in general terms, in what manner it is indebted to the hand of man. What I have to notice on this subject will emanate most easily and perspicuously from a description of the ancient and present inhabitants, their occupations, their condition of life, the distribution of landed property among them, and the tenure by which it is holden.

The reader will suffer me here to recall to his mind the shapes of the vallies, and their position with respect to each other, and the forms and substance of the intervening mountains. He will people the vallies with lakes and rivers: the coves and sides of the mountains with pools and torrents; and will bound half of the circle which we have contemplated by the sands of the sea, or by the sea itself. He will conceive that, from the point upon which he stood, he looks down upon this scene before the country had been penetrated by any inhabitants:—to vary his sensations, and to break in upon their stillness, he will form to himself an image of the tides visiting and re-visiting the friths, the main sea dashing against the bolder shore, the rivers pursuing their course to be lost in the mighty mass of waters. He may see or hear in fancy the wind sweeping over the lakes, or piping with a loud voice among the mountain peaks; and, lastly, may think of the primeval woods shedding and renewing their leaves with no human eye to notice, or human heart to regret or welcome the change. 'When the first settlers entered this region (says an animated writer) they found it overspread with wood; forest trees, the fir, the oak, the ash, and the birch had

skirted the fells, tufted the hills, and shaded the vallies through centuries of silent solitude; the birds and beasts of prey reigned over the meeker species; and the *bellum inter omnia* maintained the balance of Nature in the empire of beasts.'

Such was the state and appearance of this region when the aboriginal colonists of the Celtic tribes were first driven or drawn towards it, and became joint tenants with the wolf, the boar, the wild bull, the red deer, and the leigh, a gigantic species of deer which has been long extinct; while the inaccessible crags were occupied by the falcon, the raven, and the eagle. The inner parts were too secluded, and of too little value, to participate much of the benefit of Roman manners; and though these conquerors encouraged the Britons to the improvement of their lands in the plain country of Furness and Cumberland, they seem to have had little connexion with the mountains, except for military purposes, or in subservience to the profit they drew from the mines.

When the Romans retired from Great Britain, it is well known that these mountain-fastnesses furnished a protection to some unsubdued Britons, long after the more accessible and more fertile districts had been seized by the Saxon or Danish invader. A few, though distinct, traces of Roman forts or camps, as at Ambleside, and upon Dunmallet, and a few circles of rude stones attributed to the Druids,* are the

* It is not improbable that these circles were once numerous, and that many of them may yet endure in a perfect state, under no very deep covering of soil. A friend of the Author, while making a trench in a level piece of ground, not far from the banks of the Emont, but in no connection with that river, met with some stones which seemed to him formally arranged; this excited his curiosity, and proceeding, he uncovered a perfect circle of stones, from two to three or four feet high, with a *sanctum sanctorum*,—the whole a complete place of Druidical worship of small dimensions, having the same sort of relation to Stonehenge, Long Meg and her Daughters near the river Eden, and Karl Lofts near Shap (if this last be not Danish), that a rural chapel bears to a stately church, or to one of our noble cathedrals. This interesting little monument having passed, with

vestiges that remain upon the surface of the country iese ancient occupants; and, as the Saxons and Danes, succeeded to the possession of the villages and hamlets :h had been established by the Britons, seem at first to : confined themselves to the open country,—we may end at once to times long posterior to the conquest by Normans, when their feudal polity was regularly estab- :d. We may easily conceive that these narrow dales mountain sides, choked up as they must have been wood, lying out of the way of communication with r parts of the Island, and upon the edge of a hostile dom, could have little attraction for the high-born and :rful; especially as the more open parts of the country ished positions for castles and houses of defence

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:ld in which it was found, into other hands, has been destroyed. It ich to be regretted, that the striking relic of Antiquity at Shap has in a great measure destroyed also.

: DAUGHTERS of LONG MEG are placed not in an oblong, as the STONES AP, but in a perfect circle, eighty yards in diameter, and seventy-two mber, and from above three yards high, to less than so many feet: le way out of the circle stands LONG MEG herself—a single stone een feet high.

ien the Author first saw this monument, he came upon it by surprize, fore might over-rate its importance as an object; but he must say, though it is not to be compared with Stonehenge, he has not seen any remains of those dark ages, which can pretend to rival it in larity and dignity of appearance.

A weight of awe not easy to be borne
Fell suddenly upon my spirit, cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past,
When first I saw that Sisterhood forlorn;—
And Her, whose strength and stature seem to scorn
The power of years—pre-eminent, and placed
Apart, to overlook the circle vast.
Speak, Giant-mother! tell it to the Morn,
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of night;
Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud,
When, how, and wherefore, rose on British ground
That wondrous Monument, whose mystic round
Forth shadows, some have deemed, to mortal sight
The inviolable God that tames the proud.

sufficient to repel any of those sudden attacks, which, in the rude state of military knowledge, could be made upon them. Accordingly, the more retired regions (and to such I am now confining myself) must have been neglected or shunned even by the persons whose baronial or signioral rights extended over them, and left, doubtless, partly as a place of refuge for outlaws and robbers, and partly granted out for the more settled habitation of a few vassals following the employment of shepherds or woodlanders. Hence these lakes and inner vallies are unadorned by any remains of ancient grandeur, castles, or monastic edifices, which are only found upon the skirts of the country, as Furness Abbey, Calder Abbey, the Priory of Lannercost, Gleaston Castle,—long ago a residence of the Flemings,—and the numerous ancient castles of the Cliffords, the Lucys, and the Dacres. On the southern side of these mountains (especially in that part known by the name of Furness Fells, which is more remote from the borders), the state of society would necessarily be more settled; though it also was fashioned, not a little, by its neighbourhood to a hostile kingdom. We will, therefore, give a sketch of the economy of the Abbots in the distribution of lands among their tenants, as similar plans were doubtless adopted by other Lords, and as the consequences have affected the face of the country materially to the present day, being, in fact, one of the principal causes which give it such a striking superiority, in beauty and interest, over all other parts of the island.

'When the Abbots of Furness,' says an author before cited, 'enfranchised their villains, and raised them to the dignity of customary tenants, the lands, which they had cultivated for their lord, were divided into whole tenements; each of which, besides the customary annual rent, was charged with the obligation of having in readiness a man completely armed for the king's service on the borders, or

elsewhere; each of these whole tenements was again subdivided into four equal parts; each villain had one; and the party tenant contributed his share to the support of the man of arms, and of other burdens. These divisions were not properly distinguished; the land remained mixed; each tenant had a share through all the arable and meadow-land, and common of pasture over all the wastes. These sub-tenements were judged sufficient for the support of so many families; and no further division was permitted. These divisions and sub-divisions were convenient at the time for which they were calculated: the land, so parcelled out, was of necessity more attended to, and the industry greater, when more persons were to be supported by the produce of it. The frontier of the kingdom, within which Furness was considered, was in a constant state of attack and defence; more hands, therefore, were necessary to guard the coast, to repel an invasion from Scotland, or make reprisals on the hostile neighbour. The dividing the lands in such manner as has been shown, increased the number of inhabitants, and kept them at home till called for: and, the land being mixed, and the several tenants united in equipping the plough, the absence of the fourth man was no prejudice to the cultivation of his land, which was committed to the care of three.

'While the villains of Low Furness were thus distributed over the land, and employed in agriculture; those of High Furness were charged with the care of flocks and herds, to protect them from the wolves which lurked in the thickets, and in winter to browze them with the tender sprouts of hollies and ash. This custom was not till lately discontinued in High Furness; and holly-trees were carefully preserved for that purpose when all other wood was cleared off; large tracts of common being so covered with these trees, as to have the appearance of a forest of hollies. At

the Shepherd's call, the flocks surrounded the holly-bush, and received the croppings at his hand, which they greedily nibbled up, bleating for more. The Abbots of Furness enfranchised these pastoral vassals, and permitted them to enclose *quillets* to their houses, for which they paid encroachment rent.'—West's *Antiquities of Furness.*

However desirable, for the purposes of defence, a numerous population might be, it was not possible to make at once the same numerous allotments among the untilled vallies, and upon the sides of the mountains, as has been made in the cultivated plains. The enfranchised shepherd or woodlander, having chosen there his place of residence, builds it of sods, or of the mountain-stone, and, with the permission of his lord, encloses, like Robinson Crusoe, a small croft or two immediately at his door for such animals as he wishes to protect. Others are happy to imitate his example, and avail themselves of the same privileges: and thus a population, mainly of Danish or Norse origin, as the dialect indicates, crept on towards the more secluded parts of the vallies. Chapels, daughters of some distant mother church, are first erected in the more open and fertile vales, as those of Bowness and Grasmere, offsets of Kendal: which again, after a period, as the settled population increases, become mother-churches to smaller edifices, planted, at length, in almost every dale throughout the country. The inclosures, formed by the tenantry, are for a long time confined to the homesteads; and the arable and meadow land of the vales is possessed in common field; the several portions being marked out by stones, bushes, or trees; which portions, where the custom has survived, to this day are called *dales*, from the word *deylen*, to distribute: but while the valley was thus lying open, enclosures seem to have taken place upon the sides of the mountains; because the land there was not intermixed, and was of little comparative value; and, there-

fore, small opposition would be made to its being appropriated by those to whose habitations it was contiguous. Hence the singular appearance which the sides of many of these mountains exhibit, intersected as they are, almost to the summit, with stone walls. When first erected, these stone fences must have little disfigured the face of the country; as part of the lines would everywhere be hidden by the quantity of native wood then remaining, and the lines would also be broken (as they still are) by the rocks which interrupt and vary their course. In the meadows, and in those parts of the lower grounds where the soil has not been sufficiently drained, and could not afford a stable foundation, there, when the increasing value of land, and the inconvenience suffered from intermixed plots of ground in common field, had induced each inhabitant to enclose his own, they were compelled to make the fences of alders, willows, and other trees. These, where the native wood had disappeared, have frequently enriched the vallies with a sylvan appearance; while the intricate intermixture of property has given to the fences a graceful irregularity, which, where large properties are prevalent, and large capitals employed in agriculture, is unknown. This sylvan appearance is heightened by the number of ash-trees planted in rows along the quick fences, and along the walls, for the purpose of browzing the cattle at the approach of winter. The branches are lopped off and strewn upon the pastures; and when the cattle have stripped them of the leaves, they are used for repairing the hedges or for fuel.

We have thus seen a numerous body of Dalesmen creeping into possession of their home-steads, their little crofts, their mountain-enclosures; and, finally, the whole vale is visibly divided; except, perhaps, here and there some marshy ground, which, till fully drained, would not repay the trouble of enclosing. But these last partitions do not seem to have

been general, till long after the pacification of the Borders, by the union of the two crowns; when the cause, which had first determined the distribution of land into such small parcels, had not only ceased,—but likewise a general improvement had taken place in the country, with a correspondent rise in the value of its produce. From the time of the union, it is certain that this species of feudal population must rapidly have diminished. That it was formerly much more numerous than it is at present, is evident from the multitude of tenements (I do not mean houses, but small divisions of land) which belonged formerly each to a several proprietor, and for which separate fines are paid to the manorial lord at this day. These are often in the proportion of four to one of the present occupants. 'Sir Launcelot Threlkeld, who lived in the reign of Henry VII., was wont to say, he had three noble houses, one for pleasure, Crosby, in Westmoreland, where he had a park full of deer; one for profit and warmth, wherein to reside in winter, namely, Yanwith, nigh Penrith; and the third, Threlkeld, (on the edge of the vale of Keswick), well stocked with tenants to go with him to the wars.' But, as I have said, from the union of the two crowns, this numerous vassalage (their services not being wanted) would rapidly diminish; various tenements would be united in one possessor; and the aboriginal houses, probably little better than hovels, like the kraels of savages, or the huts of the Highlanders of Scotland, would fall into decay, and the places of many be supplied by substantial and comfortable buildings, a majority of which remain to this day scattered over the vallies, and are often the only dwellings found in them.

From the time of the erection of these houses, till within the last sixty years, the state of society, though no doubt slowly and gradually improving, underwent no material change. Corn was grown in these vales (through whi[ch] no carriage-road had yet been made) sufficient upon ea[ch]

estate to furnish bread for each family, and no more; notwithstanding the union of several tenements, the possessions of each inhabitant still being small, in the same field was seen an intermixture of different crops; and the plough was interrupted by little rocks, mostly overgrown with wood, or by spongy places, which the tillers of the soil had neither leisure nor capital to convert into firm land. The storms and moisture of the climate induced them to sprinkle their upland property with outhouses of native stone, as places of shelter for their sheep, where, in tempestuous weather, food was distributed to them. Every family spun from its own flock the wool with which it was clothed; a weaver was here and there found among them; and the rest of their wants was supplied by the produce of the yarn, which they carded and spun in their own houses, and carried to market, either under their arms, or more frequently on pack-horses, a small train taking their way weekly down the valley or over the mountains to the most commodious town. They had, as I have said, their rural chapel, and of course their minister, in clothing or in manner of life, in no respect differing from themselves, except on the Sabbath-day; this was the sole distinguished individual among them; every thing else, person and possession, exhibited a perfect equality, a community of shepherds and agriculturists, proprietors, for the most part, of the lands which they occupied and cultivated.

While the process above detailed was going on, the native forest must have been everywhere receding; but trees were planted for the sustenance of the flocks in winter,—such was then the rude state of agriculture; and, for the same cause, it was necessary that care should be taken of some part of the growth of the native woods. Accordingly, in Queen Elizabeth's time, this was so strongly felt, that a petition was made to the Crown, praying, 'that the Blomaries in High Furness might be abolished, on account

of the quantity of wood which was consumed in them for the use of the mines, to the great detriment of the cattle.' But this same cause, about a hundred years after, produced effects directly contrary to those which had been deprecated. The re-establishment, at that period, of furnaces upon a large scale, made it the interest of the people to convert the steeper and more stony of the enclosures, sprinkled over with remains of the native forest, into close woods, which, when cattle and sheep were excluded, rapidly sowed and thickened themselves. The reader's attention has been directed to the cause by which tufts of wood, pasturage, meadow, and arable land, with its various produce, are intricately intermingled in the same field; and he will now see, in like manner, how enclosures entirely of wood, and those of cultivated ground, are blended all over the country under a law of similar wildness.

An historic detail has thus been given of the manner in which the hand of man has acted upon the surface of the inner regions of this mountainous country, as incorporated with and subservient to the powers and processes of Nature. We will now take a view of the same agency—acting within narrower bounds, for the production of the few works of art and accommodations of life which, in so simple a state of society, could be necessary. These are merely habitations of man and coverts for beasts, roads and bridges, and places of worship.

And to begin with the COTTAGES. They are scattered over the vallies, and under the hill sides, and on the rocks; and, even to this day, in the more retired dales, without any intrusion of more assuming buildings;

> Cluster'd like stars some few, but single most,
> And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,
> Or glancing on each other cheerful looks,
> Like separated stars with clouds between.—MS.

The dwelling-houses, and contiguous outhouses, are, in

many instances, of the colour of the native rock, out of which they have been built; but, frequently the Dwelling or Fire-house, as it is ordinarily called, has been distinguished from the barn or byre by rough-cast and white wash, which, as the inhabitants are not hasty in renewing it, in a few years acquires, by the influence of weather, a tint at once sober and variegated. As these houses have been, from father to son, inhabited by persons engaged in the same occupations, yet necessarily with changes in their circumstances, they have received without incongruity additions and accommodations adapted to the needs of each successive occupant, who, being for the most part proprietor, was at liberty to follow his own fancy: so that these humble dwellings remind the contemplative spectator of a production of Nature, and may (using a strong expression) rather be said to have grown than to have been erected;—to have risen, by an instinct of their own, out of the native rock — so little is there in them of formality, such is their wildness and beauty. Among the numerous recesses and projections in the walls and in the different stages of their roofs, are seen bold and harmonious effects of contrasted sunshine and shadow. It is a favourable circumstance, that the strong winds, which sweep down the vallies, induced the inhabitants, at a time when the materials for building were easily procured, to furnish many of these dwellings with substantial porches; and such as have not this defence, are seldom unprovided with a projection of two large slates over their thresholds. Nor will the singular beauty of the chimneys escape the eye of the attentive traveller. Sometimes a low chimney, almost upon a level with the roof, is overlaid with a slate, supported upon four slender pillars, to prevent the wind from driving the smoke down the chimney. Others are of a quadrangular shape, rising one or two feet above the roof; which low square is

often surmounted by a tall cylinder, giving to the cottage chimney the most beautiful shape in which it is ever seen. Nor will it be too fanciful or refined to remark, that there is a pleasing harmony between a tall chimney of this circular form, and the living column of smoke, ascending from it through the still air. These dwellings, mostly built, as has been said, of rough unhewn stone, are roofed with slates, which were rudely taken from the quarry before the present art of splitting them was understood, and are, therefore, rough and uneven in their surface, so that both the coverings and sides of the houses have furnished places of rest for the seeds of lichens, mosses, ferns, and flowers. Hence buildings, which in their very form call to mind the processes of Nature, do thus, clothed in part with a vegetable garb, appear to be received into the bosom of the living principle of things, as it acts and exists among the woods and fields; and, by their colour and their shape, affectingly direct the thoughts to that tranquil course of Nature and simplicity, along which the humble-minded inhabitants have, through so many generations, been led. Add the little garden with its shed for bee-hives, its small bed of pot-herbs, and its borders and patches of flowers for Sunday posies, with sometimes a choice few too much prized to be plucked; an orchard of proportioned size; a cheese press, often supported by some tree near the door; a cluster of embowering sycamores for summer shade; with a tall fir, through which the winds sing when other trees are leafless; the little rill or household spout murmuring in all seasons;—combine these incidents and images together, and you have the representative idea of a mountain-cottage in this country so beautifully formed in itself, and so richly adorned by the hand of Nature.

Till within the last sixty years there was no communication between any of these vales by carriage roads; all

articles were transported on pack-horses. Owing, r, to the population not being concentrated in villages, ttered, the vallies themselves were intersected as now ımerable lanes and path-ways leading from house to ınd from field to field. These lanes, where they are by stone walls, are mostly bordered with ashes, wild roses, and beds of tall fern at their base; while lls themselves, if old, are overspread with mosses, ferns, wild strawberries, the geranium, and lichens; the wall happen to rest against a bank of earth, it etimes almost wholly concealed by a rich facing of ern. It is a great advantage to a traveller or resident, ıese numerous lanes and paths, if he be a zealous r of Nature, will lead him on into all the recesses of ıntry, so that the hidden treasures of its landscapes y an ever-ready guide, be laid open to his eyes.

wise to the smallness of the several properties is owing at number of bridges over the brooks and torrents, and ing and graceful neglect of danger or accommodation hich so many of them are constructed, the rudeness forms of some, and their endless variety. But, when I f this rudeness, I must at the same time add, that many e structures are in themselves models of elegance, as if d been formed upon principles of the most thoughtful cture. It is to be regretted that these monuments of ill of our ancestors, and of that happy instinct by consummate beauty was produced, are disappearing but sufficient specimens remain* to give a high

tten some time ago. The injury done since, is more than could n calculated upon.

la de nobis anni prædantur euntes. This is in the course of things; should the genius that directed the ancient architecture of these ve deserted them? For the bridges, churches, mansions, cottages, r richly fringed and flat-roofed outhouses, venerable as the grange old abbey, have been substituted structures, in which baldness ms to have been studied, or plans of the most vulgar utility. But

gratification to the man of genuine taste. Travellers who may not have been accustomed to pay attention to things so inobtrusive, will excuse me if I point out the proportion between the span and elevation of the arch, the lightness of the parapet, and the graceful manner in which its curve follows faithfully that of the arch.

Upon this subject I have nothing further to notice, except the PLACES OF WORSHIP, which have mostly a little school-house adjoining.* The architecture of these churches and chapels, where they have not been recently rebuilt or modernised, is of a style not less appropriate and admirable than that of the dwelling-houses and other structures. How sacred the spirit by which our forefathers were directed! The *religio loci* is no where violated by these unstinted, yet unpretending, works of human hands. They exhibit generally a well-proportioned oblong, with a suitable porch, in some instances a steeple tower, and in others nothing more than a small belfry, in which one or two bells hang visibly. But these objects, though pleasing in their forms, must necessarily, more than others in rural scenery, derive their interests from the sentiments of piety and reverence

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some improvement may be looked for in future; the gentry *recently* have copied the old models, and successful instances might be pointed out, if I could take the liberty.

* In some places scholars were formerly taught in the church, and at others the school-house was a sort of anti-chapel to the place of worship, being under the same roof; an arrangement which was abandoned as irreverent. It continues, however, to this day in Borrowdale. In the parish register of that chapelry, is a notice, that a youth who had quitted the valley, and died in one of the towns on the coast of Cumberland, had requested that his body should be brought and interred at the foot of the pillar by which he had been accustomed to sit while a school-boy. One cannot but regret that parish registers so seldom contain any thing but bare names; in a few of this country, especially in that of Loweswater, I have found interesting notices of unusual natural occurrences—characters of the deceased, and particulars of their lives. There is no good reason why such memorials should not be frequent; these short and simple annals would in future ages become precious.

for the modest virtues and simple manners of humble life with which they may be contemplated. A man must be very insensible who would not be touched with pleasure at the sight of the chapel of Buttermere, so strikingly expressing, by its diminutive size, how small must be the congregation there assembled, as it were, like one family; and proclaiming at the same time to the passenger, in connection with the surrounding mountains, the depth of that seclusion in which the people live, that has rendered necessary the building of a separate place of worship for so few. A patriot, calling to mind the images of the stately fabrics of Canterbury, York, or Westminster, will find a heart-felt satisfaction in presence of this lowly pile, as a monument of the wise institutions of our country, and as evidence of the all-pervading and paternal care of that venerable Establishment, of which it is, perhaps, the humblest daughter. The edifice is scarcely larger than many of the single stones or fragments of rock which are scattered near it.

We have thus far confined our observations, on this division of the subject, to that part of these Dales which runs up far into the mountains.

As we descend towards the open country, we meet with halls and mansions, many of which have been places of defence against the incursions of the Scottish Borderers; and they not unfrequently retain their towers and battlements. To these houses, parks are sometimes attached, and to their successive proprietors we chiefly owe whatever ornament is still left to the country of majestic timber. Through the open parts of the vales are scattered, also, houses of a middle rank between the pastoral cottage and the old hall residence of the knight or esquire. Such houses differ much from the rugged cottages before described, and are generally graced with a little court or garden in front, where may yet be seen specimens of those fantastic

and quaint figures which our ancestors were fond of shaping out in yew-tree, holly, or box-wood. The passenger will sometimes smile at such elaborate display of petty art, while the house does not deign to look upon the natural beauty or the sublimity which its situation almost unavoidably commands.

Thus has been given a faithful description, the minuteness of which the reader will pardon, of the face of the country as it was, and had been through centuries, till within the last sixty years. Towards the head of these Dales was found a perfect Republic of Shepherds and Agriculturists, among whom the plough of each man was confined to the maintenance of his own family, or to the occasional accommodation of his neighbour.* Two or three cows furnished each family with milk and cheese. The chapel was the only edifice that presided over these dwellings, the supreme head of this pure Commonwealth; the members of which existed in the midst of a powerful empire, like an ideal society or an organised community, whose constitution had been imposed and regulated by the mountains which protected it. Neither high-born nobleman, knight, nor esquire, was here; but many of these humble sons of the hills had a consciousness that the land, which they walked over and tilled, had for more than five hundred years been possessed by men of their name and blood: and venerable was the transition,

* One of the most pleasing characteristics of manners in secluded and thinly-peopled districts, is a sense of the degree in which human happiness and comfort are dependent on the contingency of neighbourhood. This is implied by a rhyming adage common here, "*Friends are far, when neighbours are nar*" (near). This mutual helpfulness is not confined to out-of-doors work; but is ready upon all occasions. Formerly, if a person became sick, especially the mistress of a family, it was usual for those of the neighbours who were more particularly connected with the party by amicable offices, to visit the house, carrying a present; this practice, which is by no means obsolete, is called *owning* the family, and is regarded as a pledge of a disposition to be otherwise serviceable in a time of disability and distress.

when a curious traveller, descending from the heart of the mountains, had come to some ancient manorial residence in the more open parts of the Vales, which, through the rights attached to its proprietor, connected the almost visionary mountain republic he had been contemplating with the substantial frame of society as existing in the laws and constitution of a mighty empire.

Section Third.

CHANGES, AND RULES OF TASTE FOR PREVENTING THEIR BAD EFFECTS.

Such, as hath been said, was the appearance of things till within the last sixty years. A practice, denominated Ornamental Gardening, was at that time becoming prevalent over England. In union with an admiration of this art, and in some instances in opposition to it, had been generated a relish for select parts of natural scenery: and Travellers, instead of confining their observations to Towns, Manufactories, or Mines, began (a thing till then unheard of) to wander over the island in search of sequestered spots, distinguished as they might accidentally have learned, for the sublimity or beauty of the forms of Nature there to be seen.—Dr Brown, the celebrated Author of the *Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times,* published a letter to a friend, in which the attractions of the Vale of Keswick were delineated with a powerful pencil, and the feeling of a genuine Enthusiast. Gray, the Poet, followed: he died soon after his forlorn and melancholy pilgrimage to the Vale of Keswick, and the record left behind him of what he had seen and felt in this journey, excited that pensive interest with which the human mind is ever disposed to listen to the farewell words of a man of genius. The journal of Gray

feelingly showed how the gloom of ill health and low spirits had been irradiated by objects, which the Author's powers of mind enabled him to describe with distinctness and unaffected simplicity. Every reader of this journal must have been impressed with the words which conclude his notice of the Vale of Grasmere:—'Not a single red tile, no flaring gentleman's house or garden-wall, breaks in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest and most becoming attire.'

What is here so justly said of Grasmere applied almost equally to all its sister Vales. It was well for the undisturbed pleasures of the Poet that he had no forebodings of the change which was soon to take place; and it might have been hoped that these words, indicating how much the charm of what *was*, depended upon what was *not*, would of themselves have preserved the ancient franchises of this and other kindred mountain retirements from trespass; or (shall I dare to say?) would have secured scenes so consecrated from profanation. The lakes had now become celebrated; visitors flocked hither from all parts of England; the fancies of some were smitten so deeply, that they became settlers; and the Islands of Derwentwater and Winandermere, as they offered the strongest temptation, were the first places seized upon, and were instantly defaced by the intrusion.

The venerable wood that had grown for centuries round the small house called St Herbert's Hermitage, had indeed some years before been felled by its native proprietor, and the whole island planted anew with Scotch firs, left to spindle up by each other's side—a melancholy phalanx, defying the power of the winds, and disregarding the regret of the spectator, who might otherwise have cheated himself into a belief, that some of the decayed remains of those oaks, the place of which was in this manner usurped, had

been planted by the Hermit's own hand. This sainted spot, however, suffered comparatively little injury. At the bidding of an alien improver, the Hind's Cottage, upon Vicar's island, in the same lake, with its embowering sycamores and cattle-shed, disappeared from the corner where they stood; and right in the middle, and upon the precise point of the island's highest elevation, rose a tall square habitation, with four sides exposed, like an astronomer's observatory, or a warren-house reared upon an eminence for the detection of depredators, or, like the temple of Œolus, where all the winds pay him obeisance. Round this novel structure, but at a respectful distance, platoons of firs were stationed, as if to protect their commander when weather and time should somewhat have shattered his strength. Within the narrow limits of this island were typified also the state and strength of a kingdom, and its religion as it had been, and was,—for neither was the druidical circle uncreated, nor the church of the present establishment; nor the stately pier, emblem of commerce and navigation; nor the fort to deal out thunder upon the approaching invader. The taste of a succeeding proprietor rectified the mistakes as far as was practicable, and has ridded the spot of its puerilities. The church, after having been docked of its steeple, is applied both ostensibly and really, to the purpose for which the body of the pile was actually erected, namely, a boat-house; the fort is demolished; and, without indignation on the part of the spirits of the ancient Druids who officiated at the circle upon the opposite hill, the mimic arrangement of stones, with its *sanctum sanctorum*, has been swept away.

The present instance has been singled out, extravagant as it is, because, unquestionably, this beautiful country has, in numerous other places, suffered from the same spirit, though not clothed exactly in the same form, nor active in an equal

degree. It will be sufficient here to utter a regret for the changes that have been made upon the principal Island at Winandermere, and in its neighbourhood. What could be more unfortunate than the taste that suggested the paring of the shores, and surrounding with an embankment this spot of ground, the natural shape of which was so beautiful! An artificial appearance has thus been given to the whole, while infinite varieties of minute beauty have been destroyed. Could not the margin of this noble island be given back to Nature? Winds and waves work with a careless and graceful hand: and, should they in some places carry away a portion of the soil, the trifling loss would be amply compensated by the additional spirit, dignity, and loveliness, which these agents and the other powers of Nature would soon communicate to what was left behind. As to the larch-plantations upon the main shore,—they who remember the original appearance of the rocky steeps, scattered over with native hollies and ash-trees, will be prepared to agree with what I shall have to say hereafter upon plantations* in general.

But, in truth, no one can now travel through the more frequented tracts, without being offended, at almost every turn, by an introduction of discordant objects, disturbing that peaceful harmony of form and colour, which had been through a long lapse of ages most happily preserved.

All gross transgressions of this kind originate, doubtless, in a feeling natural and honourable to the human mind, viz. the pleasure which it receives from distinct ideas, and from the perception of order, regularity, and contrivance. Now, unpractised minds receive these impressions only from objects that are divided from each other by strong lines of demarcation; hence the delight with which such minds are smitten by formality and harsh contrast. But I would beg

* These are disappearing fast, under the management of the present Proprietor, and native wood is resuming its place.

of those who are eager to create the means of such gratification, first carefully to study what already exists; and they will find, in a country so lavishly gifted by Nature, an abundant variety of forms marked out with a precision that will satisfy their desires. Moreover, a new habit of pleasure will be formed opposite to this, arising out of the perception of the fine gradations by which in Nature one thing passes away into another, and the boundaries that constitute individuality disappear in one instance only to be revived elsewhere under a more alluring form. The hill of Dunmallet, at the foot of Ulswater, was once divided into different portions, by avenues of fir-trees, with a green and almost perpendicular lane descending down the steep hill through each avenue;—contrast this quaint appearance with the image of the same hill overgrown with self-planted wood,—each tree springing up in the situation best suited to its kind, and with that shape which the situation constrained or suffered it to take. What endless melting and playing into each other of forms and colours does the one offer to a mind at once attentive and active; and how insipid and lifeless, compared with it, appear those parts of the former exhibition with which a child, a peasant perhaps, or a citizen unfamiliar with natural imagery, would have been most delighted!

The disfigurement which this country has undergone, has not, however, proceeded wholly from the common feelings of human nature which have been referred to as the primary sources of bad taste in rural imagery; another cause must be added, that has chiefly shown itself in its effect upon buildings. I mean a warping of the natural mind occasioned by a consciousness that, this country being an object of general admiration, every new house would be looked at and commented upon either for approbation or censure. Hence all the deformity and ungracefulness that ever pursue the

steps of constraint or affectation. Persons, who in Leicestershire or Northamptonshire would probably have built a modest dwelling like those of their sensible neighbours, have been turned out of their course; and, acting a part, no wonder if, having had little experience, they act it ill. The craving for prospect, also, which is immoderate, particularly in new settlers, has rendered it impossible that buildings, whatever might have been their architecture, should in most instances be ornamental to the landscape: rising as they do from the summits of naked hills in staring contrast to the snugness and privacy of the ancient houses.

No man is to be condemned for a desire to decorate his residence and possessions; feeling a disposition to applaud such an endeavour, I would show how the end may be best attained. The rule is simple; with respect to grounds—work, where you can, in the spirit of Nature, with an invisible hand of art. Planting, and a removal of wood, may thus, and thus only, be carried on with good effect; and the like may be said of building, if Antiquity, who may be styled the co-partner and sister of Nature, be not denied the respect to which she is entitled. I have already spoken of the beautiful forms of the ancient mansions of this country, and of the happy manner in which they harmonise with the forms of Nature. Why cannot such be taken as a model, and modern internal convenience be confined within their external grace and dignity. Expense to be avoided, or difficulties to be overcome, may prevent a close adherence to this model; still, however, it might be followed to a certain degree in the style of architecture and in the choice of situation, if the thirst for prospect were mitigated by those considerations of comfort, shelter, and convenience, which used to be chiefly sought after. But should an aversion to old fashions unfortunately exist, accompanied with a desire to transplant into the cold and stormy North, the elegances of

a villa formed upon a model taken from countries with a milder climate, I will adduce a passage from an English poet, the divine Spenser, which will show in what manner such a plan may be realised without injury to the native beauty of these scenes.

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling in a pleasant glade
With MOUNTAINS round about environed,
And MIGHTY WOODS which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading itself into a spacious plaine;
And in the midst a little river plaide
Emongst the puny stones which seem'd to 'plaine
With gentle murmure that his course they did restraine.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurels green,
In which the birds sang many a lovely lay
Of God's high praise, and of their sweet loves teene,
As it an earthly paradise had beene;
In whose *enclosed shadow* there was pight
A fair pavillion, *scarcely to be seen*,
The which was all within most richly dight,
That greatest princes living it mote well delight.

Houses or mansions suited to a mountainous region, should be 'not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired;' and the reasons for this rule, though they have been little adverted to, are evident. Mountainous countries, more frequently and forcibly than others, remind us of the power of the elements, as manifested in winds, snows, and torrents, and accordingly make the notion of exposure very unpleasing; while shelter and comfort are in proportion necessary and acceptable. Far-winding vallies difficult of access, and the feelings of simplicity habitually connected with mountain retirements, prompt us to turn from ostentation as a thing there eminently unnatural and out of place. A mansion, amid such scenes, can never have sufficient dignity or interest to become principal in the landscape, and to ren-

der the mountains, lakes, or torrents, by which it may be surrounded, a subordinate part of the view. It is, I grant, easy to conceive, that an ancient castellated building, hanging over a precipice or raised upon an island, or the peninsula of a lake, like that of Kilchurn Castle, upon Loch Awe, may not want, whether deserted or inhabited, sufficient majesty to preside for a moment in the spectator's thoughts over the high mountains among which it is embosomed; but its titles are from antiquity—a power readily submitted to upon occasion as the vicegerent of Nature: it is respected, as having owed its existence to the necessities of things, as a monument of security in times of disturbance and danger long passed away,—as a record of the pomp and violence of passion, and a symbol of the wisdom of law; it bears a countenance of authority, which is not impaired by decay.

> Child of loud-throated War, the mountain stream
> Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
> Is come, and thou art silent in thy age!

To such honours a modern edifice can lay no claim; and the puny efforts of elegance appear contemptible, when, in such situations, they are obtruded in rivalship with the sublimities of Nature. But, towards the verge of a district like this of which we are treating, where the mountains subside into hills of moderate elevation, or in an undulating or flat country, a gentleman's mansion may, with propriety, become a principal feature in the landscape; and, itself being a work of art, works and traces of artificial ornament may, without censure, be extended around it, as they will be referred to the common centre, the house; the right of which to impress within certain limits a character of obvious ornament will not be denied, where no commanding forms of Nature dispute it, or set it aside. Now, to a want of the perception of this difference, and to the causes before

assigned, may chiefly be attributed the disfigurement which the Country of the Lakes has undergone, from persons who may have built, demolished, and planted, with full confidence, that every change and addition was or would become an improvement.

The principle that ought to determine the position, apparent size, and architecture of a house, viz. that it should be so constructed, and (if large) so much of it hidden, as to admit of its being gently incorporated into the scenery of Nature — should also determine its colour. Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say, "If you would fix upon the best colour for your house, turn up a stone, or pluck up a handful of grass by the roots, and see what is the colour of the soil where the house is to stand, and let that be your choice." Of course, this precept given in conversation, could not have been meant to be taken literally. For example, in Low Furness, where the soil, from its strong impregnation with iron, is universally of a deep red, if this rule were strictly followed, the house also must be of a glaring red; in other places it must be of a sullen black; which would only be adding annoyance to annoyance. The rule, however, as a general guide, is good: and, in agricultural districts, where large tracts of soil are laid bare by the plough, particularly if (the face of the country being undulating) they are held up to view, this rule, though not to be implicitly adhered to, should never be lost sight of;—the colour of the house ought, if possible, to have a cast or shade of the colour of the soil. The principle is, that the house must harmonise with the surrounding landscape: accordingly, in mountainous countries, with still more confidence may it be said, 'look at the rocks and those parts of the mountains where the soil is visible, and they will furnish a safe direction.' Nevertheless, it will often happen that the rocks may bear so large a proportion to the rest of the landscape,

and may be of such a tone of colour, that the rule may not admit, even here, of being implicitly followed. For instance, the chief defect in the colouring of the Country of the Lakes (which is most strongly felt in the summer season) is an over prevalence of a bluish tint, which the green of the herbage, the fern, and the woods, does not sufficiently counteract. If a house, therefore, should stand where this defect prevails, I have no hesitation in saying, that the colour of the neighbouring rocks would not be the best that could be chosen. A tint ought to be introduced approaching nearer to those which, in the technical language of painters, are called *warm:* this, if happily selected, would not disturb, but would animate the landscape. How often do we see this exemplified upon a small scale by the native cottages, in cases where the glare of white-wash has been subdued by time and enriched by weather-stains! No harshness is then seen; but one of these cottages, thus coloured, will often form a central point to a landscape by which the whole shall be connected, and an influence of pleasure diffused over all the objects that compose the picture. But where the cold blue tint of the rocks is enriched by the iron tinge, the colour cannot be too closely imitated; and it will be produced of itself by the stones hewn from the adjoining quarry, and by the mortar, which may be tempered with the most gravelly part of the soil. The pure blue gravel from the bed of the river, is, however, more suitable to the mason's purpose, who will probably insist also that the house must be covered with rough-cast, otherwise it cannot be kept dry; if this advice be taken, the builder of taste will set about contriving such means as may enable him to come the nearest to the effect aimed at.

The supposed necessity of rough-cast to keep out rain in houses not built of hewn stone or brick, has tended greatly to injure English landscape, and the neighbourhood of these

Lakes especially, by furnishing such apt occasion for whitening buildings. That white should be a favourite colour for rural residences is natural for many reasons. The mere aspect of cleanliness and neatness thus given, not only to an individual house, but, where the practice is general, to the whole face of the country, produces moral associations so powerful, that, in many minds, they take place of all others. But what has already been said upon the subject of cottages, must have convinced men of feeling and imagination, that a human dwelling of the humblest class may be rendered more deeply interesting to the affections, and far more pleasing to the eye, by other influences, than a sprightly tone of colour spread over its outside. I do not, however, mean to deny, that a small white building, embowered in trees, may, in some situations, be a delightful and animating object—in no way injurious to the landscape; but this only where it sparkles from the midst of a thick shade, and in rare and solitary instances; especially if the country be itself rich and pleasing, and abound with grand forms. On the sides of bleak and desolate moors, we are indeed thankful for the sight of white cottages and white houses plentifully scattered, where, without these, perhaps everything would be cheerless: this is said, however, with hesitation, and with a wilful sacrifice of some higher enjoyments. But I have certainly seen such buildings glittering at sunrise, and in wandering lights, with no common pleasure. The continental traveller also will remember, that the convents hanging from the rocks of the Rhine, the Rhone, the Danube, or among the Appenines, or the mountains of Spain, are not looked at with less complacency when, as is often the case, they happen to be of a brilliant white. But this is perhaps owing, in no small degree, to the contrast of that lively colour with the gloom of monastic life, and to the general want of rural residences of smiling and attractive appearance, in those countries.

The objections to white, as a colour, in large spots or masses in landscape, especially in a mountainous country, are insurmountable. In Nature, pure white is scarcely ever found but in small objects, such as flowers; or in those which are transitory, as the clouds, foam of rivers, and snow. Mr Gilpin, who notices this, has also recorded the just remark of Mr Locke, of N—, that white destroys the *gradations* of distance; and, therefore, an object of pure white can scarcely ever be managed with good effect in landscape-painting. Five or six white houses, scattered over a valley, by their obtrusiveness, dot the surface, and divide it into triangles, or other mathematical figures, haunting the eye, and disturbing that repose which might otherwise be perfect. I have seen a single white house materially impair the majesty of a mountain; cutting away, by a harsh separation, the whole of its base, below the point on which the house stood. Thus was the apparent size of the mountain reduced, not by the interposition of another object in a manner to call forth the imagination, which will give more than the eye loses; but what has been abstracted in this case was left visible; and the mountain appeared to take its beginning, or to rise, from the line of the house, instead of its own natural base. But, if I may express my own individual feeling, it is after sunset, at the coming on of twilight, that white objects are most to be complained of. The solemnity and quietness of Nature at that time are always marred, and often destroyed by them. When the ground is covered with snow, they are of course inoffensive; and in moonshine they are always pleasing—it is a tone of light with which they accord; and the dimness of the scene is enlivened by an object at once conspicuous and cheerful. I will conclude this subject with noticing, that the cold, slaty colour, which many persons, who have heard the white condemned, have adopted in its stead, must be disapproved of for the reason al-

ready given. The flaring yellow runs into the opposite extreme, and is still more censurable. Upon the whole, the safest colour, for general use, is something between a cream and a dust-colour, commonly called stone colour:—there are, among the Lakes, examples of this that need not be pointed out.*

The principle taken as our guide, viz. that the house should be so formed, and of such apparent size and colour, as to admit of its being gently incorporated with the works of Nature, should also be applied to the management of the grounds and plantations, and is here more urgently needed: for it is from abuses in this department, far more even than from the introduction of exotics in architecture (if the phrase may be used), that this country has suffered. Larch and fir plantations have been spread, not merely with a view to profit, but in many instances for the sake of ornament. To those who plant for profit, and are thrusting every other tree out of the way, to make room for their favourite, the larch, I would utter first a regret, that they should have selected these lovely vales for their vegetable manufactory, when there is so much barren and irreclaimable land in the neighbouring moors, and in other parts of the island, which might have been had for this purpose at a far cheaper rate. And I will also beg leave to represent to them, that they ought not to be carried away by flattering promises from the speedy growth of this tree; because in rich soils and sheltered situations, the wood, though it thrives fast, is full of sap, and of little value; and is, likewise, very subject to ravage from the attacks of insects, and from blight. Accordingly, in Scotland, where planting is much better understood, and carried on upon an incomparably larger

* A proper colouring of houses is now becoming general. It is best that the colouring material should be mixed with the rough-cast, and not laid on as a *wash* afterwards.

scale than among us, good soil and sheltered situations are appropriated to the oak, the ash, and other deciduous trees; and the larch is now generally confined to barren and exposed ground. There the plant, which is a hardy one, is of slower growth; much less liable to injury; and the timber is of better quality. But the circumstances of many permit, and their taste leads them, to plant with little regard to profit; and there are others, less wealthy, who have such a lively feeling of the native beauty of these scenes, they are laudably not unwilling to make some sacrifices to heighten it. Both these classes of persons, I would entreat to inquire of themselves wherein that beauty which they admire consists. They would then see that, after the feeling has been gratified that prompts us to gather round our dwelling a few flowers and shrubs, which from the circumstances of their not being native, may, by their very looks, remind us that they owe their existence to our hands, and their prosperity to our care; they will see that, after this natural desire has been provided for, the course of all beyond has been predetermined by the spirit of the place. Before I proceed, I will remind those who are not satisfied with the restraint thus laid upon them, that they are liable to a charge of inconsistency, when they are so eager to change the face of that country, whose native attractions, by the act of erecting their habitations in it, they have so emphatically acknowledged. And surely there is not a single spot that would not have, if well managed, sufficient dignity to support itself, unaided by the productions of other climates, or by elaborate decorations which might be becoming elsewhere.

Having adverted to the feelings that justify the introduction of a few exotic plants, provided they be confined almost to the doors of the house, we may add, that a transition should be contrived, without abruptness, from these foreigners

to the rest of the shrubs, which ought to be of the kinds scattered by Nature, through the woods—holly, broom, wild-rose, elder, dogberry, white and black thorn, &c.,—either these only, or such as are carefully selected in consequence of their being united in form, and harmonising in colour with them, especially with respect to colour, when the tints are most diversified, as in autumn and spring. The various sorts of fruit-and-blossom-bearing trees usually found in orchards, to which may be added those of the woods,—namely, the wilding, black cherry tree, and wild cluster-cherry (here called heck-berry)—may be happily admitted as an intermediate link between the shrubs and the forest trees; which last ought almost entirely to be such as are natives of the country. Of the birch, one of the most beautiful of the native trees, it may be noticed, that, in dry and rocky situations, it outstrips even the larch, which many persons are tempted to plant merely on account of the speed of its growth. The Scotch fir is less attractive during its youth than any other plant; but, when full grown, if it has had room to spread out its arms, it becomes a noble tree; and, by those who are disinterested enough to plant for posterity, it may be placed along with the sycamore near the house; for, from their massiveness, both these trees unite well with buildings, and in some situations with rocks also; having, in their forms and apparent substances, the effect of something intermediate betwixt the immoveableness and solidity of stone, and the spray and foliage of the lighter trees. If these general rules be just, what shall we say to whole acres of artificial shrubbery and exotic trees among rocks and dashing torrents, with their own wild wood in sight—where we have the whole contents of the nurseryman's catalogue jumbled together—colour at war with colour, and form with form?—among the most peaceful subjects of Nature's kingdom, everywhere discord, distraction, and bewilderment! But this deformity, bad as it

is, is not so obtrusive as the small patches and large tracts of larch-plantations that are overrunning the hill sides. To justify our condemnation of these, let us again recur to Nature. The process, by which she forms woods and forests, is as follows. Seeds are scattered indiscriminately by winds, brought by waters, and dropped by birds. They perish, or produce, according as the soil and situation upon which they fall are suited to them: and under the same dependence, the seedling or the sucker, if not cropped by animals, (which Nature is often careful to prevent by fencing it about with brambles or other prickly shrubs) thrives, and the tree grows, sometimes single, taking its own shape without constraint, but for the most part compelled to conform itself to some law imposed upon it by its neighbours. From low and sheltered places, vegetation travels upwards to the more exposed; and the young plants are protected, and to a certain degree fashioned, by those that have preceded them. The continuous mass of foliage which would be thus produced, is broken by rocks, or by glades or open places, where the browzing of animals has prevented the growth of wood. As vegetation ascends, the winds begin also to bear their part in moulding the forms of the trees; but, thus mutually protected, trees, though not of the hardiest kind, are enabled to climb high up the mountains. Gradually, however, by the quality of the ground, and by increasing exposure, a stop is put to their ascent; the hardy trees only are left: those also, by little and little, give way—and a wild and irregular boundary is established, graceful in its outline, and never contemplated without some feeling, more or less distinct, of the powers of Nature by which it is imposed.

Contrast the liberty that encourages, and the law that limits, this joint work of Nature and Time, with the disheartening necessities, restrictions, and disadvantages, under which the artificial planter must proceed, even he whom

long observation and fine feeling have best qualified for his task. In the first place his trees, however well chosen and adapted to their several situations, must generally start all at the same time; and this necessity would of itself prevent that fine connection of parts, that sympathy and organisation, if I may so express myself, which pervades the whole of a natural wood, and appears to the eye in its single trees, its masses of foliage and their various colours, when they are held up to view on the side of a mountain; or when, spread over a valley, they are looked down upon from an eminence. It is therefore impossible, under any circumstances, for the artificial planter to rival the beauty of Nature. But a moment's thought will show that, if ten thousand of this spiky tree, the larch, are stuck in at once upon the side of a hill, they can grow up into nothing but deformity; that, while they are suffered to stand, we shall look in vain for any of those appearances which are the chief sources of beauty in a natural wood.

It must be acknowledged that the larch, till it has outgrown the size of a shrub, shows, when looked at singly, some elegance in form and appearance, especially in spring, decorated, as it then is, by the pink tassels of its blossoms; but, as a tree, it is less than any other pleasing: its branches (for *boughs* it has none) have no variety in the youth of the tree, and little dignity, even when it attains its full growth: *Leaves* it cannot be said to have, consequently neither affords shade nor shelter. In spring the larch becomes green long before the native trees; and its green is so peculiar and vivid, that, finding nothing to harmonise with it, wherever it comes forth, a disagreeable speck is produced. In summer, when all other trees are in their pride, it is of a dingy, lifeless hue; in autumn of a spiritless unvaried yellow, and in winter it is still more lamentably distinguished from every other deciduous tree of the forest, for they seem only to sleep, but

the larch appears absolutely dead. If an attempt be made to mingle thickets, or a certain proportion of other forest trees, with the larch, its horizontal branches intolerantly cut them down as with a scythe, or force them to spindle up to keep pace with it. The terminating spike renders it impossible that the several trees, where planted in numbers, should ever blend together so as to form a mass or masses of wood. Add thousands to tens of thousands, and the appearance is still the same—a collection of separate individual trees, obstinately presenting themselves as such; and which, from whatever point they are looked at, if but seen, may be counted upon the fingers. Sunshine, or shadow, has little power to adorn the surface of such a wood; and the trees not carrying up their heads, the wind raises among them no majestic undulations. It is indeed true, that, in countries where the larch is a native, and where, without interruption, it may sweep from valley to valley, and from hill to hill, a sublime image may be produced by such a forest, in the same manner as by one composed of any other single tree, to the spreading of which no limits can be assigned. For sublimity will never be wanting, where the sense of innumerable multitude is lost in, and alternates with that of intense unity; and to the ready perception of this effect, similarity and almost identity of individual form and monotony of colour contribute. But this feeling is confined to the native immeasurable forest; no artificial plantation can give it.

The foregoing observations will, I hope, (as nothing has been condemned or recommended without a substantial reason) have some influence upon those who plant for ornament merely. To such as plant for profit, I have already spoken. Let me then entreat that the native deciduous trees may be left in complete possession of the lower ground; and that plantations of larch, if introduced at all,

may be confined to the highest and most barren tracts. Interposition of rocks would there break the dreary uniformity of which we have been complaining; and the winds would take hold of the trees, and imprint upon their shapes a wildness congenial to their situation.

Having determined what kinds of trees must be wholly rejected, or at least very sparingly used, by those who are unwilling to disfigure the country; and having shown what kinds ought to be chosen; I should have given, if my limits had not already been overstepped, a few practical rules for the manner in which trees ought to be disposed in planting. But to this subject I should attach little importance, if I could succeed in banishing such trees as introduce deformity, and could prevail upon the proprietor to confine himself, either to those found in the native woods, or to such as accord with them. This is, indeed, the main point; for, much as these scenes have been injured by what has been taken from them—buildings, trees and woods, either through negligence, necessity, avarice, or caprice—it is not the removals, but the harsh *additions* that have been made, which are the worst grievance—a standing and unavoidable annoyance. Often have I felt this distinction, with mingled satisfaction and regret; for, if no positive deformity or discordance be substituted or superinduced, such is the benignity of Nature, that, take away from her beauty after beauty, and ornament after ornament, her appearance cannot be marred—the scars, if any be left, will gradually disappear before a healing spirit; and what remains will still be soothing and pleasing.—

Many hearts deplored
The fate of those old trees; and oft with pain
The traveller at this day will stop and gaze
On wrongs which Nature scarcely seems to heed:
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

There are few ancient woods left in this part of England upon which such indiscriminate ravage as is here 'deplored,' could now be committed. But, out of the numerous copses, fine woods might in time be raised, probably without sacrifice of profit, by leaving, at the periodical fellings, a due proportion of the healthiest trees to grow up into timber.—This plan has fortunately, in many instances, been adopted; and they, who have set the example, are entitled to the thanks of all persons of taste. As to the management of planting with reasonable attention to ornament, let the images of Nature be your guide, and the whole secret lurks in a few words; thickets or underwoods — single trees — trees clustered or in groups—groves—unbroken woods, but with varied masses of foliage—glades—invisible or winding boundaries—in rocky districts, a seemly proportion of rock left wholly bare, and other parts half hidden—disagreeable objects concealed, and formal lines broken—trees climbing up to the horizon, and, in some places, ascending from its sharp edge, in which they are rooted, with the whole body of the tree appearing to stand in the clear sky—in other parts, woods surmounted by rocks utterly bare and naked, which add to the sense of height, as if vegetation could not thither be carried, and impress a feeling of duration, power of resistance, and security from change!

The author has been induced to speak thus at length, by a wish to preserve the native beauty of this delightful district, because still further changes in its appearance must inevitably follow, from the change of inhabitants and owners which is rapidly taking place.—About the same time that strangers began to be attracted to the country, and to feel a desire to settle in it, the difficulty, that would have stood in the way of their procuring situations, was lessened by an unfortunate alteration in the circumstances of the native peasantry, proceeding from a cause which then began to

operate, and is now felt in every house. The family of each man, whether *estatesman* or farmer, formerly had a twofold support; first, the produce of his lands and flocks; and, secondly, the profit drawn from the employment of the women and children, as manufacturers; spinning their own wool in their own houses (work chiefly done in the winter season), and carrying it to market for sale. Hence, however numerous the children, the income of the family kept pace with its increase. But, by the invention and universal application of machinery, this second resource has been cut off; the gains being so far reduced, as not to be sought after but by a few aged persons disabled from other employment. Doubtless, the invention of machinery has not been to these people a pure loss; for the profits arising from home-manufactures operated as a strong temptation to choose that mode of labour in neglect of husbandry. They also participate in the general benefit which the island has derived from the increased value of the produce of land, brought about by the establishment of manufactories, and in the consequent quickening of agricultural industry. But this is far from making them amends; and now that home-manufactures are nearly done away, though the women and children might, at many seasons of the year, employ themselves with advantage in the fields beyond what they are accustomed to do, yet still all possible exertion in this way cannot be rationally expected from persons whose agricultural knowledge is so confined, and, above all, where there must necessarily be so small a capital. The consequence, then, is—that proprietors and farmers being no longer able to maintain themselves upon small farms, several are united in one, and the buildings go to decay, or are destroyed; and that the lands of the *estatesmen* being mortgaged, and the owners constrained to part with them, they fall into the hands of wealthy purchasers, who in like manner unite and consoli-

date; and, if they wish to become residents, erect new mansions out of the ruins of the ancient cottages, whose little enclosures, with all the wild graces that grew out of them, disappear. The feudal tenure under which the estates are held has indeed done something towards checking this influx of new settlers; but so strong is the inclination, that these galling restraints are endured; and it is probable, that in a few years the country on the margin of the Lakes will fall almost entirely into the possession of gentry, either strangers or natives. It is then much to be wished, that a better taste should prevail among these new proprietors; and, as they cannot be expected to leave things to themselves, that skill and knowledge should prevent unnecessary deviations from that path of simplicity and beauty along which, without design and unconsciously, their humble predecessors have moved. In this wish the author will be joined by persons of pure taste throughout the whole island, who, by their visits (often repeated) to the Lakes in the North of England, testify that they deem the district a sort of national property, in which every man has a right and interest who has an eye to perceive and a heart to enjoy.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

Mr West, in his well-known Guide to the Lakes, recommends, as the best season for visiting this country, the interval from the beginning of June to the end of August; and, the two latter months being a time of vacation and leisure, it is almost exclusively in these that strangers resort hither. But that season is by no means the best; the colouring of the mountains and woods, unless where

they are diversified by rocks, is of too unvaried a green; and, as a large portion of the vallies is allotted to hay-grass, some want of variety is found there also. The meadows, however, are sufficiently enlivened after hay-making begins, which is much later than in the southern part of the island. A stronger objection is rainy weather, setting in sometimes at this period with a vigour, and continuing with a perseverance, that may remind the disappointed and dejected traveller of those deluges of rain which fall among the Abyssinian mountains, for the annual supply of the Nile. The months of September and October (particularly October) are generally attended with much finer weather; and the scenery is then, beyond comparison, more diversified, more splendid, and beautiful; but, on the other hand, short days prevent long excursions, and sharp and chill gales are unfavourable to parties of pleasure out of doors. Nevertheless, to the sincere admirer of Nature, who is in good health and spirits, and at liberty to make a choice, the six weeks following the 1st of September may be recommended in preference to July and August. For there is no inconvenience arising from the season which, to such a person, would not be amply compensated by the *autumnal* appearance of any of the more retired vallies, into which discordant plantations and unsuitable buildings have not yet found entrance.—In such spots, at this season, there is an admirable compass and proportion of natural harmony in colour, through the whole scale of objects; in the tender green of the after-grass upon the meadows, interspersed with islands of grey or mossy rock, crowned by shrubs and trees; in the irregular inclosures of standing corn, or stubble-fields, in like manner broken; in the mountain-sides glowing with fern of divers colours; in the calm blue lakes and river-pools; and in the foliage of the trees, through all the tints of autumn,—from the pale and brilliant yellow of the

birch and ash, to the deep greens of the unfaded oak and alder, and of the ivy upon the rocks, upon the trees, and the cottages. Yet, as most travellers are either stinted, or stint themselves, for time, the space between the middle or last week in May, and the middle or last week of June, may be pointed out as affording the best combination of long days, fine weather, and variety of impressions. Few of the native trees are then in full leaf; but, for whatever may be wanting in depth of shade, more than an equivalent will be found in the diversity of foliage, in the blossoms of the fruit-and-berry-bearing trees which abound in the woods, and in the golden flowers of the broom and other shrubs, with which many of the copses are interveined. In those woods, also, and on those mountain-sides which have a northern aspect, and in the deep dells, many of the spring-flowers still linger; while the open and sunny places are stocked with the flowers of the approaching summer. And, besides, is not an exquisite pleasure still untasted by him who has not heard the choir of linnets and thrushes chaunting their love-songs in the copses, woods, and hedge-rows of a mountainous country; safe from the birds of prey, which build in the inaccessible crags, and are at all hours seen or heard wheeling about in the air? The number of these formidable creatures is probably the cause, why, in the *narrow* vallies, there are no skylarks; as the destroyer would be enabled to dart upon them from the near and surrounding crags, before they could descend to their ground-nests for protection. It is not often that the nightingale resorts to these vales; but almost all the other tribes of our English warblers are numerous; and their notes, when listened to by the side of broad still waters, or when heard in unison with the murmuring of mountain-brooks, have the compass of their power enlarged accordingly. There is also an imaginative influence in the voice of the cuckoo, when that

voice has taken possession of a deep mountain valley, very different from any thing which can be excited by the same sound in a flat country. Nor must a circumstance be omitted, which here renders the close of spring especially interesting; I mean the practice of bringing down the ewes from the mountains to yean in the vallies and enclosed grounds. The herbage being thus cropped as it springs, *that* first tender emerald green of the season, which would otherwise have lasted little more than a fortnight, is prolonged in the pastures and meadows for many weeks; while they are further enlivened by the multitude of lambs bleating and skipping about. These sportive creatures, as they gather strength, are turned out upon the open mountains, and with their slender limbs, their snow-white colour, and their wild and light motions, beautifully accord or contrast with the rocks and lawns, upon which they must now begin to seek their food. And last, but not least, at this time the traveller will be sure of room and comfortable accommodation, even in the smaller inns. I am aware that few of those who may be inclined to profit by this recommendation will be able to do so, as the time and manner of an excursion of this kind are mostly regulated by circumstances which prevent an entire freedom of choice. It will therefore be more pleasant to observe, that, though the months of July and August are liable to many objections, yet it often happens that the weather, at this time, is not more wet and stormy than they, who are really capable of enjoying the sublime forms of Nature in their utmost sublimity, would desire. For no traveller, provided he be in good health, and with any command of time, would have a just privilege to visit such scenes, if he could grudge the price of a little confinement among them, or interruption in his journey, for the sight or sound of a storm coming on or clearing away. Insensible must he be who would not congratulate himself

upon the bold bursts of sunshine, the descending vapours, wandering lights and shadows, and the invigorated torrents and water-falls, with which broken weather, in a mountainous region, is accompanied. At such a time there is no cause to complain, either of the monotony of midsummer colouring, or the glaring atmosphere of long, cloudless, and hot days.

Thus far concerning the respective advantages and disadvantages of the different seasons for visiting this country. As to the order in which objects are best seen—a lake being composed of water flowing from higher grounds, and expanding itself till its receptacle is filled to the brim,—it follows, that it will appear to most advantage when approached from its outlet, especially if the lake be in a mountainous country; for, by this way of approach, the traveller faces the grander features of the scene, and is gradually conducted into its most sublime recesses. Now, every one knows, that from amenity and beauty the transition to sublimity is easy and favourable; but the reverse is not so; for, after the faculties have been elevated, they are indisposed to humbler excitement.*

It is not likely that a mountain will be ascended without disappointment, if a wide range of prospect be the object, unless either the summit be reached before sun-rise, or the visitant remain there until the time of sun-set, and after-

* The only instances to which the foregoing observations do not apply, are Derwent-water and Lowes-water. Derwent is distinguished from all the other Lakes by being *surrounded* with sublimity: the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale to the south, the solitary majesty of Skiddaw to the north, the bold steeps of Wallow-crag and Lodore to the east, and to the west the clustering mountains of New-lands. Lowes-water is tame at the head, but towards its outlet has a magnificent assemblage of mountains. Yet as far as respects the formation of such receptacles, the general observation holds good: neither Derwent nor Lowes-water derive any supplies from the streams of those mountains that dignify the landscape towards the outlets.

wards. The precipitous sides of the mountain, and the neighbouring summits, may be seen with effect under any atmosphere which allows them to be seen at all; but *he* is the most fortunate adventurer, who chances to be involved in vapours which open and let in an extent of country partially, or, dispersing suddenly, reveal the whole region from centre to circumference.

A stranger to a mountainous country may not be aware that his walk in the early morning ought to be taken on the eastern side of the vale, otherwise he will lose the morning light, first touching the tops and thence creeping down the sides of the opposite hills, as the sun ascends, or he may go to some central eminence, commanding both the shadows from the eastern, and the lights upon the western mountains. But, if the horizon line in the east be low, the western side may be taken for the sake of the reflections, upon the water, of light from the rising sun. In the evening, for like reasons, the contrary course should be taken.

After all, it is upon the *mind* which a traveller brings along with him that his acquisitions, whether of pleasure or profit, must principally depend.—May I be allowed a few words on this subject?

Nothing is more injurious to genuine feeling than the practice of hastily and ungraciously depreciating the face of one country by comparing it with that of another. True it is Qui *bene* distinguit bene *docet;* yet fastidiousness is a wretched travelling companion: and the best guide to which, in matters of taste, we can entrust ourselves, is a disposition to be pleased. For example, if a traveller be among the Alps, let him surrender up his mind to the fury of the gigantic torrents, and take delight in the contemplation of their almost irresistible violence, without complaining of the monotony of their foaming course, or being disgusted with the muddiness of the water—apparent even where it is violently

agitated. In Cumberland and Westmoreland, let not the comparative weakness of the streams prevent him from sympathising with such impetuosity as they possess; and making the most of the present objects, let him, as he justly may do, observe with admiration the unrivalled brilliancy of the water, and that variety of motion, mood, and character, that arises out of the want of those resources by which the power of the streams in the Alps is supported.—Again, with respect to the mountains; though these are comparatively of diminutive size, though there is little of perpetual snow, and no voice of summer-avalanches is heard among them: and though traces left by the ravage of the elements are here comparatively rare and unimpressive, yet out of this very deficiency proceeds a sense of stability and permanence that is, to many minds, more grateful—

> While the hoarse rushes to the sweeping breeze
> Sigh forth their ancient melodies.

Among the Alps are few places that do not preclude this feeling of tranquil sublimity. Havoc, and ruin, and desolation, and encroachment, are everywhere more or less obtruded; and it is difficult, notwithstanding the naked loftiness of the *pikes*, and the snow-capped summits of the *mounts*, to escape from the depressing sensation, that the whole are in a rapid process of dissolution; and, were it not that the destructive agency must abate as the heights diminish, would, in time to come, be levelled with the plains. Nevertheless, I would relish to the utmost the demonstrations of every species of power at work to effect such changes.

From these general views let us descend a moment to detail. A stranger to mountain imagery naturally on his first arrival looks out for sublimity in every object that admits of it; and is almost always disappointed. For this disappointment there exists, I believe, no general preventive;

nor is it desirable that there should. But with regard to one class of objects, there is a point in which injurious expectations may be easily corrected. It is generally supposed that waterfalls are scarcely worth being looked at except after much rain, and that, the more swollen the stream the more fortunate the spectator; but this however is true only of large cataracts with sublime accompaniments; and not even of these without some drawbacks. In other instances, what becomes, at such a time, of that sense of refreshing coolness which can only be felt in dry and sunny weather, when the rocks, herbs, and flowers glisten with moisture diffused by the breath of the precipitous water? But, considering these things as objects of sight only, it may be observed, that the principal charm of the smaller waterfalls or cascades consists in certain proportions of form and affinities of colour, among the component parts of the scene; and in the contrast maintained between the falling water and that which is apparently at rest, or rather settling gradually into quiet in the pool below. The beauty of such a scene, where there is naturally so much agitation, is also heightened, in a peculiar manner, by the *glimmering*, and towards the verge of the pool, by the *steady*, reflection of the surrounding images. Now, all those delicate distinctions are destroyed by heavy floods, and the whole stream rushes along in foam and tumultuous confusion. A happy proportion of component parts is indeed noticeable among the landscapes of the North of England; and, in this characteristic essential to a perfect picture, they surpass the scenes of Scotland, and, in a still greater degree, those of Switzerland.

As a resident among the Lakes, I frequently hear the scenery of this country compared with that of the Alps; and therefore a few words shall be added to what has been incidentally said upon that subject.

If we could recall, to this region of lakes, the native pine-

forests, with which many hundred years ago a large portion of the heights was covered, then, during spring and autumn, it might frequently, with much propriety, be compared to Switzerland,—the elements of the landscape would be the same—one country representing the other in miniature. Towns, villages, churches, rural seats, bridges and roads: green meadows and arable grounds, with their various produce, and deciduous woods of diversified foliage which occupy the vales and lower regions of the mountains, would, as in Switzerland, be divided by dark forests from ridges and round-topped heights covered with snow, and from pikes and sharp declivities imperfectly arrayed in the same glittering mantle: and the resemblance would be still more perfect on those days when vapours, resting upon, and floating around the summits, leave the elevation of the mountains less dependent upon the eye than on the imagination. But the pine-forests have wholly disappeared; and only during late spring and early autumn is realised here that assemblage of the imagery of different seasons, which is exhibited through the whole summer among the Alps,—winter in the distance,—and warmth, leafy woods, verdure and fertility at hand, and widely diffused.

Striking, then, from among the permanent materials of the landscape, that stage of vegetation which is occupied by pine-forests, and, above that, the perennial snows, we have mountains, the highest of which little exceed 3000 feet, while some of the Alps do not fall short of 14,000 or 15,000, and 8000 or 10,000 is not an uncommon elevation. Our tracts of wood and water are almost diminutive in comparison; therefore, as far as sublimity is dependent upon absolute bulk and height, and atmospherical influences in connection with these, it is obvious, that there can be no rivalship. But a short residence among the British Mountains will furnish abundant proof, that, after a certain point

of elevation, viz. that which allows of compact and fleecy clouds settling upon, or sweeping over, the summits, the sense of sublimity depends more upon form and relation of objects to each other than upon their actual magnitude; and that an elevation of 3000 feet is sufficient to call forth in a most impressive degree the creative, and magnifying, and softening powers of the atmosphere. Hence, on the score even of sublimity, the superiority of the Alps is by no means so great as might hastily be inferred;—and, as to the *beauty* of the lower regions of the Swiss Mountains, it is noticeable—that, as they are all regularly mown, their surface has nothing of that mellow tone and variety of hues by which mountain turf, that is never touched by the scythe, is distinguished. On the smooth and steep slopes of the Swiss hills, these plots of verdure do indeed agreeably unite their colour with that of the deciduous trees, or make a lively contrast with the dark green pine-groves that define them, and among which they run in endless variety of shapes—but this is most pleasing *at first sight;* the permanent gratification of the eye requires finer gradations of tone, and a more delicate blending of hues into each other. Besides, it is only in spring and late autumn that cattle animate by their presence the Swiss lawns; and, though the pastures of the higher regions where they feed during the summer are left in their natural state of flowery herbage, those pastures are so remote, that their texture and colour are of no consequence in the composition of any picture in which a lake of the Vales is a feature. Yet in those lofty regions, how vegetation is invigorated by the genial climate of that country! Among the luxuriant flowers there met with, groves, or forests, if I may so call them, of Monks-hood are frequently seen; the plant of deep, rich blue, and as tall as in our gardens; and this at an elevation where, in Cumberland, Icelandic moss would only be found, or the stony summits be utterly bare.

We have, then, for the colouring of Switzerland, *principally* a vivid green herbage, black woods, and dazzling snows, presented in masses with a grandeur to which no one can be insensible; but not often graduated by Nature into soothing harmony, and so ill suited to the pencil, that though abundance of good subjects may be there found, they are not such as can be deemed *characteristic* of the country; nor is this unfitness confined to colour: the forms of the mountains, though many of them in some points of view the noblest that can be conceived, are apt to run into spikes and needles, and present a jagged outline which has a mean effect, transferred to canvass. This must have been felt by the ancient masters; for, if I am not mistaken, they have not left a single landscape, the materials of which are taken from the *peculiar* features of the Alps; yet Titian passed his life almost in their neighbourhood; the Poussins and Claude must have been well acquainted with their aspects; and several admirable painters, as Tibaldi and Luino, were born among the Italian Alps. A few experiments have lately been made by Englishmen, but they only prove that courage, skill, and judgment, may surmount any obstacles; and it may be safely affirmed, that they who have done best in this bold adventure, will be the least likely to repeat the attempt. But, though our scenes are better suited to painting than those of the Alps, I should be sorry to contemplate either country in reference to that art, further than as its fitness or unfitness for the pencil renders it more or less pleasing to the eye of the spectator, who has learned to observe and feel, chiefly from Nature herself.

Deeming the points in which Alpine imagery is superior to British too obvious to be insisted upon, I will observe that the deciduous woods, though in many places unapproachable by the axe, and triumphing in the pomp and

prodigality of Nature, have, in general,* neither the variety nor beauty which would exist in those of the mountains of Britain, if left to themselves. Magnificent walnut-trees grow upon the plains of Switzerland; and fine trees, of that species, are found scattered over the hill-sides; birches also grow here and there in luxuriant beauty; but neither these, nor oaks, are ever a prevailing tree, nor can even be said to be common; and the oaks, as far as I had an opportunity of observing, are greatly inferior to those of Britain. Among the interior vallies the proportion of beeches and pines is so great that other trees are scarcely noticeable; and surely such woods are at all seasons much less agreeable than that rich and harmonious distribution of oak, ash, elm, birch, and alder, that formerly clothed the sides of Snowdon and Helvellyn; and of which no mean remains still survive at the head of Ulswater. On the Italian side of the Alps, chesnut and walnut-trees grow at a considerable height on the mountains; but, even there, the foliage is not equal in beauty to the 'natural product' of this climate. In fact the sunshine of the South of Europe, so envied when heard of at a distance, is in many respects injurious to rural beauty, particularly as it incites to the cultivation of spots of ground which in colder climates would be left in the hands of Nature, favouring at the same time the culture of plants that are more valuable on account of the fruit they produce to gratify the palate, than for affording pleasure to the eye, as materials of landscape. Take, for instance, the Promontory of Bellagio, so fortunate in its command of the three branches of the Lake of Como, yet the ridge of the Promontory itself, being for the most part covered with vines interspersed with olive-trees, accords but ill with the vastness of the green unappropriated mountains, and derogates not a little from the

* The greatest variety of trees is found in the Valais.

sublimity of those finely contrasted pictures to which it is a fore-ground. The vine, when cultivated upon a large scale, notwithstanding all that may be said of it in poetry,* makes but a dull formal appearance in landscape; and the olive-tree (though one is loth to say so) is not more grateful to the eye than our common willow, which it much resembles; but the hoariness of hue, common to both, has in the aquatic plant an appropriate delicacy, harmonising with the situation in which it most delights. The same may no doubt be said of the olive among the dry rocks of Attica, but I am speaking of it as found in gardens and vineyards in the North of Italy. At Bellagio, what Englishman can resist the temptation of substituting, in his fancy, for these formal treasures of cultivation, the natural variety of one of our parks—its pastured lawns, coverts of hawthorn, of wild-rose, and honeysuckle, and the majesty of forest trees?—such wild graces as the banks of Derwent-water shewed in the time of the Ratcliffes; and Gowbarrow Park, Lowther, and Rydal do at this day.

As my object is to reconcile a Briton to the scenery of his own country, though not at the expense of truth, I am not afraid of asserting that in many points of view our LAKES, also, are much more interesting than those of the Alps; first, as is implied above, from being more happily proportioned to the other features of the landscape; and next, both as being infinitely more pellucid, and less subject to agitation

* Lucretius has charmingly described a scene of this kind.

Inque dies magis in montem succedere sylvas
Cogebant, infráque locum concedere cultis:
Prata, lacus, rivos, segetes, vinetaque laeta
Collibus et campis ut haberent, atque olearum
Caerula distinguens inter *plaga* currere posset
Per tumulos, et convalleis, campósque profusa:
Ut nunc esse vides vario distincta lepore
Omnia, quae pomis intersita dulcibus ornant,
Arbustisque tenent felicibus obsita circúm.

from the winds.* Como, (which may perhaps be styled the King of Lakes, as Lugano is certainly the Queen) is disturbed by a periodical wind blowing *from* the head in the morning, and *towards* it in the afternoon. The magnificent Lake of the four Cantons, especially its noblest division, called the Lake of Uri, is not only much agitated by winds, but in the night time is disturbed from the bottom, as I was told, and indeed as I witnessed, without any apparent commotion in the air; and when at rest, the water is not pure to the eye, but of a heavy green hue—as is that of all the other lakes, apparently according to the degree in which they are fed by melted snows. If the Lake of Geneva furnish an exception, this is probably owing to its vast extent, which allows the water to deposit its impurities. The water of the English lakes, on the contrary, being of a crystalline clearness, the reflections of the surrounding hills are frequently so lively, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the point where the real object terminates, and its unsubstantial duplicate begins. The lower part of the Lake of Geneva, from its narrowness, must be much less subject to agitation than the higher divisions, and, as the water is clearer than that of the other Swiss Lakes, it will frequently exhibit this appearance, though it is scarcely possible in an equal degree. During two comprehensive tours among the Alps, I did not observe, except on one of the smaller lakes

* It is remarkable that Como (as is probably the case with other Italian Lakes) is more troubled by storms in summer than in winter. Hence the propriety of the following verses:

Lari! margine ubique confragoso
Nulli coelicolum negas sacellum
Picto pariete saxeoque tecto;
Hinc miracula multa navitarum
Audis, nec placido refellis ore,
Sed nova usque paras, Noto vel Euro
Aestivas quatientibus cavernas,
Vel surgentis ab Adduae cubili
Caeco grandinis imbre provoluto. LANDOR.

between Lugano and Ponte Tresa, a single instance of those beautiful repetitions of surrounding objects on the bosom of the water, which are so frequently seen here: not to speak of the fine dazzling trembling net-work, breezy motions, and streaks and circles of intermingled smooth and rippled water, which make the surface of our lakes a field of endless variety. But among the Alps, where every thing tends to the grand and the sublime, in surfaces as well as in forms, if the lakes do not court the placid reflections of land objects those of first-rate magnitude make compensation, in some degree, by exhibiting those ever-changing fields of green, blue, and purple shadows or lights, (one scarcely knows which to name them) that call to mind a sea-prospect contemplated from a lofty cliff.

The subject of torrents and water-falls has already been touched upon; but it may be added that in Switzerland, the perpetual accompaniment of snow upon the higher regions takes much from the effect of foaming white streams; while, from their frequency, they obstruct each other's influence upon the mind of the spectator; and, in all cases, the effect of an individual cataract, excepting the great Fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, is diminished by the general fury of the stream of which it is a part.

Recurring to the reflections from still water, I will describe a singular phenomenon of this kind of which I was an eye-witness.

Walking by the side of Ulswater upon a calm September morning, I saw, deep within the bosom of the Lake, a magnificent Castle, with towers and battlements: nothing could be more distinct than the whole edifice. After gazing with delight upon it for some time, as upon a work of enchantment, I could not but regret that my previous knowledge of the place enabled me to account for the appearance. It was in fact the reflection of a pleasure-house called Lyulph's

Tower—the towers and battlements magnified and so much changed in shape as not to be immediately recognised. In the meanwhile, the pleasure-house itself was altogether hidden from my view by a body of vapour stretching over it and along the hill-side on which it stands, but not so as to have intercepted its communication with the lake; and hence this novel and most impressive object, which, if I had been a stranger to the spot, would, from its being inexplicable, have long detained the mind in a state of pleasing astonishment.

Appearances of this kind, acting upon the credulity of early ages, may have given birth to, and favoured the belief in, stories of sub-aqueous palaces, gardens, and pleasure-grounds—the brilliant ornaments of Romance.

With this *inverted* scene I will couple a much more extraordinary phenomenon, which will show how other elegant fancies may have had their origin, less in invention than in the actual processes of Nature.

About eleven o'clock on the forenoon of a winter's day, coming suddenly, in company of a friend, into view of the Lake of Grasmere, we were alarmed by the sight of a newly-created Island; the transitory thought of the moment was, that it had been produced by an earthquake or some other convulsion of Nature. Recovering from the alarm, which was greater than the reader can possibly sympathise with, but which was shared to its full extent by my companion, we proceeded to examine the object before us. The elevation of this new island exceeded considerably that of the old one, its neighbour; it was likewise larger in circumference, comprehending a space of about five acres; its surface rocky, speckled with snow, and sprinkled over with birch-trees; it was divided towards the south from the other island by a narrow frith, and in like manner from the northern shore of the lake; on the east and west it was separated from the shore by a much larger space of smooth water.

Marvellous was the illusion! Comparing the new with the old Island, the surface of which is soft, green, and unvaried, I do not scruple to say that, as an object of sight, it was much the more distinct. 'How little faith,' we exclaimed, 'is due to one sense, unless its evidence be confirmed by some of its fellows! What Stranger could possibly be persuaded that this, which we know to be an unsubstantial mockery, is *really* so; and that there exists only a single Island on this beautiful lake?' At length the appearance underwent a gradual transmutation; it lost its prominence and passed into a glittering and dim *inversion*, and then totally disappeared; leaving behind it a clear open area of ice of the same dimensions. We now perceived that this bed of ice, which was thinly suffused with water, had produced the illusion, by reflecting and refracting (as persons skilled in optics would no doubt easily explain) a rocky and woody section of the opposite mountain named Silver-how.

Having dwelt so much upon the beauty of pure and still water, and pointed out the advantage which the Lakes of the North of England have in this particular over those of the Alps, it would be injustice not to advert to the sublimity that must often be given to Alpine scenes, by the agitations to which those vast bodies of diffused water are there subject. I have witnessed many tremendous thunder-storms among the Alps, and the most glorious effects of light and shadow; but I never happened to be present when any Lake was agitated by those hurricanes which I imagine must often torment them. If the commotions be at all proportionable to the expanse and depth of the waters, and the height of the surrounding mountains, then, if I may judge from what is frequently seen here, the exhibition must be awful and astonishing.—On this day, March 30, 1822, the winds have been acting upon the small Lake of Rydal, as if they had received command to carry its waters from their

bed into the sky; the white billows in different quarters disappeared under clouds, or rather drifts, of spray, that were whirled along, and up into the air by scouring winds, charging each other in squadrons in every direction, upon the Lake. The spray, having been hurried aloft till it lost its consistency and whiteness, was driven along the mountain tops like flying showers that vanish in the distance. Frequently an eddying wind scooped the waters out of the basin, and forced them upwards in the very shape of an Icelandic Geyser, or boiling fountain, to the height of several hundred feet.

This small Mere of Rydal, from its position, is subject in a peculiar degree to these commotions. The present season, however, is unusually stormy;—great numbers of fish, two of them not less than twelve pounds weight, were a few days ago cast on the shores of Derwent-water by the force of the waves.

Lest, in the foregoing comparative estimate, I should be suspected of partiality to my native mountains, I will support my general opinion by the authority of Mr West, whose Guide to the Lakes has been eminently serviceable to the Tourist for nearly fifty years. The Author, a Roman Catholic Clergyman, had passed much time abroad, and was well acquainted with the scenery of the Continent. He thus expresses himself: 'They who intend to make the continental tour should begin here; as it will give, in miniature, an idea of what they are to meet with there, in traversing the Alps and Appenines; to which our northern mountains are not inferior in beauty of line, or variety of summit, number of lakes, and transparency of water; not in colouring of rock, or softness of turf, but in height and extent only. The mountains here are all accessible to the summit, and furnish prospects no less surprising, and with more variety, than the Alps themselves. The tops of the

highest Alps are inaccessible, being covered with everlasting snow, which commencing at regular heights, above the cultivated tracts, or wooded and verdant sides, form indeed the highest contrast in Nature. For there may be seen all the variety of climate in one view. To this, however, we oppose the sight of the ocean, from the summits of all the higher mountains, as it appears intersected with promontories, decorated with islands, and animated with navigation.' —West's *Guide*, p. 5.

EXCURSIONS TO THE TOP OF SCAWFELL AND ON THE BANKS OF ULSWATER.

It was my intention, several years ago, to describe a regular tour through this country, taking the different scenes in the most favourable order; but after some progress had been made in the work it was abandoned from a conviction, that if well executed it would lessen the pleasure of the Traveller by anticipation, and, if the contrary, it would mislead him. The Reader, may not, however, be displeased with the following extract from a letter to a Friend, giving an account of a visit to a summit of one of the highest of these mountains; of which I am reminded by the observations of Mr West, and by reviewing what has been said of this district in comparison with the Alps.

Having left Rosthwaite in Borrowdale, on a bright morning in the first week of October, we ascended from Seathwaite to the top of the ridge, called Ash-course, and thence beheld three distinct views;—on one side, the continuous Vale of Borrowdale, Keswick, and Bassenthwaite,—with Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Saddle-back, and numerous other mountains—and, in the distance, the Solway Frith and the Moun-

tains of Scotland;—on the other side, and below us, the Langdale Pikes—their own vale below *them*;—Windermere, —and, far beyond Windermere, Ingleborough in Yorkshire But how shall I speak of the deliciousness of the third prospect! At this time, *that* was most favoured by sunshine and shade. The green Vale of Esk—deep and green with its glittering serpent stream, lay below us: and, on we looked to the Mountains near the Sea,—Black-Comb pre-eminent, —and, still beyond, to the Sea itself, in dazzling brightness. Turning round we saw the Mountains of Wastdale in tumult; to our right, Great Gavel, the loftiest, a distinct and *huge* form, though the middle of the mountain was, to our eyes, as its base.

We had attained the object of this journey; but our ambition now mounted higher. We saw the summit of Scawfell apparently very near to us; and we shaped our course towards it; but discovering that it could not be reached without first making a considerable descent, we resolved, instead, to aim at another point of the same mountain, called the *Pikes*, which I have since found has been estimated as higher than the summit bearing the name of Scawfell Head where the Stone Man is built.

The sun had never once been overshadowed by a cloud during the whole of our progress from the centre of Borrowdale. On the summit of the Pike, which we gained after much toil, though without difficulty, there was not a breath of air to stir even the papers containing our refreshment, as they lay spread out upon a rock. The stillness seemed to be not of this world:—we paused, and kept silence to listen; and no sound could be heard: the Scawfell Cataracts were voiceless to us; and there was not an insect to hum in the air. The vales which we had seen from Ash-course lay yet in view; and, side by side with Eskdale, we now saw the sister Vale of Donnerdale terminated by the Duddon Sands.

But the majesty of the mountains below, and close to us, is not to be conceived. We now beheld the whole mass of Great Gavel from its base,—the Den of Wastdale at our feet—a gulf immeasurable: Grasmire and the other mountains of Crummock—Ennerdale and its mountains; and the Sea beyond! We sat down to our repast, and gladly would we have tempered our beverage (for there was no spring or well near us) with such a supply of delicious water as we might have procured, had we been on the rival summit of Great Gavel; for on its highest point is a small triangular receptacle in the native rock, which, the shepherds say, is never dry. There we might have slaked our thirst plenteously with a pure and celestial liquid, for the cup or basin, it appears, has no other feeder than the dews of heaven, the showers, the vapours, the hoar frost, and the spotless snow.

While we were gazing around, 'Look,' I exclaimed, 'at yon ship upon the glittering sea!' 'Is it a ship?' replied our shepherd-guide. 'It can be nothing else,' interposed my companion; 'I cannot be mistaken, I am so accustomed to the appearance of ships at sea.' The Guide dropped the argument; but, before a minute was gone, he quietly said, 'Now look at your ship; it is changed into a horse.' So indeed it was,—a horse with a gallant neck and head. We laughed heartily; and, I hope, when again inclined to be positive, I may remember the ship and the horse upon the glittering sea; and the calm confidence, yet submissiveness of our wise Man of the Mountains, who certainly had more knowledge of clouds than we, whatever might be our knowledge of ships.

I know not how long we might have remained on the summit of the Pike, without a thought of moving, had not our Guide warned us that we must not linger; for a storm was coming. We looked in vain to espy the signs of it. Mountains, vales, and sea were touched with the clear light of

the sun. 'It is there,' said he, pointing to the sea beyond Whitehaven, and there we perceived a light vapour unnoticeable but by a shepherd accustomed to watch all mountain bodings. We gazed around again, and yet again, unwilling to lose the remembrance of what lay before us in that lofty solitude; and then prepared to depart. Meanwhile the air changed to cold, and we saw that tiny vapour swelled into mighty masses of cloud which came boiling over the mountains. Great Gavel, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw, were wrapt in storm; yet Langdale and the mountains in that quarter, remained all bright in sunshine. Soon the storm reached us; we sheltered under a crag; and almost as rapidly as it had come it passed away, and left us free to observe the struggles of gloom and sunshine in other quarters. Langdale had now its share, and the Pikes of Langdale were decorated by two splendid rainbows. Skiddaw also had his own rainbows. Before we again reached Ash-course every cloud had vanished from every summit.

I ought to have mentioned that round the top of Scawfell-Pike not a blade of grass is to be seen. Cushions or tufts of moss, parched and brown, appear between the huge blocks and stones that lie in heaps on all sides to a great distance, like skeletons or bones of the earth not needed at the creation, and there left to be covered with never-dying lichens, which the clouds and dews nourish; and adorn with colours of vivid and exquisite beauty. Flowers, the most brilliant feathers, and even gems, scarcely surpass in colouring some of those masses of stone, which no human eye beholds, except the shepherd or traveller be led thither by curiosity: and how seldom must this happen! For the other eminence is the one visited by the adventurous stranger; and the shepherd has no inducement to ascend the Pike in quest of his sheep; no food being *there* to tempt them.

We certainly were singularly favoured in the weather

for when we were seated on the summit, our conductor, turning his eyes thoughtfully round, said, 'I do not know that in my whole life, I was ever, at any season of the year, so high upon the mountains on so *calm* a day.' (It was the 7th of October.) Afterwards we had a spectacle of the grandeur of earth and heaven commingled; yet without terror. We knew that the storm would pass away;—for so our prophetic Guide had assured us.

Before we reached Seathwaite in Borrowdale, a few stars had appeared, and we pursued our way down the Vale, to Rosthwaite, by moonlight.

Scawfell and Helvellyn being the two Mountains of this region which will best repay the fatigue of ascending them, the following Verses may be here introduced with propriety. They are from the Author's Miscellaneous Poems.

To ———.

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF HELVELLYN.

INMATE of a Mountain Dwelling,
Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed,
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn;
Awed, delighted, and amazed!

Potent was the spell that bound thee
Not unwilling to obey;
For blue Ether's arms, flung round thee,
Stilled the pantings of dismay.

Lo! the dwindled woods and meadows!
What a vast abyss is there!
Lo! the clouds, the solemn shadows,
And the glistenings—heavenly fair!

And a record of commotion
Which a thousand ridges yield;
Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean
Gleaming like a silver shield!

—Take thy flight;—possess, inherit
Alps or Andes—they are thine!
With the morning's roseate Spirit,
Sweep their length of snowy line;

Or survey the bright dominions
In the gorgeous colours drest
Flung from off the purple pinions,
Evening spreads throughout the west!

Thine are all the coral fountains
Warbling in each sparry vault
Of the untrodden lunar mountains;
Listen to their songs!—or halt,

To Niphate's top invited,
Whither spiteful Satan steered;
Or descend where the ark alighted,
When the green earth re-appeared:

For the power of hills is on thee,
As was witnessed through thine eye
Then, when old Helvellyn won thee
To confess their majesty!

Having said so much of *points of view* to which few are likely to ascend, I am induced to subjoin an account of a short excursion through more accessible parts of the country, made at a *time* when it is seldom seen but by the inhabitants. As the journal was written for one acquainted with the general features of the country, only those effects and appearances are dwelt upon, which are produced by the changeableness of the atmosphere, or belong to the season when the excursion was made.

A.D. 1805.—On the 7th of November, on a damp and gloomy morning, we left Grasmere Vale, intending to pass a few days on the banks of Ulswater. A mild and dry autumn had been unusually favourable to the preservation and beauty of foliage; and, far advanced as the season was, the trees, on the larger Island of Rydal-mere retained a splendour which did not need the heightening of sunshine. We noticed, as we passed, that the line of the grey rocky shore of that island, shaggy with variegated bushes and shrubs, and spotted and striped with purplish brown heath, indistinguishably blending with its image reflected in the still water, produced a curious resemblance, both in form and

colour, to a rich-coated caterpillar, as it might appear through a magnifying glass of extraordinary power. The mists gathered as we went along: but, when we reached the top of Kirkstone, we were glad we had not been discouraged by the apprehension of bad weather. Though not able to see a hundred yards before us, we were more than contented. At such a time, and in such a place, every scattered stone the size of one's head becomes a companion. Near the top of the Pass is the remnant of an old wall, which (magnified, though obscured, by the vapour) might have been taken for a fragment of some monument of ancient grandeur,—yet that same pile of stones we had never before even observed. This situation, it must be allowed, is not favourable to gaiety; but a pleasing hurry of spirits accompanies the surprise occasioned by objects transformed, dilated, or distorted, as they are when seen through such a medium. Many of the fragments of rock on the top and slopes of Kirkstone, and of similar places, are fantastic enough in themselves; but the full effect of such impressions can only be had in a state of weather when they are not likely to be *sought* for. It was not till we had descended considerably that the fields of Hartshope were seen, like a lake tinged by the reflection of sunny clouds: I mistook them for Brotherswater, but, soon after, we saw that lake gleaming faintly with a steelly brightness,—then, as we continued to descend, appeared the brown oaks, and the birches of lively yellow—and the cottages—and the lowly Hall of Hartshope, with its long roof and ancient chimneys. During great part of our way to Patterdale, we had rain, or rather drizzling vapour; for there was never a drop upon our hair or clothes larger than the smallest pearls upon a lady's ring.

The following morning, incessant rain till 11 o'clock, when the sky began to clear, and we walked along the eastern shore of Ulswater towards the farm of Blowick.

The wind blew strong, and drove the clouds forward, on the side of the mountain above our heads;—two storm-stiffened black yew-trees fixed our notice, seen through, or under the edge of, the flying mists,—four or five goats were bounding among the rocks;—the sheep moved about more quietly, or cowered beneath their sheltering places. This is the only part of the country where goats are now found;* but this morning, before we had seen these, I was reminded of that picturesque animal by two rams of mountain breed, both with Ammonian horns, and with beards majestic as that which Michael Angelo has given to his statue of Moses.—But to return; when our path had brought us to that part of the naked common which overlooks the woods and bush-besprinkled fields of Blowick, the lake, clouds, and mists were all in motion to the sound of sweeping winds:—the church and cottages of Patterdale scarcely visible, or seen only by fits between the shifting vapours. To the northward the scene was less visionary;—Place Fell steady and bold;—the whole lake driving onward like a great river—waves dancing round the small islands. The house at Blowick was the boundary of our walk; and we returned, lamenting to see a decaying and uncomfortable dwelling in a place where sublimity and beauty seemed to contend with each other. But these regrets were dispelled by a glance on the woods that clothe the opposite steeps of the lake. How exquisite was the mixture of sober and splendid hues! The general colouring of the trees was brown—rather that of ripe hazel nuts; but towards the water, there were yet beds of green, and in the highest parts of the wood, was abundance of yellow foliage, which, gleaming through a vapoury lustre, reminded us of masses of clouds, as you see them gathered together in the west, and touched with the golden light of the setting sun.

* A.D. 1835. These also have disappeared.

After dinner we walked up the Vale; I had never had an idea of its extent and width in passing along the public road on the other side. We followed the path that leads from house to house; two or three times it took us through some of those copses of groves that cover the little hillocks in the middle of the vale, making an intricate and pleasing intermixture of lawn and wood. Our fancies could not resist the temptation; and we fixed upon a spot for a cottage, which we began to build: and finished as easily as castles are raised in the air.—Visited the same spot in the evening. I shall say nothing of the moonlight aspect of the situation which had charmed us so much in the afternoon; but I wish you had been with us when, in returning to our friend's house, we espied his lady's large white dog, lying in the moonshine upon the round knoll under the old yew-tree in the garden, a romantic image—the dark tree and its dark shadow—and the elegant creature, as fair as a spirit! The torrents murmured softly: the mountains down which they were falling did not, to my sight, furnish a back-ground for this Ossianic picture; but I had a consciousness of the depth of the seclusion, and that mountains were embracing us on all sides; 'I saw not, but I *felt* that they were there.'

Friday, November 9th.—Rain, as yesterday, till 10 o'clock, when we took a boat to row down the lake. The day improved,—clouds and sunny gleams on the mountains. In the large bay under Place Fell, three fishermen were dragging a net,—a picturesque group beneath the high and bare crags! A raven was seen aloft; not hovering like the kite, for that is not the habit of the bird; but passing on with a straight-forward perseverance, and timing the motion of its wings to its own croaking. The waters were agitated; and the iron tone of the raven's voice, which strikes upon the ear at all times as the more dolorous from its regularity, was in fine keeping

with the wild scene before our eyes. This carnivorous fowl is a great enemy to the lambs of these solitudes; I recollect frequently seeing, when a boy, bunches of unfledged ravens suspended from the church-yard gates of H——, for which a reward of *so* much a head was given to the adventurous destroyer.—The Fishermen drew their net ashore, and hundreds of fish were leaping in their prison. They were all of the kind called skellies, a sort of fresh-water herring, shoals of which may sometimes be seen dimpling or rippling the surface of the lake in calm weather. This species is not found, I believe, in any other of these lakes; nor, as far as I know, is the chevin, that *spiritless* fish, (though I am loth to call it so, for it was a prime favourite with Isaac Walton,) which must frequent Ulswater, as I have seen a large shoal passing into the lake from the river Eamont. *Here* are no pike, and the char are smaller than those of the other lakes, and of inferior quality; but the grey trout attains a very large size, sometimes weighing above twenty pounds. This lordly creature seems to know that 'retiredness is a piece of majesty;' for it is scarcely ever caught, or even seen, except when it quits the depths of the lake in the spawning season, and runs up into the streams, where it is too often destroyed in disregard of the law of the land and of Nature.

Quitted the boat in the bay of Sandwyke, and pursued our way towards Martindale along a pleasant path—at first through a coppice, bordering the lake, then through green fields—and came to the village, (if village it may be called, for the houses are few, and separated from each other,) a sequestered spot, shut out from the view of the lake. Crossed the one-arched bridge, below the chapel, with its 'bare ring of mossy wall,' and single yew-tree. At the last house in the dale we were greeted by the master, who was sitting at his door, with a flock of sheep collected round

him, for the purpose of smearing them with tar (according to the custom of the season) for protection against the winter's cold. He invited us to enter, and view a room built by Mr Hasell for the accommodation of his friends at the annual chase of red deer in his forests at the head of these dales. The room is fitted up in the sportsman's style, with a cupboard for bottles and glasses, with strong chairs, and a dining-table; and ornamented with the horns of the stags caught at these hunts for a succession of years—the length of the last race each had run being recorded under his spreading antlers. The good woman treated us with oaten cake, new and crisp; and after this welcome refreshment and rest, we proceeded on our return to Patterdale by a short cut over the mountains. On leaving the fields of Sandwyke, while ascending by a gentle slope along the valley of Martindale, we had occasion to observe that in thinly-peopled glens of this character the general want of wood gives a peculiar interest to the scattered cottages embowered in sycamore. Towards its head, this valley splits into two parts; and in one of these (that to the left) there is no house, nor any building to be seen but a cattle-shed on the side of a hill, which is sprinkled over with trees, evidently the remains of an extensive forest. Near the entrance of the other division stands the house where we were entertained, and beyond the enclosures of that farm there are no other. A few old trees remain, relics of the forest, a little stream hastens, though with serpentine windings, through the uncultivated hollow, where many cattle were pasturing. The cattle of this country are generally white, or light-coloured; but these were dark brown, or black, which heightened the resemblance this scene bears to many parts of the Highlands of Scotland.—While we paused to rest upon the hill-side, though well contented with the quiet every-day sounds—the lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep,

and the very gentle murmuring of the valley stream, we could not but think what a grand effect the music of the bugle-horn would have among these mountains. It is still heard once every year, at the chase I have spoken of; a day of festivity for the inhabitants of this district except the poor deer, the most ancient of them all. Our ascent even to the top was very easy; when it was accomplished we had exceedingly fine views, some of the lofty Fells being resplendent with sunshine, and others partly shrouded by clouds. Ulswater, bordered by black steeps, was of dazzling brightness; the plain beyond Penrith smooth and bright, or rather gleamy, as the sea or sea sands. Looked down into Boardale, which, like Stybarrow, has been named from the wild swine that formerly abounded here; but it has now no sylvan covert, being smooth and bare, a long, narrow, deep, cradle-shaped glen, lying so sheltered that one would be pleased to see it planted by human hands, there being a sufficiency of soil; and the trees would be sheltered almost like shrubs in a green-house.—After having walked some way along the top of the hill, came in view of Glenriddin and the mountains at the head of Grisdale.—Before we began to descend turned aside to a small ruin, called at this day the chapel, where it is said the inhabitants of Martindale and Patterdale were accustomed to assemble for worship. There are now no traces from which you could infer for what use the building had been erected; the loose stones and the few which yet continue piled up resemble those which lie elsewhere on the mountain; but the shape of the building having been oblong, its remains differ from those of a common sheep-fold; and it has stood east and west. Scarcely did the Druids, when they fled to these fastnesses, perform their rites in any situation more exposed to disturbance from the elements. One cannot pass by without being reminded that the rustic psalmody must have had

the accompaniment of many a wildly-whistling blast; and what dismal storms must have often drowned the voice of the preacher! As we descend, Patterdale opens upon the eye in grand simplicity, screened by mountains, and proceeding from two heads, Deepdale and Hartshope, where lies the little lake of Brotherswater, named in old maps Broaderwater, and probably rightly so; for Bassenthwaite-mere at this day is familiarly called Broadwater; but the change in the appellation of this small lake or pool (if it be a corruption) may have been assisted by some melancholy accident similar to what happened about twenty years ago, when two brothers were drowned there, having gone out to take their holiday pleasure upon the ice on a new-year's day.

A rough and precipitous peat track brought us down to our friend's house.—Another fine moonlight night; but a thick fog rising from the neighbouring river, enveloped the rocky and wood-crested knoll on which our fancy cottage had been erected; and, under the damp cast upon my feelings, I consoled myself with moralizing on the folly of hasty decisions in matters of importance, and the necessity of having at least one year's knowledge of a place before you realise airy suggestions in solid stone.

Saturday, November 10th.—At the breakfast-table tidings reached us of the death of Lord Nelson, and of the victory at Trafalgar. Sequestered as we were from the sympathy of a crowd, we were shocked to hear that the bells had been ringing joyously at Penrith to celebrate the triumph. In the rebellion of the year 1745 people fled with their valuables from the open country to Patterdale, as a place of refuge secure from the incursions of strangers. At that time, news such as we had heard might have been long in penetrating so far into the recesses of the mountains; but now, as you know, the approach is easy, and the com-

munication in summer time, almost hourly: nor is this strange, for travellers after pleasure are become not less active, and more numerous than those who formerly left their homes for purposes of gain. The priest on the banks of the remotest stream of Lapland will talk familiarly of Buonaparte's last conquests, and discuss the progress of the French revolution, having acquired much of his information from adventurers impelled by curiosity alone.

The morning was clear and cheerful after a night of sharp frost. At 10 o'clock we took our way on foot towards Pooley Bridge, on the same side of the lake we had coasted in a boat the day before.—Looked backwards to the south from our favourite station above Blowick. The dazzling sunbeams striking upon the church and village, while the earth was steaming with exhalations not traceable in other quarters, rendered their forms even more indistinct than the partial and flitting veil of unillumined vapour had done two days before. The grass on which we trod, and the trees in every thicket, were dripping with melted hoar-frost. We observed the lemon-coloured leaves of the birches, as the breeze turned them to the sun, sparkle, or rather *flash*, like diamonds, and the leafless purple twigs were tipped with globes of shining crystal.

The day continued delightful, and unclouded to the end. I will not describe the country which we slowly travelled through, nor relate our adventures; and will only add, that on the afternoon of the 13th we returned along the banks of Ulswater by the usual road. The lake lay in deep repose after the agitations of a wet and stormy morning. The trees in Gowbarrow park were in that state when what is gained by the disclosure of their bark and branches compensates, almost, for the loss of foliage, exhibiting the variety which characterises the point of time between autumn and winter. The hawthorns were leafless; their round

heads covered with rich scarlet berries, and adorned with arches of green brambles, and eglantines hung with glossy hips ; and the grey trunks of some of the ancient oaks, which in the summer season might have been regarded only for their venerable majesty, now attracted notice by a pretty embellishment of green mosses and fern intermixed with russet leaves retained by those slender outstarting twigs which the veteran tree would not have tolerated in his strength. The smooth silver branches of the ashes were bare; most of the alders as green as the Devonshire cottage-myrtle that weathers the snows of Christmas.—Will you accept it as some apology for my having dwelt so long on the woodland ornaments of these scenes—that artists speak of the trees on the banks of Ulswater, and especially along the bays of Stybarrow crags, as having a peculiar character of picturesque intricacy in their stems and branches, which their rocky stations and the mountain winds have combined to give them ?

At the end of Gowbarrow park a large herd of deer were either moving slowly or standing still among the fern. I was sorry when a chance-companion, who had joined us by the way, startled them with a whistle, disturbing an image of grave simplicity and thoughtful enjoyment; for I could have fancied that those natives of this wild and beautiful region were partaking with us a sensation of the solemnity of the closing day. The sun had been set some time ; and we could perceive that the light was fading away from the coves of Helvellyn, but the lake under a luminous sky, was more brilliant than before.

After tea at Patterdale, set out again:—a fine evening; the seven stars close to the mountain-top; all the stars seemed brighter than usual. The steeps were reflected in Brotherswater, and, above the lake, appeared like enormous black perpendicular walls. The Kirkstone torrents had been

swoln by the rains, and now filled the mountain pass with their roaring, which added greatly to the solemnity of our walk. Behind us, when we had climbed to a great height, we saw one light, very distant, in the vale, like a large red star—a solitary one in the gloomy region. The cheerfulness of the scene was in the sky above us.

Reached home a little before midnight.

KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY.

TWO LETTERS

RE-PRINTED FROM THE *MORNING POST.*

REVISED, WITH ADDITIONS.

These *Two Letters* on the "Kendal and Windermere Railway," were published in *The Morning Post*, in 1844.

They were afterwards republished at Kendal, in a small pamphlet; and subsequently at London, by Whittaker & Co., Ave Maria Lane, and Edward Moxon, Dover Street, "revised, with additions," but without date.—Ed.

KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY.

No. I.

To the Editor of the 'Morning Post.'

SIR,

Some little time ago you did me the favour of inserting a sonnet expressive of the regret and indignation which, in common with others all over these Islands, I felt at the proposal of a railway to extend from Kendal to Low Wood, near the head of Windermere. The project was so offensive to a large majority of the proprietors through whose lands the line, after it came in view of the Lake, was to pass, that, for this reason, and the avowed one of the heavy expense without which the difficulties in the way could not be overcome, it has been partially abandoned, and the terminus is now announced to be at a spot within a mile of Bowness. But as no guarantee can be given that the project will not hereafter be revived, and an attempt made to carry the line forward through the vales of Ambleside and Grasmere, and as in one main particular the case remains essentially the same, allow me to address you upon certain points which merit more consideration than the favourers of the scheme have yet given them. The matter, though seemingly local, is really one in which all persons of taste must be interested, and, therefore, I hope to be excused if I venture to treat it at some length.

I shall barely touch upon the statistics of the question, leaving these to the two adverse parties, who will lay their

several statements before the Board of Trade, which may possibly be induced to refer the matter to the House of Commons; and, contemplating that possibility, I hope that the observations I have to make may not be altogether without influence upon the public, and upon individuals whose duty it may be to decide in their place whether the proposed measure shall be referred to a Committee of the House. Were the case before us an ordinary one, I should reject such an attempt as presumptuous and futile; but it is not only different from all others, but, in truth, peculiar.

In this district the manufactures are trifling; mines it has none, and its quarries are either wrought out or superseded; the soil is light, and the cultivateable parts of the country are very limited; so that it has little to send out, and little has it also to receive. Summer TOURISTS, (and the very word precludes the notion of a railway) it has in abundance; but the inhabitants are so few and their intercourse with other places so infrequent, that one daily coach, which could not be kept going but through its connection with the Post-office, suffices for three-fourths of the year along the line of country as far as Keswick. The staple of the district is, in fact, its beauty and its character of seclusion and retirement; and to these topics and to others connected with them my remarks shall be confined.

The projectors have induced many to favour their schemes by declaring that one of their main objects is to place the beauties of the Lake district within easier reach of those who cannot afford to pay for ordinary conveyances. Look at the facts. Railways are completed, which, joined with others in rapid progress, will bring travellers who prefer approaching by Ullswater to within four miles of that lake. The Lancaster and Carlisle Railway will approach the town of Kendal, about eight or nine miles from eminences that command the whole vale of Windermere. The Lakes are

therefore at present of very easy access for *all* persons; but if they be not made still more so, the poor, it is said, will be wronged. Before this be admitted let the question be fairly looked into, and its different bearings examined. No one can assert that, if this intended mode of approach be not effected, anything will be taken away that is actually possessed. The wrong, if any, must lie in the unwarrantable obstruction of an attainable benefit. First, then, let us consider the probable amount of that benefit.

Elaborate gardens, with topiary works, were in high request, even among our remote ancestors, but the relish for choice and picturesque natural *scenery* (a poor and mean word which requires an apology, but will be generally understood), is quite of recent origin. Our earlier travellers—Ray, the naturalist, one of the first men of his age—Bishop Burnet, and others who had crossed the Alps, or lived some time in Switzerland, are silent upon the sublimity and beauty of those regions; and Burnet even uses these words, speaking of the Grisons—'When they have made up estates elsewhere they are glad to leave Italy and the best parts of Germany, and to come and live among those mountains of which the very sight is enough to fill a man with horror.' The accomplished Evelyn, giving an account of his journey from Italy through the Alps, dilates upon the terrible, the melancholy, and the uncomfortable; but, till he comes to the fruitful country in the neighbourhood of Geneva, not a syllable of delight or praise. In the *Sacra Telluris Theoria* of the other Burnet there is a passage—omitted, however, in his own English translation of the work—in which he gives utterance to his sensations, when, from a particular spot he beheld a tract of the Alps rising before him on the one hand, and on the other the Mediterranean Sea spread beneath him. Nothing can be worthier of the magnificent appearances he describes than his language. In a noble strain also does the Poet Gray address, in a Latin Ode, the *Religio*

loci at the Grande Chartruise. But before his time, with the exception of the passage from Thomas Burnet just alluded to, there is not, I believe, a single English traveller whose published writings would disprove the assertion, that, where precipitous rocks and mountains are mentioned at all, they are spoken of as objects of dislike and fear, and not of admiration. Even Gray himself, describing, in his Journal, the steeps at the entrance of Borrowdale, expresses his terror in the language of Dante:—'Let us not speak of them, but look and pass on.' In my youth, I lived some time in the vale of Keswick, under the roof of a shrewd and sensible woman, who more than once exclaimed in my hearing, 'Bless me! folk are always talking about prospects; when I was young there was never sic a thing neamed.' In fact, our ancestors, as everywhere appears, in choosing the site of their houses, looked only at shelter and convenience, especially of water, and often would place a barn or any other out-house directly in front of their habitations, however beautiful the landscape which their windows might otherwise have commanded. The first house that was built in the Lake district for the sake of the beauty of the country was the work of a Mr English, who had travelled in Italy, and chose for his site, some eighty years ago, the great island of Windermere; but it was sold before his building was finished, and he showed how little he was capable of appreciating the character of the situation by setting up a length of high garden-wall, as exclusive as it was ugly, almost close to the house. The nuisance was swept away when the late Mr Curwen became the owner of this favoured spot. Mr English was followed by Mr Pocklington, a native of Nottinghamshire, who played strange pranks by his buildings and plantations upon Vicar's Island, in Derwentwater, which his admiration, such as it was, of the country, and probably a wish to be a leader in a new fashion, had tempted him to

purchase. But what has all this to do with the subject?—Why, to show that a vivid perception of romantic scenery is neither inherent in mankind, nor a necessary consequence of even a comprehensive education. It is benignly ordained that green fields, clear blue skies, running streams of pure water, rich groves and woods, orchards, and all the ordinary varieties of rural Nature, should find an easy way to the affections of all men, and more or less so from early childhood till the senses are impaired by old age and the sources of mere earthly enjoyment have in a great measure failed. But a taste beyond this, however desirable it may be that every one should possess it, is not to be implanted at once; it must be gradually developed both in nations and individuals. Rocks and mountains, torrents and wide-spread waters, and all those features of Nature which go to the composition of such scenes as this part of England is distinguished for, cannot, in their finer relations to the human mind, be comprehended, or even very imperfectly conceived, without processes of culture or opportunities of observation in some degree habitual. In the eye of thousands and tens of thousands, a rich meadow, with fat cattle grazing upon it, or the sight of what they would call a heavy crop of corn, is worth all that the Alps and Pyrenees in their utmost grandeur and beauty could show to them; and notwithstanding the grateful influence, as we have observed, of ordinary Nature and the productions of the fields, it is noticeable what trifling conventional prepossessions will, in common minds, not only preclude pleasure from the sight of natural beauty, but will even turn it into an object of disgust. 'If I had to do with this garden,' said a respectable person, one of my neighbours, 'I would sweep away all the black and dirty stuff from that wall.' The wall was backed by a bank of earth, and was exquisitely decorated with ivy, flowers, moss, and ferns, such as grow of themselves in like

places; but the mere notion of fitness associated with a trim garden-wall, prevented, in this instance, all sense of the spontaneous bounty and delicate care of Nature. In the midst of a small pleasure-ground, immediately below my house, rises a detached rock, equally remarkable for the beauty of its form, the ancient oaks that grew out of it, and the flowers and shrubs which adorn it. 'What a nice place would this be,' said a Manchester tradesman, pointing to the rock, 'if that ugly lump were but out of the way.' Men as little advanced in the pleasure which such objects give to others are so far from being rare, that they may be said fairly to represent a large majority of mankind. This is a fact, and none but the deceiver and the willingly deceived can be offended by its being stated. But as a more susceptible taste is undoubtedly a great acquisition, and has been spreading among us for some years, the question is, what means are most likely to be beneficial in extending its operation? Surely that good is not to be obtained by transferring at once uneducated persons in large bodies to particular spots, where the combinations of natural objects are such as would afford the greatest pleasure to those who have been in the habit of observing and studying the peculiar character of such scenes, and how they differ one from another. Instead of tempting artisans and labourers, and the humbler classes of shopkeepers, to ramble to a distance, let us rather look with lively sympathy upon persons in that condition, when, upon a holiday, or on the Sunday, after having attended divine worship, they make little excursions with their wives and children among neighbouring fields, whither the whole of each family might stroll, or be conveyed at much less cost than would be required to take a single individual of the number to the shores of Windermere by the cheapest conveyance. It is in some such way as this only, that persons who must labour daily

with their hands for bread in large towns, or are subject to confinement through the week, can be trained to a profitable intercourse with Nature where she is the most distinguished by the majesty and sublimity of her forms.

For further illustration of the subject, turn to what we know of a man of extraordinary genius, who was bred to hard labour in agricultural employments, Burns, the poet. When he had become distinguished by the publication of a volume of verses, and was enabled to travel by the profit his poems brought him, he made a tour, in the course of which, as his companion, Dr Adair, tells us, he visited scenes inferior to none in Scotland in beauty, sublimity, and romantic interest; and the Doctor having noticed, with other companions, that he seemed little moved upon one occasion by the sight of such a scene, says—'I doubt if he had much taste for the picturesque.' The personal testimony, however, upon this point is conflicting; but when Dr Currie refers to several local poems as decisive proofs that Burns' fellow-traveller was mistaken, the biographer is surely unfortunate. How vague and tame are the poet's expressions in those few local poems, compared with his language when he is describing objects with which his position in life allowed him to be familiar! It appears, both from what his works contain, and from what is not to be found in them, that, sensitive as they abundantly prove his mind to have been in its intercourse with common rural images, and with the general powers of Nature exhibited in storm and in stillness, in light or in darkness, and in the various aspects of the seasons, he was little affected by the sight of one spot in preference to another, unless where it derived an interest from history, tradition, or local associations. He lived many years in Nithsdale, where he was in daily sight of Skiddaw, yet he never crossed the Solway for a better acquaintance with that mountain; and I am persuaded that,

if he had been induced to ramble among our Lakes, by that time sufficiently celebrated, he would have seldom been more excited than by some ordinary Scottish stream or hill with a tradition attached to it, or which had been the scene of a favourite ballad or love song. If all this be truly said of such a man, and the like cannot be denied of the eminent individuals before named, who to great natural talents added the accomplishments of scholarship or science, then what ground is there for maintaining that the poor are treated with disrespect, or wrong done to them or any class of visitants, if we be reluctant to introduce a railway into this country for the sake of lessening by eight or nine miles only, the fatigue or expense of their journey to Windermere?—And wherever any one among the labouring classes has made even an approach to the sensibility which drew a lamentation from Burns when he had uprooted a daisy with his plough, and caused him to turn the 'weeder-clips aside' from the thistle, and spare 'the symbol dear' of his country, then surely such a one, could he afford by any means to travel as far as Kendal, would not grudge a two hours' walk across the skirts of the beautiful country that he was desirous of visiting.

The wide-spread waters of these regions are in their nature peaceful; so are the steep mountains and the rocky glens: nor can they be profitably enjoyed but by a mind disposed to peace. Go to a pantomime, a farce, or a puppet-show, if you want noisy pleasure—the crowd of spectators who partake your enjoyment will, by their presence and acclamations, enhance it; but may those who have given proof that they prefer other gratifications continue to be safe from the molestation of cheap trains pouring out their hundreds at a time along the margin of Windermere; nor let any one be liable to the charge of being selfishly disregardful of the poor, and their innocent and salutary enjoyments, if he does not

congratulate himself upon the especial benefit which would thus be conferred on such a concourse.

> O, Nature, a' thy shows an' forms,
> To feeling pensive hearts hae charms!

So exclaimed the Ayrshire ploughman, speaking of ordinary rural Nature under the varying influences of the seasons, and the sentiment has found an echo in the bosoms of thousands in as humble a condition as he himself was when he gave vent to it. But then they were feeling, pensive hearts; men who would be among the first to lament the facility with which they had approached this region, by a sacrifice of so much of its quiet and beauty, as, from the intrusion of a railway, would be inseparable. What can, in truth, be more absurd, than that either rich or poor should be spared the trouble of travelling by high roads over so short a space according to their respective means, if the unavoidable consequence must be a great disturbance of the retirement, and in many places a destruction of the beauty of the country, which the parties are come in search of? Would not this be pretty much like the child's cutting his drum to learn where the sound came from?

Having, I trust, given sufficient reason for the belief that the imperfectly educated classes are not likely to draw much good from rare visits to the Lakes performed in this way, and surely on their own account it is not desirable that the visits should be frequent, let us glance at the mischief which such facilities would certainly produce. The directors of railway companies are always ready to devise or encourage entertainments for tempting the humbler classes to leave their homes. Accordingly, for the profit of the shareholders and that of the lower class of innkeepers, we should have wrestling matches, horse and boat races without number, and pot-houses and beer-shops would keep pace with these ex-

citements and recreations, most of which might too easily be had elsewhere. The injury which would thus be done to morals, both among this influx of strangers and the lower class of inhabitants, is obvious; and, supposing such extraordinary temptations not to be held out, there cannot be a doubt that the Sabbath day in the towns of Bowness and Ambleside, and other parts of the district, would be subject to much additional desecration.

Whatever comes of the scheme which we have endeavoured to discountenance, the charge against its opponents of being selfishly regardless of the poor, ought to cease. The cry has been raised and kept up by three classes of persons—they who wish to bring into discredit all such as stand in the way of their gains or gambling speculations; they who are dazzled by the application of physical science to the useful arts, and indiscriminately applaud what they call the spirit of the age as manifested in this way; and, lastly, those persons who are ever ready to step forward in what appears to them to be the cause of the poor, but not always with becoming attention to particulars. I am well aware that upon the first class what has been said will be of no avail, but upon the two latter some impression will, I trust, be made.

To conclude. The railway power, we know well, will not admit of being materially counteracted by sentiment; and who would wish it where large towns are connected, and the interests of trade and agriculture are substantially promoted, by such mode of intercommunication? But be it remembered, that this case is, as has been said before, a peculiar one, and that the staple of the country is its beauty and its character of retirement. Let then the beauty be undisfigured and the retirement unviolated, unless there be reason for believing that rights and interests of a higher kind and more apparent than those which have been urged in behalf of the projected intrusion

will compensate the sacrifice. Thanking you for the judicious observations that have appeared in your paper upon the subject of railways,

I remain, Sir,

Your obliged,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, Dec. 9, 1844.

NOTE.—To the instances named in this letter of the indifference even of men of genius to the sublime forms of Nature in mountainous districts, the author of the interesting Essays, in the *Morning Post*, entitled Table Talk has justly added Goldsmith, and I give the passage in his own words.

'The simple and gentle-hearted Goldsmith, who had an exquisite sense of rural beauty in the familiar forms of hill and dale, and meadows with their hawthorn-scented hedges, does not seem to have dreamt of any such thing as beauty in the Swiss Alps, though he traversed them on foot, and had therefore the best opportunities of observing them. In his poem "The Traveller," he describes the Swiss as loving their mountain homes, not by reason of the romantic beauty of the situation, but in spite of the miserable character of the soil and the stormy horrors of their mountain steeps—

Turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No produce here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword:
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, *even here*, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.'

In the same Essay, (December 18th, 1844,) are many observations judiciously bearing upon the true character of this and similar projects

No. II.

To the Editor of the 'Morning Post.'

SIR,

As you obligingly found space in your journal for observations of mine upon the intended Kendal and Windermere Railway, I venture to send you some further remarks upon the same subject. The scope of the main argument, it will be recollected, was to prove that the perception of what has acquired the name of picturesque and romantic scenery is so far from being intuitive, that it can be produced only by a slow and gradual process of culture; and to show, as a consequence, that the humbler ranks of society are not, and cannot be, in a state to gain material benefit from a more speedy access than they now have to this beautiful region. Some of our opponents dissent from this latter proposition, though the most judicious of them readily admit the former; but then, overlooking not only positive assertions, but reasons carefully given, they say, 'As you allow that a more comprehensive taste is desirable, you ought to side with us;' and they illustrate their position, by reference to the British Museum and National Picture Gallery. 'There,' they add, 'thanks to the easy entrance now granted, numbers are seen, indicating by their dress and appearance their humble condition, who, when admitted for the first time, stare vacantly around them, so that one is inclined to ask what brought them hither? But an impression is made, something gained which may induce them to repeat the visit until light breaks in upon them, and they take an intelligent interest in what they behold.' Persons who talk thus forget that, to produce such an improvement, frequent access, at small cost of time and labour is indispensable. Manchester lies, perhaps, within eight hours' rail-

way distance of London: but surely no one would advise that Manchester operatives should contract a habit of running to and fro between that town and London, for the sake of forming an intimacy with the British Museum and National Gallery? No, no; little would all but a very few gain from the opportunities which, consistently with common sense, could be afforded them for such expeditions. Nor would it fare better with them in respect of trips to the lake district; an assertion, the truth of which no one can doubt, who has learned by experience how many men of the same or higher rank, living from their birth in this very region, are indifferent to those objects around them in which a cultivated taste takes so much pleasure. I should not have detained the reader so long upon this point, had I not heard (glad tidings for the directors and traffickers in shares!) that among the affluent and benevolent manufacturers of Yorkshire and Lancashire are some who already entertain the thought of sending, at their own expense, large bodies of their workmen, by railway, to the banks of Windermere. Surely these gentlemen will think a little more before they put such a scheme into practice. The rich man cannot benefit the poor, nor the superior the inferior, by anything that degrades him. Packing off men after this fashion, for holiday entertainment, is, in fact, treating them like children. They go at the will of their master, and must return at the same, or they will be dealt with as transgressors.

A poor man, speaking of his son, whose time of service in the army was expired, once said to me, (the reader will be startled by the expression, and I, indeed, was greatly shocked by it), 'I am glad he has done with that *mean* way of life.' But I soon gathered what was at the bottom of the feeling. The father overlooked all the glory that attaches to the character of a British soldier, in the consciousness that his son's will must have been in so great a degree

subject to that of others. The poor man felt where the true dignity of his species lay, namely, in a just proportion between actions governed by a man's own inclinations and those of other men; but, according to the father's notion, that proportion did not exist in the course of life from which his son had been released. Had the old man known from experience the degree of liberty allowed to the common soldier, and the moral effect of the obedience required, he would have thought differently, and had he been capable of extending his views, he would have felt how much of the best and noblest part of our civic spirit was owing to our military and naval institutions, and that perhaps our very existence as a free people had by them been maintained. This extreme instance has been adduced to show how deeply seated in the minds of Englishmen is their sense of personal independence. Master-manufacturers ought never to lose sight of this truth. Let them consent to a Ten Hours' Bill, with little, or, if possible, no diminution of wages, and the necessaries of life being more easily procured, the mind will develope itself accordingly, and each individual would be more at liberty to make, at his own cost, excursions in any direction which might be most inviting to him. There would then be no need for their masters sending them in droves scores of miles from their homes and families to the borders of Windermere, or anywhere else. Consider also the state of the Lake District; and look, in the first place, at the little town of Bowness, in the event of such railway inundations. What would become of it in this, not the Retreat, but the Advance of the Ten Thousand! Leeds, I am told, has sent as many at once to Scarborough. We should have the whole of Lancashire, and no small part of Yorkshire, pouring in upon us to meet the men of Durham, and the borderers from Cumberland and Northumberland.

Alas, alas, if the Lakes are to pay this penalty for their own attractions!

> —Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
> And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.

The fear of adding to the length of my last long letter prevented me from entering into details upon private and personal feelings among the residents, who have cause to lament the threatened intrusion. These are not matters to be brought before a Board of Trade, though I trust there will always be of that board members who know well that as we do 'not live by bread alone,' so neither do we live by political economy alone. Of the present Board I would gladly believe there is not one who, if his duty allowed it, would not be influenced by considerations of what may be felt by a gallant officer now serving on the coast of South America, when he shall learn that the nuisance, though not intended actually to enter his property, will send its omnibuses, as fast as they can drive, within a few yards of his modest abode, which he built upon a small domain purchased at a price greatly enhanced by the privacy and beauty of the situation. Professor Wilson (him I take the liberty to name), though a native of Scotland, and familiar with the grandeur of his own country, could not resist the temptation of settling long ago among our mountains. The place which his public duties have compelled him to quit as a residence, and may compel him to part with, is probably dearer to him than any spot upon earth. The reader should be informed with what respect he has been treated. Engineer agents, to his astonishment, came and intruded with their measuring instruments, upon his garden. He saw them; and who will not admire the patience that kept his hands from their shoulders? I must stop.

But with the fear before me of the line being carried, at

a day not distant, through the whole breadth of the district, I could dwell, with much concern for other residents, upon the condition which they would be in, if that outrage should be committed; nor ought it to be deemed impertinent were I to recommend this point to the especial regard of Members of Parliament, who may have to decide upon the question. The two Houses of Legislature have frequently shown themselves not unmindful of private feeling in these matters. They have, in some cases, been induced to spare parks and pleasure grounds. But along the great railway lines these are of rare occurrence. They are but a part, and a small part; here it is far otherwise. Among the ancient inheritances of the yeomen, surely worthy of high respect, are interspersed through the entire district villas, most of them with such small domains attached that the occupants would be hardly less annoyed by a railway passing through their neighbour's ground than through their own. And it would be unpardonable not to advert to the effect of this measure on the interests of the very poor in this locality. With the town of Bowness I have no *minute* acquaintance; but of Ambleside, Grasmere, and the neighbourhood, I can testify from long experience, that they have been favoured by the residence of a gentry whose love of retirement has been a blessing to these vales; for their families have ministered, and still minister, to the temporal and spiritual necessities of the poor, and have personally superintended the education of the children in a degree which does those benefactors the highest honour, and which is, I trust, gratefully acknowledged in the hearts of all whom they have relieved, employed, and taught. Many of those friends of our poor would quit this country if the apprehended change were realised, and would be succeeded by strangers not linked to the neighbourhood, but flitting to and fro between their fancy villas and the homes where their

wealth was accumulated and accumulating by trade and manufactures. It is obvious that persons, so unsettled, whatever might be their good wishes and readiness to part with money for charitable purposes, would ill supply the loss of the inhabitants who had been driven away.

It will be felt by those who think with me upon this occasion that I have been writing on behalf of a social condition which no one who is competent to judge of it will be willing to subvert, and that I have been endeavouring to support moral sentiments and intellectual pleasures of a high order against an enmity which seems growing more and more formidable every day; I mean "Utilitarianism," serving as a mask for cupidity and gambling speculations. My business with this evil lies in its reckless mode of action by Railways, now its favourite instruments. Upon good authority I have been told that there was lately an intention of driving one of these pests, as they are likely too often to prove, through a part of the magnificent ruins of Furness Abbey—an outrage which was prevented* by some one pointing out how easily a deviation might be made; and the hint produced its due effect upon the engineer.

Sacred as that relic of the devotion of our ancestors deserves to be kept, there are temples of Nature, temples built by the Almighty, which have a still higher claim to be left unviolated. Almost every reach of the winding vales in this district might once have presented itself to a man of imagination and feeling under that aspect, or, as the Vale of Grasmere appeared to the Poet Gray more than seventy years ago. 'No flaring gentleman's-house,' says he, 'nor garden-walls break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected *paradise*, but all is peace,' &c., &c. Were the Poet now living, how would he have lamented the probable

* Alas! only for a time.—ED.

intrusion of a railway with its scarifications, its intersections, its noisy machinery, its smoke, and swarms of pleasure-hunters, most of them thinking that they do not fly fast enough through the country which they have come to see. Even a broad highway may in some places greatly impair the characteristic beauty of the country, as will be readily acknowledged by those who remember what the Lake of Grasmere was before the new road that runs along its eastern margin had been constructed.

> Quanto praestantias esset
> Numen aquae viridi si margina clauderet undas
> Herba—

As it once was, and fringed with wood, instead of the breast-work of bare wall that now confines it. In the same manner has the beauty, and still more the sublimity of many Passes in the Alps been injuriously affected. Will the reader excuse a quotation from a MS. poem in which I attempted to describe the impression made upon my mind by the descent towards Italy along the Simplon before the new military road had taken the place of the old muleteer track with its primitive simplicities?

> Brook and road
> Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass,
> And with them did we journey several hours
> At a slow step. The immeasurable height
> Of woods decaying never to be decayed,
> The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
> And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
> Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,
> The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
> The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
> Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
> As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
> And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
> The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
> Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light,
> Were all like workings of one mind, the features
> Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,

Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

1799.

Thirty years afterwards I crossed the Alps by the same Pass; and what had become of the forms and powers to which I had been indebted for those emotions? Many of them remained of course undestroyed and indestructible. But, though the road and torrent continued to run parallel to each other, their fellowship was put an end to. The stream had dwindled into comparative insignificance, so much had Art interfered with and taken the lead of Nature; and, although the utility of the new work, as facilitating the intercourse of great nations, was readily acquiesced in, and the workmanship, in some places, could not but excite admiration, it was impossible to suppress regret for what had vanished for ever. The oratories heretofore not unfrequently met with, on a road still somewhat perilous, were gone; the simple and rude bridges swept away; and instead of travellers proceeding, with leisure to observe and feel, were pilgrims of fashion hurried along in their carriages, not a few of them perhaps discussing the merits of 'the last new Novel,' or poring over their Guide-books, or fast asleep. Similar remarks might be applied to the mountainous country of Wales; but there too, the plea of utility, especially as expediting the communication between England and Ireland, more than justifies the labours of the Engineer. Not so would it be with the Lake District. A railroad is already planned along the sea coast, and another from Lancaster to Carlisle is in great forwardness: an intermediate one is therefore, to say the least of it, superfluous. Once for all let me declare that it is not against Railways but against the abuse of them that I am contending.

How far I am from undervaluing the benefit to be expected from railways in their legitimate application will appear from

the following lines published in 1837,* and composed some years earlier.

STEAMBOATS AND RAILWAYS.

Motions and Means, on sea, on land at war
With old poetic feeling, not for this
Shall ye, by poets even, be judged amiss!
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future good, that point of vision, whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are
In spite of all that Beauty must disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in man's Art; and Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,
Accepts from your bold hold the proffered crown
Of hope, and welcomes you with cheer sublime.

I have now done with the subject. The time of life at which I have arrived may, I trust, if nothing else will, guard me from the imputation of having written from any selfish interests, or from fear of disturbance which a railway might cause to myself. If gratitude for what repose and quiet in a district hitherto, for the most part, not disfigured but beautified by human hands, have done for me through the course of a long life, and hope that others might hereafter be benefited in the same manner and in the same country, *be* selfishness, then indeed, but not otherwise, I plead guilty to the charge. Nor have I opposed this undertaking on account of the inhabitants of the district *merely*, but, as hath been intimated, for the sake of every one, however humble his condition, who coming hither shall bring with him an eye to perceive, and a heart to feel and worthily enjoy. And as for holiday pastimes, if a scene is to be chosen suitable to them for persons thronging from a distance, it may be found elsewhere at less cost of every kind. But, in fact, we have too much hurrying about in these islands; much for idle pleasure, and more from

* They were published in 1835, and composed in 1833.—ED.

over activity in the pursuit of wealth, without regard to the good or happiness of others.

Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,
Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,
Intrenched your brows ; ye gloried in each scar :
Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst of Gold,
That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,
Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,
And clear way made for her triumphal car
Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold !
Heard YE that Whistle ? As her long-linked Train
Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view ?
Yes, ye were startled ;—and, in balance true,
Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,
Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you
To share the passion of a just disdain.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A LIST OF WORDSWORTH'S POEMS

ARRANGED IN

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

A LIST of WORDSWORTH'S POEMS arranged in Chronological Order, so far as can be determined from accessible data.*

1785 to 1797.

Composed.		First Published.
1785.	Written as a School Exercise at Hawkshead, anno ætatis 14. And has the Sun his flaming chariot driven.	1850
1786.	Extract from the Conclusion of a Poem composed in anticipation of leaving School. Dear native regions, I foretell.	1815
1786. (probably).	Written in very early Youth, . . . Calm is all nature as a resting wheel.	1807
1787-89.	An Evening Walk. Addressed to a Young Lady. Far from my dearest Friend, 'tis mine to rove.	1793
1789.	Lines written while sailing in a Boat at Evening. How richly glows the water's breast.	1798
1789.	Remembrance of Collins, composed upon the Thames near Richmond. Glide gently, thus for ever glide.	1798
1793.	Descriptive Sketches taken during a Pedestrian Tour among the Alps. Were there, below, a spot of holy ground.	1793

* In every instance of a Poem published during Wordsworth's lifetime the title is that which he adopted in his final edition. The first line of the Poem follows in smaller print. When no title was given—as in the case of many of the Sonnets, etc.,—the first line alone is printed.

Composed.		*First Published.*
1793-94.	Guilt and Sorrow; or, Incidents upon Salisbury Plain. [*One-third of this poem was published under the title of "The Female Vagrant" in* 1798.] A Traveller on the skirt of Sarum's Plain.	1842
1795.	Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which stands near the Lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate part of the Shore, commanding a beautiful Prospect. Nay, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree stands.	1798
1795-96.	The Borderers. A Tragedy, ... The troop will be impatient; let us hie.	1842
1797.	The Reverie of Poor Susan, ... At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears.	1800
1795.	The Birth of Love, translated from some French stanzas by Francis Wrangham. When Love was born of heavenly line.	1842

1798.

1798.	A Night-piece, ... —— The sky is overcast.	1815
1798.	We are Seven, ... —— A simple Child.	1798
1798.	Anecdote for Fathers, ... I have a boy of five years old.	1798
1798.	The Thorn, ... There is a Thorn—it looks so old.	1798
1798.	Goody Blake and Harry Gill. A true story, . Oh! what 's the matter? what's the matter.	1798
1798.	Her Eyes are Wild, ... Her eyes are wild, her head is bare.	1798
1798.	Simon Lee, the old Huntsman; with an incident in which he was concerned. In the sweet shire of Cardigan.	1798

Composed.		First Published.
1798.	Lines written in Early Spring, I heard a thousand blended notes.	1798
1798.	To my Sister, It is the first mild day of March.	1798
1798.	A whirl-blast from behind the hill,	1800
1798.	Expostulation and Reply, "Why, William, on that old grey stone.	1798
1798.	The Tables Turned. An evening Scene on the same Subject. Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books.	1798
1798.	The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman, Before I see another day.	1798
1798.	The Last of the Flock, In distant countries have I been.	1798
1798.	The Idiot Boy, 'Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night.	1798
1798.	Lines, composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour, July 13, 1798. Five years have past; five summers, with the length.	1798
1798.	The Old Cumberland Beggar, I saw an aged Beggar in my walk.	1800
1798.	Animal Tranquillity and Decay, The little hedgerow birds.	1798
1798.	Peter Bell. A Tale, There's something in a flying horse.	1819
	1799.	
1799.	The Simplon Pass, —— Brook and road.	1845
1799.	Influence of Natural Objects in calling forth and strengthening the imagination in Boyhood and early Youth [*published in "The Friend"*]. Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!	1809

Composed.		*First Published.*
1799.	There was a Boy, ... There was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs.	1800
1799.	Nutting, ... —— It seems a day.	1800
1799.	Strange fits of passion have I known, ...	1800
1799.	She dwelt among the untrodden ways, ...	1800
1799.	I travelled among unknown men, ...	1807
1799.	Three years she grew in sun and shower. . . .	1800
1799.	A slumber did my spirit seal, ...	1800
1799.	A Poet's Epitaph, ... Art thou a Statist in the van.	1800
1799.	Address to the Scholars of the Village School of ——, I come, ye little noisy Crew.	1845
1799.	Matthew, ... If Nature, for a favourite child.	1800
1799.	The two April Mornings, ... We walked along, while bright and red.	1800
1799.	The Fountain. A Conversation, ... We talked with open heart, and tongue.	1800
1799.	To a Sexton, ... Let thy wheel-barrow alone.	1800
1799.	The Danish Boy. A Fragment, ... Between two sister moorland rills.	1800
1799.	Lucy Gray; or, Solitude, ... Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray.	1800
1799.	Ruth, ... When Ruth was left half-desolate.	1800
1799.	Written in Germany, on one of the coldest days in the Century. A plague on your languages, German and Norse.	1800

1800.

Composed.		First Published.
1800.	On Nature's invitation do I come,	1850
1800.	Bleak Season was it, turbulent and wild,	1850
1800.	The Brothers,	1800
	These Tourists, heaven preserve us ! needs must live.	
1800.	Michael. A Pastoral Poem,	1800
	If from the public way you turn your steps.	
1800.	The Idle Shepherd-boys; or, Dungeon-Ghyll Force. A Pastoral.	1800
	The valley rings with mirth and joy.	
1800.	The Pet-lamb. A Pastoral,	1800
	The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink.	
	Poems on the Naming of Places—	
1800.	It was an April morning: fresh and clear,	1800
1800.	To Joanna,	1800
	Amid the smoke of cities did you pass.	
1800.	There is an Eminence,—of these our hills,	1800
1800.	A narrow girdle of rough stones and crags,	1800
1800.	To M. H.	1800
	Our walk was far among the ancient trees.	
1800.	The Waterfall and the Eglantine,	1800
	"Begone, thou fond presumptuous Elf."	
1800.	The Oak and the Broom. A Pastoral,	1800
	His simple truths did Andrew glean.	
1800.	Hart-leap Well,	1800
	The Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor.	
1800.	'Tis said, that some have died for love,	1800
1800.	The Childless Father,	1800
	"Up, Timothy, up with your staff and away !	
1800.	Song for the Wandering Jew,	1800
	Though the torrents from their fountains.	

Composed.		First Published.
1800.	Rural Architecture, ... There's George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and Reginald Shore.	1800
1800.	Ellen Irwin; or, The Braes of Kirtle, . . Fair Ellen Irwin, when she sate.	1800
1800.	Andrew Jones, ... I hate that Andrew Jones; he'll breed.	1800
1800.	The Two Thieves; or, The Last Stage of Avarice. O now that the genius of Bewick were mine.	1800
1800.	A Character, ... I marvel how Nature could ever find space.	1800
1800.	Inscription for the Spot where the Hermitage stood on St. Herbert's Island, Derwent-water. If thou in the dear love of some one Friend.	1800
1800.	Written with a Pencil upon a Stone in the Wall of the House (an Out-house) on the Island at Grasmere. Rude is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen.	1800
1800.	Written with a Slate Pencil upon a Stone, the largest of a Heap lying near a deserted Quarry, upon one of the Islands at Rydal. Stranger! this hillock of mis-shapen stones.	1800

1801.

1801.	The Sparrow's Nest, ... Behold, within the leafy shade.	1807
1801.	Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side, ...	1815
1801. Dec. 5.	The Prioress' Tale (from Chaucer), . . "O Lord, our Lord! how wondrously," (quoth she).	1820
1801. Dec. 8.	The Cuckoo and the Nightingale (from Chaucer), The God of Love—*ah, benedicite!*	1842

Composed.		First Published.
1801.	Troilus and Cresida (from Chaucer), . . . Next morning Troilus began to clear.	1842

1802.

[*Miss Wordsworth's* MS. *Journal enables us to fix the dates of the composition of the poems of* 1802 *more accurately than those of any other year, and also to correct several of the dates given by the poet himself to Miss Fenwick in* 1845.]

1802. March.	The Sailor's Mother, ... One morning (raw it was and wet.	1807
1802. March.	Alice Fell; or, Poverty, ... The post-boy drove with fierce career.	1807
1802. March.	Beggars, ... She had a tall man's height or more.	1807
1802. March.	To a Butterfly (first poem), ... Stay near me—do not take thy flight!	1807
1802. March.	The Emigrant Mother, ... Once in a lonely hamlet I sojourned.	1807
1802. March 26.	My heart leaps up when I behold, ...	1807
1802. April 12.	Among all lovely things my Love had been, ...	1807
1802. April 16.	Written, in March, while resting on the Bridge at the foot of Brothers Water. The Cock is crowing.	1807
1802. April 18.	The Redbreast chasing the Butterfly, . . . Art thou the bird whom Man loves best.	1807
1802. April 20.	To a Butterfly (second poem), ... I 've watched you now a full half-hour.	1807

Composed.		*First Published.*
1802. April 28.	Foresight, That is work of waste and ruin.	1807
1802. April 30.	To the Small Celandine (first poem), Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies.	1807
1802. May 1.	To the same Flower (second poem), Pleasures newly found are sweet.	1807
1802. May 7.	Resolution and Independence, There was a roaring in the wind all night.	1807
1802. May 21.	I grieved for Buonaparté, with a vain,	1807
1802. May 29.	A Farewell, Farewell, thou little Nook of mountain-ground.	1815
1802. June 8.	The sun has long been set,	1807
1802. July 30.	Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1802. Earth has not any thing to show more fair.	1807
1802. August.	Composed by the Sea-side, near Calais, August 1802. Fair Star of evening, Splendour of the west.	1807
1802. August.	Calais, August 1802, Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind.	1807
1802. Aug. 7.	Composed near Calais, on the Road leading to Ardres, August 7, 1802. Jones! as from Calais southward you and I.	1807
1802. Aug. 15.	Calais, August 15, 1802, Festivals have I seen that were not names.	1807
1802. August.	It is a beauteous evening, calm and free.	1807

osed.		First Published.
2. st.	On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic, . Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee.	1807
2. st.	The King of Sweden, ... The Voice of song from distant lands shall call.	1807
2. st.	To Toussaint L'Ouverture, ... Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men !	1807
2. 29.	Composed in the Valley, near Dover, on the day of landing. Here, on our native soil, we breathe once more.	1807
2. 1.	September 1, 1802, ... We had a female Passenger who came.	1807
2.	September 1802. Near Dover, ... Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood.	1807
2.	Written in London, September 1802, . . . O Friend ! I know not which way I must look.	1807
2.	London, 1802, ... Milton ! thou should'st be living at this hour.	1807
2.	Great men have been among us ; hands that penned, . .	1807
2.	It is not to be thought of that the Flood, ...	1807
2.	When I have borne in memory what has tamed, ...	1807
2.	Composed after a Journey across the Hambleton Hills, Yorkshire. Dark and more dark the shades of evening fell.	1807
2.	Stanzas written in my Pocket-copy of Thomson's Castle of Indolence. Within our happy Castle there dwelt One.	1815
.	To H. C. Six years old, ... O Thou ! whose fancies from afar are brought.	1807

Composed.		First Published.
1802.	To the Daisy (first poem), ... In youth from rock to rock I went.	1807
1802.	To the Same Flower (second poem), . . With little here to do or see.	1807
1802.	To the Daisy (third poem), ... Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere.	1807

1803.

1803.	The Green Linnet, ... Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed.	1807
1803.	Yew-trees, ... There is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale.	1815
1803.	Who fancied what a pretty sight, ...	1807
1803.	It is no Spirit who from heaven hath flown, . . .	1807

Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803—

1803.	I. Departure from the Vale of Grasmere, August, 1803. The gentlest Shade that walked Elysian plains.	1827
1803.	II. At the Grave of Burns, 1803. Seven Years after his death. I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold.	1845
1803.	III. Thoughts suggested the Day following, on the Banks of Nith, near the Poet's Residence. Too frail to keep the lofty vow.	1845
1803.	IV. To the Sons of Burns, after visiting the Grave of their Father. 'Mid crowded obelisks and urns.	1807

Composed.		*First Published.*
	[Memorials of a Tour in Scotland—*continued.*]	
1803.	v. To a Highland Girl, ... Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower.	1807
1803.	vi. Glen Almain ; or the Narrow Glen, . In this still place, remote from men.	1807
1803.	vii. Stepping Westward, ... "*What, you are stepping westward?*"—"*Yea.*"	1807
1803.	viii. The Solitary Reaper, ... Behold her, single in the field.	1807
1803.	ix. Address to Kilchurn Castle, upon Loch Awe. Child of loud-throated War! the mountain Stream.	1827
1803.	x. Rob Roy's Grave, ... A famous man is Robin Hood.	1807
1803. Sept. 18.	xi. Sonnet. Composed at —— Castle, . Degenerate Douglas! oh, the unworthy Lord!	1807
1803.	xii. Yarrow Unvisited, ... From Stirling Castle we had seen.	1807
1803.	xiii. The Matron of Jedborough and her Husband. Age! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers.	1807
1803.	xiv. Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-dale! . .	1815
1803.	xv. The Blind Highland Boy, ... Now we are tired of boisterous joy.	1807
1803. October.	October, 1803, ... One might believe that natural miseries.	1807
1803. October.	There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear, . . .	1807
1803. October.	October, 1803, ... These times touch monied worldlings with dismay.	1807
1803. October.	England! the time is come when thou should'st wean, . .	1807
1803. October.	October, 1803, ... When, looking on the present face of things.	1807

Composed.		*First Published.*
1803. October.	To the Men of Kent. October, 1803, . . . Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent.	1807
1803. October.	In the Pass of Killicranky, an invasion being expected, October, 1803. Six thousand veterans, practised in War's game.	1807
1803. October.	Anticipation. October, 1803, ... Shout, for a mighty Victory is won.	1807
1803.	Lines on the expected Invasion, ... Come ye—who, if (which Heaven avert!) the Land.	1845
1803.	The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale, ... 'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined.	1815

1804.

1804.	To the Cuckoo, ... O blithe New-comer! I have heard.	1807
1804.	She was a Phantom of delight, ...	1807
1804.	I wandered lonely as a cloud, ...	1807
1804.	The Affliction of Margaret ———, . . . Where art thou, my beloved Son.	1807
1804.	The Forsaken, ... The peace which others seek they find.	1845
1804.	Repentance. A Pastoral Ballad, . . . The fields which with covetous spirit we sold.	1820
1804.	The Seven Sisters; or, The Solitude of Binnorie, Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald.	1807
1804. Sept. 16.	Address to my Infant Daughter, Dora, on being reminded that she was a Month old, that Day, September 16. —— Hast thou then survived——.	1815
1804.	The Kitten and Falling Leaves, ... That way look, my Infant, lo!	1807

Composed.		*First Published.*
1804.	To the Spade of a Friend (an Agriculturist). Composed while we were labouring together in his Pleasure-ground. Spade! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands.	1807
1804.	The Small Celandine (third poem), . . . There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine.	1807
1804.	At Applethwaite, near Keswick, 1804, . . Beaumont! it was thy wish that I should rear.	1845
1804.	From the Italian of Michael Angelo. To the Supreme Being. The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed.	1807

1805.

1805.	Ode to Duty, ... Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!	1807
1805.	To a Sky-lark, ... Up with me! up with me into the clouds!	1807
1805.	Fidelity, ... A barking sound the Shepherd hears.	1807
1805.	Incident characteristic of a favourite Dog, . On his morning rounds the Master.	1807
1805.	Tribute to the Memory of the same Dog, . Lie here, without a record of thy worth.	1807
1805.	To the Daisy (fourth poem), ... Sweet Flower! belike one day to have.	1815
1805.	Elegiac Stanzas, suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont. I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile	1807

Composed.		First Published.
1805.	Elegiac Verses, in memory of my Brother, John Wordsworth, Commander of the E. I. Company's Ship the Earl of Abergavenny, in which he perished by Calamitous Shipwreck, February 6, 1805. Composed near the mountain track, that leads from Grasmere through Grisdale Hawes, where it descends towards Paterdale. The Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo !	1845
1805.	When, to the attractions of the busy world, . . .	1815
1805.	Louisa. After accompanying her on a Mountain Excursion. I met Louisa in the shade.	1807
1805.	To a Young Lady, who had been reproached for taking long Walks in the Country. Dear Child of Nature, let them rail !	1807
1805.	Vaudracour and Julia, ...	1820
1805.	The Cottager to her infant, by my Sister, . The days are cold, the nights are long.	1815
1805.	The Waggoner, ... 'Tis spent—this burning day of June.	1819
1805.	French Revolution as it appeared to Enthusiasts at its Commencement [*first published in "The Friend,"* 1810]. Oh ! pleasant exercise of hope and joy !	181[illegible]
1799-1805.	The Prelude, ... O there is blessing in this gentle breeze.	185[illegible]

1806.

1806.	Character of the Happy Warrior, ... Who is the happy Warrior ? Who is he.	1807
1806.	The Horn of Egremont Castle, ... Ere the Brothers through the gateway.	1807

Composed.		First Published.
1806.	To Sleep, ... A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by.	1807
1806.	To Sleep, ... Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!	1807
	Michael Angelo in reply to the passage upon his Statue on night-sleeping. Grateful is Sleep, my life in stone bound fast.	
1806.	From the Italian of Michael Angelo, . . Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace.	1807
1806.	From the Same, ... No mortal object did these eyes behold.	1807
1806.	To the Memory of Raisley Calvert, . . Calvert! it must not be unheard by them.	1807
1806.	Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne, . . .	1807
1806.	Lines composed at Grasmere, during a walk one Evening, after a stormy day, the Author having just read in a Newspaper that the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected. Loud is the Vale! the Voice is up.	1807
1806. Nov.	November, 1806, ... Another year!—another deadly blow!	1807
1806.	Address to a Child, during a boisterous winter Evening, by my Sister. What way does the wind come? What way does he go?	1815
1803-6.	Ode. Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood. There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream.	1807

1807.

1807. Feb.	A Prophecy. February, 1807, ... High deeds, O Germans, are to come from you!	1807

Composed.		*First Published.*
1807.	Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland. Two Voices are there ; one is of the sea.	1807
1807. March.	To Thomas Clarkson, on the Final Passing of the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade. Clarkson ! it was an obstinate hill to climb.	1807
1807. Spring.	The Mother's Return, by my Sister, . . . A month, sweet Little-ones, is past.	1815
1807.	Gipsies, ... Yet are they here the same unbroken knot.	1807
1807.	O Nightingale ! thou surely art, ...	1807
1807.	To Lady Beaumont, ... Lady ! the songs of Spring were in the grove.	1807
1807.	Though narrow be that old Man's cares, and near, . .	1807
1807.	Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors. High in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate.	1807
1807.	The White Doe of Rylstone ; or, The Fate of the Nortons. From Boston's old monastic tower.	1815
1807. Sept.	The Force of Prayer ; or, The Founding of Bolton Priory. A tradition. "What is good for a bootless bene?"	1815

1808.

1808.	Composed while the Author was engaged in Writing a Tract occasioned by the Convention of Cintra. Not 'mid the world's vain objects that enslave.	1815

Composed.		*First Published.*
1809.	Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid,	1815
1809.	Is there a power that can sustain and cheer,	1815

1810.

1810.	Ah! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen,	1815
1810.	In due observance of an ancient rite,	1815
1810.	Feelings of a Noble Biscayan at one of those Funerals. Yet, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our Foes.	1815
1810.	On a celebrated Event in Ancient History, A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground.	1815
1810.	Upon the same Event, When, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn.	1815
1810.	The Oak of Guernica, Oak of Guernica! Tree of holier power.	1815
1810.	Indignation of a high-minded Spaniard, We can endure that He should waste our lands.	1815
1810.	Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind,	1815
1810.	O'erweening Statesmen have full long relied,	1815
1810.	The French and the Spanish Guerillas, Hunger, and sultry heat, and nipping blast.	1815
1810.	Epitaphs translated from Chiabrera—	
	Weep not, beloved Friends! nor let the air,	1837
	Perhaps some needful service of the State [*published in "The Friend," Feb.* 22].	1810
	O Thou who movest onward with a mind,	1810
	There never breathed a man who, when his life,	1815
	True is it that Ambrosio Salinero,	1837
	Destined to war from very infancy,	1815

Composed.		First Published.
1810.	[Epitaphs—*continued.*]	
	O flower of all that springs from gentle blood, . .	1837
	Not without heavy grief of heart did He, . .	1815
	Pause, courteous Spirit!—Balbi supplicates, . .	1815
1810.	Maternal Grief, ...	1842
	Departed Child! I could forget thee once.	

1811.

1811.	Characteristics of a Child three Years old, .	1815
	Loving she is, and tractable, though wild.	
1811.	Spanish Guerillas, ...	1815
	They seek, are sought; to daily battle led.	
1811.	The power of Armies is a visible thing, ...	1815
1811.	Here pause: the poet claims at least this praise, . .	1815
1811.	Epistle to Sir George Howland Beaumont, Bart. From the South-West Coast of Cumberland.	1842
	Far from our home by Grasmere's quiet Lake.	
1811.	Upon perusing the foregoing Epistle thirty years after its Composition.	1842
	Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest.	
1811.	Upon the sight of a Beautiful Picture, painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart.	1815
	Praised be the Art whose subtle power could stay.	
1811.	In a Garden of the Same, ...	1815
	Oft is the medal faithful to its trust.	
1811.	For a Seat in the Groves of Coleorton, . .	1815
	Beneath yon eastern ridge, the craggy bound.	

1812.

1812.	Song for the Spinning-wheel. Founded upon a Belief prevalent among the Pastoral Vales of Westmoreland.	1820
	Swiftly turn the murmuring wheel!	

Composed.		*First Published.*
	[Memorials of a Tour in Scotland—*continued.*]	
1814.	III. Effusion, in the Pleasure-ground on the banks of the Bran, near Dunkeld. What He—who, 'mid the kindred throng.	1827
1814.	IV. Yarrow Visited, September, 1814, . And is this—Yarrow? *This* the Stream.	1820
1814.	From the dark chambers of dejection freed, ...	1815
1814. Nov. 18.	Lines written on a Blank Leaf in a Copy of the Author's Poem, "The Excursion," upon hearing of the Death of the late Vicar of Kendal. To public notice, with reluctance strong.	1815

1815.

1815. March.	To B. R. Haydon, ... High is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art.	1816
1815. April 16.	The White Doe of Rylstone, or, The Fate of the Nortons. Dedication. In trellised shed with clustering roses gay.	1815
1815.	Artegal and Elidure, ... Where be the temples which, in Britain's Isle.	1820
1815. Sept.	September, 1815, ... While not a leaf seems faded; while the fields.	1816
1815. Nov. 1.	November 1, ... How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright.	1816

[*The following sonnets were originally published in the edition of* 1815. *It is impossible to determine the precise year of composition, but they fall within the years* 1810-1815.]

	The fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade, . .	1815
	"Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind, . . .	1815
	Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour! . . .	1815
	The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said, . . .	1815

1816.

Composed.		*First Published.*
1816. Feb.	Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung, . .	1827
1816.	Feelings of a French Royalist, on the Disinterment of the Remains of the Duke D'Enghien. Dear Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould.	1816
1816.	Translation of part of the First Book of the Æneid. But Cytherea, studious to invent.	1832
1816.	A Fact, and an Imagination; or, Canute and Alfred, on the Sea-shore. The Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair.	1820
1816.	To Dora, ... " *A little onward lend thy guiding hand.*	1820
1816.	To ——, on her First Ascent to the Summit of Helvellyn. Inmate of a mountain-dwelling.	1820

1817.

1817.	Vernal Ode, ... Beneath the concave of an April sky.	1820
1817. May.	Ode to Lycoris. May, 1817,. . . . . An age hath been when Earth was proud.	1820
1817.	To the same, ... Enough of climbing toil!—Ambition treads.	1820
1817.	The Longest Day. Addressed to my Daughter, Let us quit the leafy arbour.	1820
1817.	Hint from the Mountains for certain Political Pretenders. "Who but hails the sight with pleasure.	1820
1817.	The Pass of Kirkstone, ... Within the mind strong fancies work.	1820

Composed.		First Published.
1817.	Lament of Mary Queen of Scots, on the Eve of a New Year. **Smile of the Moon!—for so I name.**	1827
1817.	Sequel to the foregoing [*the poem Beggars*] composed many years after. **Where are they now, those wanton Boys?**	1827

1818.

1818.	The Pilgrim's Dream; or, The Star and the Glow-worm. **A Pilgrim, when the summer day.**	1820
1818.	Inscriptions supposed to be found in and near a Hermit's Cell. 1818. **I. Hopes what are they?—Beads of morning.** Inscribed upon a Rock. **II. Pause, Traveller! whosoe'er thou be.** **III. Hast thou seen, with flash incessant.** Near the Spring of the Hermitage. **IV. Troubled long with warring notions.** **V. Not seldom, clad in radiant vest.**	1820
1818.	Composed upon an Evening of extraordinary Splendour and Beauty. **Had this effulgence disappeared.**	1820

1819.

1819. Feb.	Composed during a storm, ... **One who was suffering tumult in his soul.**	1819
1819.	This, and the two following, were suggested by Mr. W. Westall's views of the Caves, etc. in Yorkshire. **Pure element of waters! wheresoe'er.**	1819
1819.	Malham Cove, ... **Was the aim frustrated by force or guile.**	1819

Composed.		First Published.
1819.	Gordale, ... At early dawn, or rather when the air.	1819
1819.	Aerial Rock—whose solitary brow, ...	1819
1819.	The Wild Duck's Nest, ... The imperial Consort of the Fairy-king.	1819
1819.	Written upon a Blank Leaf in "The Complete Angler." While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport.	1819
1819.	Captivity,—Mary Queen of Scots, ... "As the cold aspect of a sunless way.	1819
1819.	To a Snow-drop, ... Lone Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they.	1819
1819.	On seeing a tuft of Snow-drop in a storm, . When haughty expectations prostrate lie.	1820
1819.	To the River Derwent, ... Among the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream!	1819
1819.	Composed in one of the Valleys of Westmoreland, on Easter Sunday. With each recurrence of this glorious morn.	1819
1819.	Grief, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend, ...	1819
1819.	I watch, and long have watched, with calm regret, . .	1819
1819.	I heard (alas! 'twas only in a dream), ...	1819
1819.	The Haunted Tree. To ——, ... Those silver clouds collected round the sun.	1820
1819.	September, 1819, ... The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields.	1820
1819.	Upon the same Occasion, ... Departing summer hath assumed.	1820

1820.

Composed. | *First Published.*

1820. [Memorials of a Tour on the Continent—*cont.*] 1822

VI. Between Namur and Liége.

What lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose.

VII. Aix-la-Chapelle.

Was it to disenchant, and to undo.

VIII. In the Cathedral at Cologne.

O for the help of Angels to complete.

IX. In a Carriage, upon the Banks of the Rhine.

Amid this dance of objects sadness steals.

X. Hymn, for the Boatmen, as they approach the Rapids under the Castle of Heidelberg.

Jesu! bless our slender Boat.

XI. The Source of the Danube.

Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly.

XII. On approaching the Staub-bach, Lauterbrunnen.

Uttered by whom, or how inspired—designed.

XIII. The Fall of the Aar—Handec.

From the fierce aspect of this River, throwing.

XIV. Memorial, near the outlet of the Lake of Thun.

Around a wild and woody hill.

XV. Composed in one of the Catholic Cantons.

Doomed as we are our native dust.

XVI. After-thought.

Oh Life! without thy chequered scene.

XVII. Scene on the Lake of Brientz.

'What know we of the Blest above.

XVIII. Engelberg, the Hill of Angels.

For gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes.

mposed. *First Published.*

820. [Memorials of a Tour on the Continent—*cont.*] 1822

XIX. Our Lady of the Snow.

Meek Virgin Mother, more benign.

XX. Effusion, in Presence of the Painted Tower of Tell, at Altorf.

What though the Italian pencil wrought not here.

XXI. The Town of Schwytz.

By antique Fancy trimmed—though lowly, bred.

XXII. On hearing the "Ranz des Vaches" on the Top of the Pass of St. Gothard.

I listen—but no faculty of mine.

XXIII. Fort Fuentes.

Dread hour! when, upheaved by war's sulphurous blast.

XXIV. The Church of San Salvador, seen from the Lake of Lugano.

Thou sacred Pile! whose turrets rise.

XXV. The Italian Itinerant, and the Swiss Goatherd.—Part I.

Now that the farewell tear is dried.

Part II.

With nodding plumes, and lightly drest.

XXVI. The Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Refectory of the Convent of Maria della Grazia—Milan.

Tho' searching damps and many an envious flaw.

XXVII. The Eclipse of the Sun, 1820.

High on her speculative tower.

XXVIII. The Three Cottage Girls.

How blest the Maid whose heart—yet free.

XXIX. The Column intended by Buonaparte for a Triumphal Edifice in Milan, now lying by the way-side in the Simplon Pass.

Ambition—following down this far-famed slope.

Composed. *First Published.*

1820. [Memorials of a Tour on the Continent—*cont.*] 1822

XXX. Stanzas, composed in the Simplon Pass.

Vallombrosa! I longed in thy shadiest wood.

XXXI. Echo, upon the Gemmi.

What beast of chase hath broken from the cover?

XXXII. Processions. Suggested on a Sabbath Morning in the Vale of Chamouny.

To appease the Gods; or public thanks to yield.

XXXIII. Elegiac Stanzas.

Lulled by the sound of pastoral bells.

XXXIV. Sky-prospect—From the Plain of France.

Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape.

XXXV. On being Stranded near the Harbour of Boulogne.

Why cast ye back upon the Gallic shore.

XXXVI. After landing—the Valley of Dover, November 1820.

Where be the noisy followers of the game.

XXXVII. At Dover.

From the Pier's head, musing, and with increase.

XXXVIII. Desultory Stanzas, upon receiving the preceding Sheets from the Press.

Is then the final page before me spread.

1820. The River Duddon. A Series of Sonnets. 1820

To the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, with the Sonnets to the River Duddon, and other poems in this collection, 1820. 1820

The Minstrels played their Christmas tune.

Composed.		*First Published.*
1820.	[Duddon Sonnets—*continued.*]	1820
	I. Not envying Latian shades—if yet they throw.	
	II. Child of the clouds! remote from every taint.	
	III. How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone.	
	IV. Take, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take.	
	V. Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played.	
	VI. Flowers. Ere yet our course was graced with social trees.	
	VII. "Change me, some God, into that breathing rose!"	
	VIII. What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled.	
	IX. The Stepping-stones. The struggling Rill insensibly is grown.	
	X. The same Subject. Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance.	
	XI. The Faëry Chasm. No fiction was it of the antique age	
	XII. Hints for the Fancy. On, loitering Muse—the swift Stream chides us—on	
	XIII. Open Prospect. Hail to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled o'er	
	XIV. O mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot,	1807
	XV. From this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play.	
	XVI. American Tradition. Such fruitless questions may not long beguile.	
	XVII. Return. A dark plume fetch me from yon blasted yew.	
	XVIII. Seathwaite Chapel. Sacred Religion! 'mother of form and fear.	
	XIX. Tributary Stream. My frame hath often trembled with delight.	
	XX. The Plain of Donnerdale. The old inventive Poets, had they seen.	

Composed.		First Published.
1820.	[Duddon Sonnets—*continued.*]	1820
	XXI. Whence that low voice?—A whisper from the heart.	
	XXII. Tradition. A love-lorn Maid, at some far-distant time.	
	XXIII. Sheep-washing. Sad thoughts, avaunt!—partake we their blithe cheer.	
	XXIV. The Resting-place. Mid-noon is past;—upon the sultry mead.	
	XXV. Methinks 'twere no unprecedented feat.	
	XXVI. Return, Content! for fondly I pursued.	
	XXVII. Fallen, and diffused into a shapeless heap.	
	XXVIII. Journey renewed. I rose while yet the cattle, heat-opprest.	
	XXIX. No record tells of lance opposed to lance.	
	XXX. Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce.	
	XXXI. The Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye.	
	XXXII. Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep.	
	XXXIII. Conclusion. But here no cannon thunders to the gale.	
	XXXIV. After-thought. *I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide.*	
1820.	A Parsonage in Oxfordshire, ... Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends.	1822
1820.	To Enterprise, ... Keep for the Young the impassioned smile.	1822

1821.

1821.	Ecclesiastical Sonnets. In Series, . PART I.—From the Introduction of Christianity into Britain, to the Consummation of the Papal Dominion. I. Introduction. I, who accompanied with faithful pace.	1822

Composed. *First Published.*

1821. [Ecclesiastical Sonnets—*continued.*] 1822

II. Conjectures.

If there be prophets on whose spirits rest.

III. Trepidation of the Druids.

Screams round the Arch-druid's brow the seamew—white.

IV. Druidical Excommunication.

Mercy and Love have met thee on thy road.

V. Uncertainty.

Darkness surrounds us; seeking, we are lost.

VI. Persecution.

Lament! for Diocletian's fiery sword.

VII. Recovery.

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain.

VIII. Temptations from Roman Refinements.

Watch, and be firm! for, soul-subduing vice.

IX. Dissensions.

That heresies should strike (if truth be scanned.

X. Struggle of the Britons against the Barbarians.

Rise!—they *have* risen: of brave Aneurin ask.

XI. Saxon Conquest.

Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid.

XII. Monastery of old Bangor.

The oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn.—

XIII. Casual Incitement.

A bright-haired company of youthful slaves.

XIV. Glad Tidings.

For ever hallowed be this morning fair.

XV. Paulinus.

But, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall.

XVI. Persuasion.

"Man's life is like a Sparrow, mighty King!

Composed. *First Published.*

1821. Ecclesiastical Sonnets—*continued.*] 1822

XVII. Conversion.
Prompt transformation works the novel Lore.

XVIII. Apology.
Nor scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend.

XIX. Primitive Saxon Clergy.
How beautiful your presence, how benign.

XX. Other Influences.
Ah, when the Body, round which in love we clung.

XXI. Seclusion.
Lance, shield, and sword relinquished, at his side.

XXII. Continued.
Methinks that to some vacant hermitage.

XXIII. Reproof.
But what if One, through grove or flowery mead.

XXIV. Saxon Monasteries, and Lights and Shades of the Religion.
By such examples moved to unbought pains.

XXV. Missions and Travels.
Not sedentary all: there are who roam.

XXVI. Alfred.
Behold a pupil of the monkish gown.

XXVII. His Descendants.
When thy great soul was freed from mortal chains.

XXVIII. Influence Abused.
Urged by Ambition, who with subtlest skill.

XXIX. Danish Conquests.
Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey!

XXX. Canute.
A pleasant music floats along the Mere.

XXXI. The Norman Conquest.
The woman-hearted Confessor prepares.

Composed.			*First Published.*
1821.		[Ecclesiastical Sonnets—*continued.*]	1822
	X.	Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root, .	1845
	XI.	Transubstantiation. Enough! for see, with dim association.	
	XII.	The Vaudois, ... But whence came they who for the Saviour Lord.	1835
	XIII.	Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain springs,	1835
	XIV.	Waldenses. Those had given earliest notice, as the lark.	
	XV.	Archbishop Chichely to Henry V. "What beast in wilderness or cultured field.	
	XVI.	Wars of York and Lancaster. Thus is the storm abated by the craft.	
	XVII.	Wicliffe. Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear.	
	XVIII.	Corruptions of the higher Clergy. "Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease.	
	XIX.	Abuse of Monastic Power. And what is Penance with her knotted thong.	
	XX.	Monastic Voluptuousness. Yet more,—round many a Convent's blazing fire.	
	XXI.	Dissolution of the Monasteries. Threats come which no submission may assuage.	
	XXII.	The same Subject. The lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek.	
	XXIII.	Continued. Yet many a Novice of the cloistral shade.	
	XXIV.	Saints. Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand.	
	XXV.	The Virgin. Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrost.	
	XXVI.	Apology. Not utterly unworthy to endure.	

Composed. *First Published.*

1821. [Ecclesiastical Sonnets—*continued.*] 1822

XLII. Gunpowder Plot.

Fear hath a hundred eyes that all agree.

XLIII. Illustration. The Jung-Frau and the Fall of the Rhine near Schaffhausen.

The Virgin Mountain, wearing like a Queen.

XLIV. Troubles of Charles the First.

Even such the contrast that, where'er we move.

XLV. Laud.

Prejudged by foes determined not to spare.

XLVI. Afflictions of England.

Harp! could'st thou venture, on thy boldest string.

PART III.—From the Restoration to the Present Times.

I. I saw the figure of a lovely Maid.

II. Patriotic Sympathies.

Last night, without a voice, that Vision spake.

III. Charles the Second.

Who comes—with rapture greeted, and caressed.

IV. Latitudinarianism.

Yet Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind.

V. Walton's Book of Lives.

There are no colours in the fairest sky.

VI. Clerical Integrity.

Nor shall the eternal roll of praise reject.

VII. Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters. 1827

When Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry.

VIII Acquittal of the Bishops.

A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent.

IX. William the Third.

Calm as an under-current, strong to draw.

Composed. | *First Published.*

1821. [Ecclesiastical Sonnets—*continued.*] 1822

X. Obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty.
Ungrateful Country, if thou e'er forget.

XI. Sacheverel, ... 1827
A sudden conflict rises from the swell.

XII. Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design.

Aspects of Christianity in America—

Added in 1842. XIII. I. The Pilgrim Fathers, . . . 1845
Well worthy to be magnified are they.

Do. XIV. II. Continued, ... 1845
From Rite and Ordinance abused they fled.

Do. XV. III. Concluded.—American Episcopacy. 1845
Patriots informed with Apostolic light.

XVI. Bishops and Priests, blessèd are ye, if deep, . 1845

XVII. Places of Worship.
As star that shines dependent upon star.

XVIII. Pastoral Character.
A genial hearth, a hospitable board.

XIX. The Liturgy.
Yes, if the intensities of hope and fear.

XX. Baptism.
Dear be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs.

XXI. Sponsors.
Father!—to God himself we cannot give.

XXII. Catechising.
From Little down to Least, in due degree.

XXIII. Confirmation.
The Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale.

XXIV. Confirmation—Continued.
I saw a Mother's eye intensely bent.

Composed.		First Published.
1821.	[Ecclesiastical Sonnets—*continued.*]	1822
	XXV. Sacrament, ...	1827
	By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied.	
	XXVI. The Marriage Ceremony, . . .	1845
	The Vested Priest before the Altar stands.	
	XXVII. Thanksgiving after Childbirth, . .	1845
	Woman! the Power who left his throne on high.	
	XXVIII. Visitation of the Sick, . . .	1845
	The Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal.	
	XXIX. The Commination Service, . .	1845
	Shun not this Rite, neglected, yea abhorred.	
	XXX. Forms of Prayer at Sea, . . .	1845
	To kneeling Worshippers no earthly floor.	
	XXXI. Funeral Service, ...	1845
	From the Baptismal hour, thro' weal and woe.	
	XXXII. Rural Ceremony.	
	Closing the sacred Book which long has fed.	
	XXXIII. Regrets, ...	1822
	Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave.	
	XXXIV. Mutability.	
	From low to high doth dissolution climb.	
	XXXV. Old Abbeys.	
	Monastic Domes! following my downward way.	
	XXXVI. Emigrant French Clergy, . . .	1827
	Even while I speak, the sacred roofs of France.	
	XXXVII. Congratulation.	
	Thus all things lead to Charity, secured.	
	XXXVIII. New Churches.	
	But liberty, and triumphs on the Main.	
	XXXIX. Church to be Erected.	
	Be this the chosen site; the virgin sod.	
	XL. Continued.	
	Mine ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued.	

Composed.		*First Published.*
1821.	[Ecclesiastical Sonnets—*continued.*]	1822
	XLI. New Church-yard. The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed.	
	XLII. Cathedrals, &c. Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles!	
	XLIII. Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge. Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense.	
	XLIV. The Same. What awful pérspective! while from our sight.	
	XLV. Continued. They dreamt not of a perishable home	
	XLVI. Ejaculation. Glory to God! and to the Power who came.	
	XLVII. Conclusion. Why sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled.	

1823.

1823.	Memory, ... A pen—to register; a key—	1827
1823.	To the Lady Fleming, on seeing the Foundation preparing for the Erection of Rydal Chapel, Westmoreland. Blest is this Isle—our native Land.	1827
1823.	On the same Occasion, ... When in the antique age of bow and spear.	1827
1823.	A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found . . .	1827
1823.	Not Love, nor War, nor the tumultuous swell, . . .	1827

1824.

1824.	To ——, ... Let other bards of angels sing.	1827

Composed.		*First Published.*
1824.	To ——, ... O dearer far than light and life are dear.	1827
1824.	How rich that forehead's calm expanse!	1827
1824.	To ——, ... Look at the fate of summer flowers.	1827
1824.	A Flower Garden, at Coleorton Hall, Leicestershire. Tell me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold.	1827
1824. Sept.	To the Lady E. B. and the Hon. Miss P. Composed in the Grounds of Plass Newidd, near Llangollen, 1824. A Stream, to mingle with your favourite Dee.	1827
1824.	To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge, North Wales, 1824. How art thou named? In search of what strange land.	1827
1824.	Composed among the Ruins of a Castle in North Wales. Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls.	1827
1824.	Elegiac Stanzas; (Addressed to Sir G. H. B., upon the death of his sister-in-law,) 1824. O for a dirge! But why complain?	1827
1824.	Cenotaph, ... By vain affections unenthralled.	1842
1824.	Epitaph in the Chapel-yard of Langdale, Westmoreland. By playful smiles, (alas! too oft.	1842

1825.

1825.	The Contrast. The Parrot and the Wren, . Within her gilded cage confined.	1827
1825.	To a Sky-lark, ... Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!	1827

1826.

Composed.		*First Published.*
1826.	Ere with cold beads of midnight dew, ...	1827
1826.	Ode, composed on May Morning, . . . While from the purpling east departs.	1835
1826-34.	To May, ... Though many suns have risen and set.	1835
1826.	Once I could hail (howe'er serene the sky, . . .	1827
1826.	The massy Ways, carried across these heights, . . .	1835
1826.	The Pillar of Trajan, ... Where towers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds.	1827

1827.

1827.	On seeing a Needlecase in the Form of a Harp. The work of E. M. S. Frowns are on every Muse's face.	1827
1827.	Dedication. To ——, ... Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown.	1827
827.	Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat, ...	1827
27.	"Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings—, . .	1827
7.	To S. H., ... Excuse is needless when with love sincere.	1827
.	Decay of Piety, ... Oft have I seen, ere time had ploughed my cheek.	1827

Part II.

	Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned, .	1827
	Fair Prime of life! were it enough to gild, ...	1827

Composed.		*First Published.*
1827.	Retirement, ... If the whole weight of what we think and feel.	1827
1827.	*There is a pleasure in poetic pains,*	1827

Part III.

1827.	Recollection of the Portrait of King Henry Eighth, Trinity Lodge, Cambridge. The imperial Stature, the colossal stride.	1827
1827.	When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle, ...	1827
1827.	While Anna's peers and early playmates tread, ...	1827
1827.	To the Cuckoo, ... Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard.	1827
1827.	The Infant M—— M——, ... Unquiet Childhood here by special grace.	1827
1827.	To Rotha Q——, ... Rotha, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey.	1827
1827.	To ——, in her seventieth year, ... Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright.	1827
1827.	In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud, ...	1827
1827.	Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes, ...	1827
1827.	In the Woods of Rydal, ... Wild Redbreast! hadst thou at Jemima's lip.	1827
1827.	Conclusion, To ——, ... If these brief Records, by the Muses' art.	1827

1828.

1828.	A Morning Exercise, ... Fancy, who leads the pastimes of the glad.	1832
1828.	The Triad [*in "The Keepsake,"* 1829, *and in* 1832 *in the Poems*]. Show me the noblest youth of present time.	1829

1830.

Composed.		*First Published.*
1830.	The Armenian Lady's Love, You have heard 'a Spanish Lady.	1835
1830.	The Russian Fugitive, Enough of rose-bud lips, and eyes.	1835
1830.	The Egyptian Maid; or, The Romance of the Water Lily. While Merlin paced the Cornish sands.	1835
1830.	The Poet and the Caged Turtle dove, As often as I murmur here.	1835
1830.	Presentiments, Presentiments! they judge not right.	1835
1830.	In these fair vales hath many a Tree,	1835
1830. Nov.	Elegiac Musings in the grounds of Coleorton Hall, the seat of the late Sir G. H. Beaumont, Bart., With copious eulogy in prose or rhyme.	1835
1830. Nov.	Chatsworth! thy stately mansion, and the pride,	1835
1830.	To the author's portrait, Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt.	1835

1831.

1831.	The Primrose of the Rock, A Rock there is whose homely front.	1835
1831.	Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems, composed (two excepted) during a Tour in Scotland, and on the English Border, in the Autumn of 1831. [*The "two excepted" are, probably, Nos.* XVI. *and* XXVI.] I. Yarrow Revisited. The gallant Youth, who may have gained.	1835

Composed.		*First Published.*
1831.	[Yarrow Revisited—*continued.*]	1835

II. On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott from Abbotsford, for Naples.

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain.

III. A Place of Burial in the South of Scotland.

Part fenced by man, part by a rugged steep.

IV. On the Sight of a Manse in the South of Scotland.

Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills.

V. Composed in Roslin Chapel, during a Storm.

The wind is now thy organist;—a clank.

VI. The Trosachs.

There 's not a nook within this solemn Pass.

VII. The pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute.

VIII. Composed in the Glen of Loch Etive.

"This Land of Rainbows spanning glens whose walls.

IX. Eagles. Composed at Dunollie Castle in the Bay of Oban.

Dishonoured Rock and Ruin! that, by law.

X. In the Sound of Mull.

Tradition, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw.

XI. Suggested at Tyndrum in a Storm.

Enough of garlands, of the Arcadian crook.

XII. The Earl of Breadalbane's Ruined Mansion, and Family Burial-place, near Killin.

Well sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains.

Composed.		*First Published.*
1831.	[Yarrow Revisited—*continued.*]	1835

XIII. 'Rest and be Thankful!' At the Head of Glencroe.
Doubling and doubling with laborious walk.

XIV. Highland Hut.
See what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built Cot.

XV. The Brownie.
'How disappeared he?' Ask the newt and toad.

XVI. To the Planet Venus, an Evening Star. Composed at Loch Lomond.
Though joy attend Thee orient at the birth.

XVII. Bothwell Castle. (Passed unseen, on account of stormy Weather.)
Immured in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave

XVIII. Picture of Daniel in the Lions' Den, at Hamilton Palace.
Amid a fertile region green with wood.

XIX. The Avon. A Feeder of the Annan.
Avon—a precious, an immortal name!

XX. Suggested by a View from an Eminence in Inglewood Forest.
The forest huge of ancient Caledon.

XXI. Hart's-horn Tree, near Penrith.
Here stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed.

XXII. Fancy and Tradition.
The Lovers took within this ancient grove.

XXIII. Countess' Pillar.
While the Poor gather round, till the end of time.

XXIV. Roman Antiquities. (From the Roman Station at Old Penrith.)
How profitless the relics that we cull.

Composed.		*First Published.*
1831.	[Yarrow Revisited—*continued.*]	1835
	XXV. Apology, for the foregoing Poems. No more: the end is sudden and abrupt.	
	XXVI. The Highland Broach. If to Tradition faith be due.	

1832.

1832.	Devotional Incitements, ... Where will they stop, those breathing Powers.	1835
1832.	Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose. . . .	1835
1832.	Rural Illusions, ... Sylph was it? or a Bird more bright.	1835
1832.	Loving and Liking. Irregular Verses, addressed to a child. (By my Sister.) There's more in words than I can teach.	1835
1832.	Upon the late General Fast. March, 1832, . Reluctant call it was; the rite delayed.	1832
1832.	Filial Piety. (On the wayside between Preston and Liverpool), ... Untouched through all severity of cold.	1832
1832.	To B. R. Haydon, on seeing his Picture of Napoleon Buonaparte in the Island of St. Helena, ... Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill.	1832
1832.	If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven, . . .	1836

1833.

1833.	A Wren's Nest, ... Among the dwellings framed by birds.	1835
1833. March.	To ——, on the birth of her First-born Child, March, 1833. Like a shipwrecked Sailor tost.	1835

Composed.		*First Published.*
1833.	The Warning. A Sequel to the foregoing, . . List, the winds of March are blowing.	1835
1833.	If this great world of joy and pain, ...	1835
1833. April 7.	On a high Part of the Coast of Cumberland, Easter Sunday, April 7, the Author's sixty-third Birthday, ... The Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire.	1835
1833.	By the Sea-side, ... The sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest.	1835
1833.	Poems, Composed or suggested during a Tour in the Summer of 1833, .	1835
	I. Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown.	
	II. Why should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle.	
	III. They called Thee MERRY ENGLAND, in old time.	
	IV. To the River Greta, near Keswick. Greta, what fearful listening! when huge stones.	
	V. To the River Derwent, ... Among the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream.	1819
	VI. In sight of the Town of Cockermouth. (Where the Author was born, and his Father's remains are laid.) A point of life between my Parent's dust.	
	VII. Address from the Spirit of Cockermouth Castle. "Thou look'st upon me, and dost fondly think.	
	VIII. Nun's Well, Brigham. The cattle crowding round this beverage clear.	

Composed.		*First Published.*
1833.	[Poems—*continued.*]	1835
	IX. To a Friend. (On the Banks of the Derwent.) Pastor and Patriot!—at whose bidding rise.	
	X. Mary Queen of Scots. (Landing at the Mouth of the Derwent, Workington.) Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed.	
	XI. Stanzas suggested in a Steam-boat off Saint Bees' Heads, on the coast of Cumberland. If Life were slumber on a bed of down.	
	XII In the Channel, between the Coast of Cumberland and the Isle of Man. Ranging the heights of Scawfell or Black-comb.	
	XIII. At Sea off the Isle of Man. Bold words affirmed, in days when faith was strong.	
	XIV. Desire we past illusions to recal?	
	XV. On entering Douglas Bay, Isle of Man. The feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn.	
	XVI. By the Sea-shore, Isle of Man. Why stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine.	
	XVII. Isle of Man. A Youth too certain of his power to wade.	
	XVIII. Isle of Man. Did pangs of grief for lenient time too keen.	
	XIX. By a Retired Mariner, H. H. From early youth I ploughed the restless Main.	
	XX. At Bala-Sala, Isle of Man. Broken in fortune, but in mind entire.	
	XXI. Tynwald Hill. Once on the top of Tynwald's formal mound.	

Composed.		First Published.
1833.	[Poems—*continued.*]	1835
	XXII. Despond who will—*I* heard a voice exclaim.	
	XXIII. In the Frith of Clyde, Ailsa Crag. During an Eclipse of the Sun, July 17. Since risen from ocean, ocean to defy.	
	XXIV. On the Frith of Clyde. (In a Steam-boat.) Arran! a single-crested Teneriffe.	
	XXV. On revisiting Dunolly Castle. The captive Bird was gone;—to cliff or moor.	
	XXVI. The Dunolly Eagle. Not to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew.	
	XXVII. Written in a Blank Leaf of Macpherson's Ossian. Oft have I caught, upon a fitful breeze.	1827
	XXVIII. Cave of Staffa. We saw, but surely, in the motley crowd.	
	XXIX. Cave of Staffa. After the Crowd had departed. Thanks for the lessons of this Spot—fit school.	
	XXX. Cave of Staffa. Ye shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims.	
	XXXI. Flowers on the Top of the Pillars at the Entrance of the Cave. Hope smiled when your nativity was cast.	
	XXXII. Iona. On to Iona!—What can she afford.	
	XXXIII. Iona. (Upon landing.) How sad a welcome! To each voyager.	
	XXXIV. The Black stones of Iona. Here on their knees men swore: the stones were black.	

Composed.		*First Published.*
1833.	[Poems—*continued.*]	1835
	XXXV. Homeward we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell.	
	XXXVI. Greenock. We have not passed into a doleful City.	
	XXXVII. "There!" said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride.	
	XXXVIII. The River Eden, Cumberland. Eden! till now thy beauty had I viewed.	
	XXXIX. Monument of Mrs. Howard (by Nollekens) in Wetheral Church, near Corby, on the Banks of the Eden. Stretched on the dying Mother's lap, lies dead.	
	XL. Suggested by the foregoing. Tranquillity! the sovereign aim wert thou.	
	XLI. Nunnery. The floods are roused, and will not soon be weary.	
	XLII. Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways. Motions and Means, on land and sea at war.	
	XLIII. The Monument commonly called Long Meg and her Daughters, near the River Eden. A weight of awe, not easy to be borne.	
	XLIV. Lowther. Lowther! in thy majestic Pile are seen.	
	XLV. To the Earl of Lonsdale. Lonsdale! it were unworthy of a Guest.	
	XLVI. The Somnambulist. List, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower.	
	XLVII. To Cordelia M——, Hallsteads, Ullswater. Not in the mines beyond the western main.	
	XLVIII. Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes.	
1833.	What mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret, .	1845

1834.

Composed.		First Published.
1834.	Not in the lucid intervals of life,	1835
1834.	(By the Side of Rydal Mere,) The linnet's warble, sinking towards a close.	1835
1834.	Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the Mere,	1835
1834.	The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,	1835
1834.	The Labourer's Noon-day Hymn, Up to the throne of God is borne.	1835
1834.	The Redbreast. (Suggested in a Westmoreland Cottage.) Driven in by Autumn's sharpening air.	1835
1834.	Lines suggested by a Portrait from the Pencil of F. Stone. Beguiled into forgetfulness of care.	1835
1834.	The foregoing Subject resumed, Among a grave fraternity of Monks.	1835
1834.	To a Child. Written in her Album, Small service is true service while it lasts.	1835
1834. Nov. 5.	Lines written in the Album of the Countess of Lonsdale. November 5, 1834. Lady! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard.	1835

1835.

1835.	Evening Voluntaries, To the Moon. (Composed by the Sea-side,—on the Coast of Cumberland.) Wanderer! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near.	1836
1835.	To the Moon. (Rydal,) Queen of the stars!—so gentle, so benign.	1836

Composed.		First Published.
1835.	Written after the Death of Charles Lamb, . To a good Man of most dear memory.	1836
1835.	Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg. When first, descending from the moorlands.	1836
1835. June 23.	Upon seeing a coloured Drawing of a Bird of Paradise in an Album. Who rashly strove thy Image to portray?	1836
1835.	Composed after reading a Newspaper of the Day. "People! your chains are severing link by link.	1835
1835.	By a blest Husband guided, Mary came, . . .	1835

[*The following sonnets appear in the volume "Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems"* (1835), *and must therefore belong to that or to a previous year.*]

1835.	I. Desponding Father! mark this altered bough, . .	1835
	II. Roman Antiquities discovered at Bishopstone, Herefordshire. While poring Antiquarians search the ground.	
	III. St. Catherine of Ledbury. When human touch (as monkish books attest).	
	IV. Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant.	
	V. Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein.	
	VI. To ——. "Wait, prithee, wait!" this answer Lesbia threw.	
	VII. Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud.	

1836.

1836. Nov.	November 1836, ... Even so for me a Vision sanctified.	1837
1836.	Six months to six years added he remained, . . .	1836

1837.

Composed.		*First Published.*
1837.	Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 1837, .	1842

I. To Henry Crabb Robinson.
Companion! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered.

II. Musings near Aquapendente. April, 1837.
Ye Apennines! with all your fertile vales.

III. The Pine of Monte Mario at Rome.
I saw far off the dark top of a Pine.

IV. At Rome.
Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?

V. At Rome.—Regrets.—In allusion to Niebuhr and other modern Historians.
Those old credulities, to nature dear.

VI. Continued.
Complacent Fictions were they, yet the same.

VII. Plea for the Historian.
Forbear to deem the Chronicler unwise.

VIII. At Rome.
They—who have seen the noble Roman's scorn.

IX. Near Rome, in sight of St. Peter's.
Long has the dew been dried on tree and lawn.

X. At Albano.
Days passed—and Monte Calvo would not clear.

XI. Near Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove.

XII. From the Alban Hills, looking towards Rome.
Forgive, illustrious Country! these deep sighs.

XIII. Near the Lake of Thrasymene.
When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came.

Composed.		*First Published.*
1837.	[Memorials of a Tour in Italy—*continued.*]	1842

XIV. Near the same Lake.
For action born, existing to be tried.

XV. The Cuckoo at Laverna. May 25, 1837.
List—'twas the Cuckoo.—O with what delight.

XVI. At the Convent of Camaldoli.
Grieve for the Man who hither came bereft.

XVII. Continued.
The world forsaken, all its busy cares.

XVIII. At the Eremite or Upper Convent of Camaldoli.
What aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size.

XIX. At Vallombrosa.
"Vallombrosa—I longed in thy shadiest wood.

XX. At Florence.
Under the shadow of a stately Pile.

XXI. Before the Picture of the Baptist, by Raphael, in the Gallery at Florence.
The Baptist might have been ordained to cry.

XXII. At Florence.—From Michael Angelo.
Rapt above earth by power of one fair face.

XXIII. At Florence.—From M. Angelo.
Eternal Lord! eased of a cumbrous load.

XXIV. Among the Ruins of a Convent in the Apennines.
Ye Trees! whose slender roots entwine.

XXV. In Lombardy.
See, where his difficult way that Old Man wins.

XXVI. After leaving Italy.
Fair Land! Thee all men greet with joy; how few.

XXVII. Continued.
As indignation mastered grief, my tongue.

Composed.		*First Published.*
1837.	[Memorials of a Tour in Italy—*continued.*] At Bologna, in Remembrance of the late Insurrections, 1837.	1842
1837.	I. Ah, why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit,	1842
	II. Hard task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean,	1842
	III. As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow,	1842
1837.	What if our numbers barely could defy,	1837
1837.	A Night Thought, Lo! where the Moon along the sky.	1842

1838.

1838.	To the Planet Venus. Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star) to the Earth, January, 1838. What strong allurement draws, what spirit guides.	1838
1838.	Composed at Rydal on May morning, 1838. If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share.	1838
1838.	Composed on a May Morning, 1838, Life with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun.	1838
1838.	Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest,	1838
1838.	'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain,	1838
1838.	Oh what a wreck! how changed in mien and speech!	1838
1838. May.	A Plea for Authors, May, 1838, Failing impartial measure to dispense.	1838
1838. May 23.	A Poet to his Grandchild. (Sequel to the foregoing.) "Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand.	1838
1838.	Blest Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will,	1838
1838.	Valedictory Sonnet. Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838. Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here.	1838
1838.	Sonnet, "Protest against the Ballot," Forth rushed, from Envy sprung and Self-conceit.	1838

1839.

Composed.		*First Published.*
1839.	Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death. In Series. [*First published in the "Quarterly Review."*]	1841
	I. Suggested by the View of Lancaster Castle (on the Road from the South). This Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair.	
	II. Tenderly do we feel by Nature's law.	
	III. The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die.	
	IV. Is *Death*, when evil against good has fought.	
	V. Not to the object specially designed.	
	VI. Ye brood of conscience—Spectres! that frequent.	
	VII. Before the world had past her time of youth.	
	VIII. Fit retribution, by the moral code.	
	IX. Though to give timely warning and deter.	
	X. Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine.	
	XI. Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide.	
	XII. See the Condemned alone within his cell.	
	XIII. Conclusion. Yes, though He well may tremble at the sound.	
	XIV. Apology. The formal World relaxes her cold chain.	

1840.

1840. Jan. 1.	Sonnet on a Portrait of I. F., painted by Margaret Gillies. We gaze—nor grieve to think that we must die.	1850
1840. Feb. 1.	Sonnet, to I. F., ... The star which comes at close of day to shine.	1850
1840. March.	Poor Robin, ... Now when the primrose makes a splendid show.	1842
1840. Aug. 31.	On a Portrait of the Duke of Wellington upon the Field of Waterloo, by Haydon. By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand.	1842

1841.

Composed.		First Published.
1841.	To a Painter, ... All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed.	1842
1841.	On the same Subject, ... Though I beheld at first with blank surprise.	1842

1842.

1842. Jan. 23.	When Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown, . .	1842
1842. March 8.	Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake, . .	1842
1842. March 26.	Prelude, prefixed to the Volume entitled "Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years." In desultory walk through orchard grounds.	1842
1842.	Floating Island, ... Harmonious Powers with Nature work.	1842
1842.	The Crescent moon, the Star of Love, ...	1842
1842.	To a Redbreast—(in Sickness), ... Stay, little cheerful Robin! stay.	1842
1842.	Miscellaneous Sonnets—	
	A Poet!—He hath put his heart to school, ...	1842
	The most alluring clouds that mount the sky, . .	1842
	Feel for the wrongs to universal ken, ...	1842
	In allusion to various recent Histories and Notices of the French Revolution. Portentous change when History can appear.	1842
	Continued, ... Who ponders National events shall find.	1842
	Concluded, ... Long-favoured England! be not thou misled.	1842
	Men of the Western World! in Fate's dark book, . .	1842
	Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance, . .	1842
1842.	The Norman Boy, ... High on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down.	1842

mposed.		*First Published.*
42.	The Poet's Dream, Sequel to the Norman Boy, Just as those final words were penned, the sun broke out in power.	1842
42.	The Widow on Windermere Side, ... How beautiful when up a lofty height.	1842
42.	Farewell Lines, ... 'High bliss is only for a higher state.'	1842
42.	Airey-Force Valley, ... —— Not a breath of air.	1842
42.	Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live, . .	1842
42.	To the Clouds, ... Army of Clouds! ye wingèd Host in troops.	1842
42. 24.	Wansfell! this Household has a favoured lot, . . .	1845
42.	The Eagle and the Dove [*published in "La petite Chouannerie"*]. Shade of Caractacus, if spirits love.	1842

1843.

3.	Grace Darling, ... Among the dwellers in the silent fields.	1845
3. 1.	While beams of orient light shoot wide and high, . .	1845
3. 11.	To the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Master of Harrow School. After the perusal of his Theophilus Anglicanus, recently published. Enlightened Teacher, gladly from thy hand.	1845
3.	Inscription for a Monument in Crosthwaite Church, in the Vale of Keswick. Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew.	1845

1844.

4. 12.	On the projected Kendal and Windermere Railway. Is then no nook of English ground secure.	1845

Composed.		*First Published.*
1844.	Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,	1845
1844.	At Furness Abbey, Here, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing.	1845

1845.

1845.	Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base,	1845
1845. June 6.	The Westmoreland Girl. To my grandchildren, I. Seek who will delight in fable. II. Now, to a Maturer Audience.	1845
1845. June 21.	At Furness Abbey, Well have yon Railway Labourers to THIS ground.	1845
1845.	Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved,	1845
1845.	What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine,	1845
1845.	To a Lady, in answer to a request that I would write her a Poem upon some Drawings that she had made of flowers in the Island of Madeira. Fair Lady! can I sing of flowers.	1845
1845.	Glad sight wherever new with old,	1845
1845.	Love lies Bleeding, You call it, "Love lies bleeding,"—so you may.	1845
1845.	Companion to the foregoing, Never enlivened with the liveliest ray.	1845
1845.	The Cuckoo-Clock, Wouldst thou be taught, when sleep has taken flight.	1845
1845.	So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,	1845
1845.	To the Pennsylvanians, Days undefiled by luxury or sloth.	1845
1845.	Young England—what is then become of Old,	1845
1845.	Though the bold wings of Poesy affect,	1845
1845.	Suggested by a Picture of the Bird of Paradise, The gentlest Poet, with free thoughts endowed.	1845

1846.

Composed.		First Published.
1846.	Sonnet, ... *Why should we weep or mourn, Angelic boy.*	1850
	Where lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed, . .	1850
1846.	I know an aged Man constrained to dwell, . . .	1850
1846.	How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high, . . .	1850
1846.	Evening Voluntaries—	
	To Lucca Giordano, ... *Giordano, verily thy Pencil's skill.*	1850
	Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high, . .	1850
1846.	Illustrated Books and Newspapers, . . *Discourse was deemed Man's noblest attribute.*	1850
1846.	The unremitting voice of nightly streams, . . .	1850
1846.	Sonnet. (To an Octogenarian,) . . . *Affections lose their objects; Time brings forth.*	1850
	Composed on the Banks of a Rocky Stream. *Dogmatic Teachers, of the snow-white fur!*	1849

1847.

1847.	Ode, on the Installation of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, July, 1847. *For thirst of power that Heaven disowns.*	1847

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

(See p. 1.)

The J. Q. referred to in the Fenwick Note to the *Lines suggested by a Portrait from the pencil of F. Stone*, was Miss Jemima Quillinan, the eldest daughter of Mr Edward Quillinan, Wordsworth's future son-in-law. This portrait is now, and has been for many years, in Miss Quillinan's house, Loughrigg Holme. It was taken when she was a school girl, while her father resided at Oporto.

NOTE B.

(See p. 33.)

Sarah Hutchinson—Mrs Wordsworth's sister—died at Rydal on the 23rd June 1836. It was after her that the poet named one of the two "heath-clad rocks" referred to in the "Poems on the naming of Places," and which he called respectively "Mary-Point" and "Sarah-Point." In 1827 he inscribed to her the sonnet beginning—

"Excuse is needless when with love sincere,"

and the lines she wrote *To a Redbreast*, beginning—

"Stay, little cheerful Robin! stay,"

were published among Wordsworth's own poems.

The sonnet written in 1806, beginning—

"Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne,"

was, Wordsworth tells us, a great favourite with his sister-in-law. He adds, "when I saw her lying in death I could not resist the impulse to compose the sonnet that follows it." (See Vol. IV. p. 41.)

In a letter to Southey (unpublished), Wordsworth refers to her death, and adds—"I saw her within an hour after her decease, in the silence and peace of death, with as heavenly an expression on her countenance as ever human creature had. Surely there is food for faith in these appearances: for myself, I can say that I have passed a wakeful night, more in joy than in sorrow, with that blessed face before my eyes perpetually as I lay in bed."

NOTE C.

(See p. 36.)

The following is the Itinerary of the Italian Tour of 1837, supplied by Mr Henry Crabb Robinson. (See *Memoirs of Wordsworth*, Vol. II. p. 316.) The spelling of the names of places is Robinson's.

March, 1837.

19. By steam to Calais.
20. Posting to Samer.
21. Posting to Granvilliers.
22. Through Beauvais to Paris.
26. To Fontainbleau.
27. Through Nemours to Cosne.
28. To Moulins.
29. To Tarare.
30. To Lyons.
31. Through Vienne to Tain.

April.

1. Through Valence to Orange.
2. To Avignon; to Vaucluse and back.
3, 4. By Pont du Gard to Nismes.
5, 6. By St Remi to Marseilles.
7. To Toulon.
8. To Luc.
9. By Frejus to Cannes.
10, 11. To Nice.
12. Through Mentone to St Remo.
13. Through Finale to Savone.
14-16. To Genoa.
17. To Chiaveri.
18. To Spezia.
19. By Carrara to Massa.
20. To Lucca.
21. To Pisa.
22. To Volterra.
23. By Castiglonacco and Sienna.
24. To Radicofani.
25. By Aquapendente to Viterbo.
26. To Rome.

May.

13. Excursion to Tivoli with Dr Carlyle.
17-21. Excursion to Albano, &c., &c., with Miss Mackenzie.
23. To Terni.
24. After seeing the Falls, to Spoleto.
25. To Cortona and Perugia.
26. To Arezzo.
27. To Bibiena and Laverna.
28. To Camaldoli.
29. From Muselea to Ponte Sieve.
30. From Ponte Sieve to Val Ombrosa and Florence.

June.

6, 7. To Bologna.
8. Parma.
9. Through Piacenza to Milan.
11. To the Certosa and back.
12. To the Lake of Como and back.
13. To Bergamo.
14. To Pallazuola and Isco.
15. Excursion to Riveri and back.
16. To Brescia and Desinzano.
17. On Lake of Garda to Riva.
19. To Verona.
20. Vicenza.
21. Padua.
22. Venice.
28. To Logerone.
29. To Sillian.
30. Spittal (in Carinthia).

July.

1. Over Kazenberg to Tweng.
2. Through Werfen to Hallein.
3. Excursion to Königsee.
4, 5. To Saltzburg.
6. To Ischl. A week's stay in the Salzkammer Gut, viz.—
8. Gmund.
9. Travenfalls and back.
10. Aussee.
11. Excursion to lakes, then to Hallstadt.
13. Through Ischl to St Gilgin.
14. Through Salzburg to Trauenstein.
15. To Miesbach.
16. To Tegernsee and Holzkirken.
17. To Munich.
21. To Augsburg.
22. To Ulm.
23. To Stuttgard.
24. To Besigham.
25. To Heidelberg.
28. Through Worms to Mayence.
29. To Coblenz.
30. To Bonn.
31. Through Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle.

August.

1. To Louvain.
2. To Brussels.
3. To Antwerp.
4. To Liege.
5. Through Lille to Cassell.
6. Calais.
7. London.

INDEX TO THE POEMS.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

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19